MERRY CHIMES

S. A. Brent.
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MERRY CHIMES:

A COLLECTION OF

Songs, Duets, Trios, and Sacred Pieces,

FOR

JUVENILE CLASSES, PUBLIC SCHOOLS, & SEMINARIES.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED COMPLETE

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS, AND ATTRACTIVE EXERCISES, BY

L. O. EMERSON,

AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN WREATH," "GOLDEN HARP," "HARP OF JUDAH," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES W. A. TRUMPLER,

CORNER OF SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

PREFACE.

To the Children of the Public Schools throughout the country, this little volume is most affectionately inscribed, by the Author.

Seven years ago, we gave to the public the "Golden Wreath," of which has been sold upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand copies; being a much larger sale than was ever reached by any similar work. Its almost universal introduction into the public schools throughout the country, has led us to believe that it was just what was wanted at that time. We have not been unmindful of the general advancement made in musical taste, and therefore in the present work have furnished music of a somewhat higher order than was then demanded. We are aware that no little responsibility rests upon those who prepare music for children; that musical habits, will, like others formed in youth, mould to a greater or less degree the future taste and practice of the individual; therefore, it has been our aim to furnish such as shall both please and be elevating in its influences. While we acknowledge the merits of similar works which have preceded this, from various authors, we believe this to be sufficiently original to give it a distinctive character.

In the Elementary department we have combined the practical with the theoretical, and it is thought that the exercises will both attract and retain the attention of children. A large proportion of the words have been written expressly for this work, many of them by Mrs. MARY B. C. SLADE, of Fall River, Mass.; a lady who has had much experience in writing for children, and whose efforts in that direction have been highly commended by all who have become familiar with her productions.

About twenty pages of sacred music have been inserted, suitable for opening and close of school exercises, and various other occasions, all of which is submitted to the public with the hope that it will contribute in no small degree to the happiness, and advancement, both morally and musically, of those who may use it. We tender our thanks to those who have aided us by their contributions.

A large part of both music and words is copyright property, and publishers are warned against using the same without permission.

L. O. EMERSON.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1865.

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A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

CHAPTER I.

§ 1. The prime elements of music, are RHYTHM, MELODY and HARMONY. RHYTHM is the regular measurement of motion in the movements of music, or the regular recurrence of accent, which gives character and expression to it. MELODY is a succession of pleasing Musical Sounds. HARMONY comprehends all the relations and combinations of Musical Sounds.

§ 2. Music is represented by certain characters called NOTES.

§ 3. Characters indicating silence are also used, called RESTS. Every note has its corresponding rest.

DIAGRAM OF NOTES AND RESTS.

§ 4. The Whole Note is written thus:..... The Whole Rest is written thus:.....

§ 5. The Half Note... .... The Half Rest..... ..

§ 6. The Quarter Note..... The Quarter Rest.....

§ 7. The Eighth Note .... The Eighth Rest... ....

§ 8. The Sixteenth Note ..... The Sixteenth Rest..... .....

§ 9. The Thirty-second Note..... The Thirty-second Rest.....

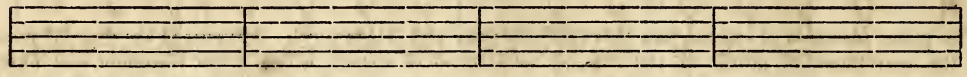
§ 10. Notes and Rests have no positive, only a relative length.

CHAPTER II.

§ 11. Music is divided into equal portions of time, called measures

§ 12. Measures are represented to the eye by inter-spaces, which are separated from each other by perpendicular lines called Bars.

EXAMPLE.



How many Measures? How many Bars?

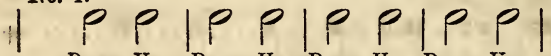
§ 13. There are four kinds of measure used in music, each kind deriving its name from the number of parts into which it is divided. Thus a measure having two parts, accented on the first, is called DOUBLE MEASURE. It is indicated by the figure 2,* and requires two motions of the hand, or beats, called beating time. The first a downward beat, the second an upward beat.

§ 14. There may be as many varieties in all the different kinds of measure as there are kinds of notes.

EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

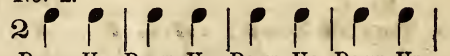
What kind of measure? Which variety? How many beats? Which is accented?

No. 1.



Down, Up. Down, Up. Down, Up. Down, Up.
One, Two. One, Two. One, Two. One, Two.
Doub - le meas - ure, sing with pleas - ure.

No. 2.



Down, Up. Down, Up. Down, Up. Down, Up.
One, Two. One, Two. One, Two. One, Two.
Doub - le measure, sing with pleasure.

Which variety of measure?

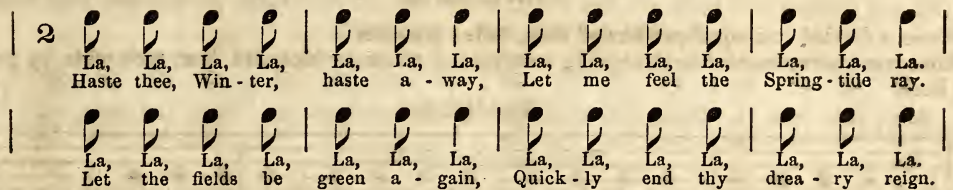
No. 3.

Down, Up. Down, Up. Down, Up. Down, Up. Down, Up. Down, Up. Down, Up. Down, Up.
One, Two. One, Two. One, Two. One, Two. One, Two. One, Two. One, Two. One, Two.
Doub - le measure, sing with pleasure, Doub - le measure, sing with pleasure.

NOTE 1. The above exercises are all performed in the same manner; they differ only with respect to the kind of notes with which they are represented.

* Which corresponds to the number of parts.

No. 4. EXERCISE FOR TWO NOTES TO THE BEAT.

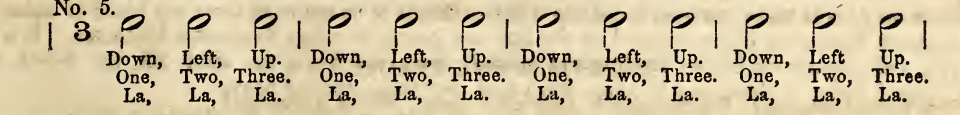

2
La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La.
Haste thee, Win - ter, haste a - way, Let me feel the Spring - tide ray.
La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La.
Let the fields be green a - gain, Quick - ly end thy drea - ry reign.

§ 15. A measure having three parts, accented on the first, is called TRIPLE MEASURE. It is indicated by the figure 3,* and requires three beats; the first down, the second left, (to the left,) the third up

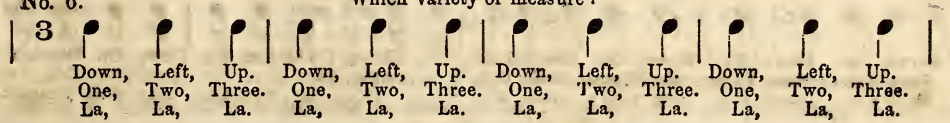
EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

What kind of measure? Which variety? How many beats? Which is accented?

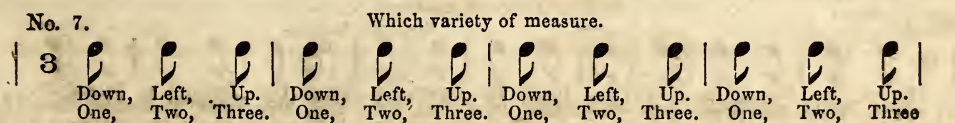
No. 5.


3
Down, Left, Up. Down, Left, Up. Down, Left, Up. Down, Left Up.
One, Two, Three. One, Two, Three. One, Two, Three. One, Two, Three.
La, La, La. La, La, La. La, La, La. La, La, La.

No. 6. Which variety of measure?


3
Down, Left, Up. Down, Left, Up. Down, Left, Up. Down, Left, Up.
One, Two, Three. One, Two, Three. One, Two, Three. One, Two, Three.
La, La, La. La, La, La. La, La, La. La, La, La.

No. 7. Which variety of measure.


3
Down, Left, Up. Down, Left, Up. Down, Left, Up. Down, Left, Up.
One, Two, Three. One, Two, Three. One, Two, Three. One, Two, Three
La, La, La. La, La, La. La, La, La. La, La, La.

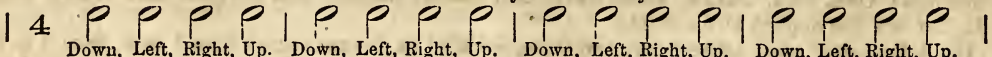
NOTE. 2. Triple Measure is the same in effect, whether it be represented with half, quarter, or eighth notes.

* Which corresponds to the number of parts.

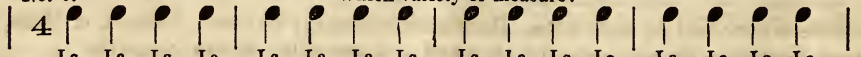
§ 16. A measure having four parts, accented on the first and third, is called QUADRUPLE MEASURE. It is indicated by the figure (4), and requires four beats, the first down, second left, the third right, (to the right,) the fourth up.

EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

No. 8. What kind of measure? Which variety? How many beats? Which are accented?

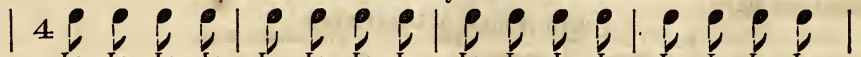


No. 9. Which variety of measure?



Down, Left, Right, Up, &c.

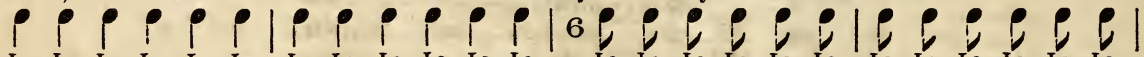
No. 10. Which variety of measure?



NOTE 3. The above exercises in Quadruple Measure, differ to the eye only.

§ 17. A measure having six parts, accented on the first and fourth, is called SEXTUPLE MEASURE. It is indicated by the figure (6), and requires six beats; the first and second, downward beats, the third, left, the fourth, right, the fifth and sixth upward beats, or there may be three downward, and three upward beats.

No. 11, What kind of measure? Which variety? How many beats? Which are accented?



NOTE 4. The above exercise, in Sextuple Measure, differ only in representation.

§ 18. The full designation of the different kinds and varieties of measure in which music is generally written, may be represented thus:

Double Measure.	Triple Measure.	Quadruple Measure.	Sextuple Measure.
$\frac{2}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$	$\frac{3}{3}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{4}{8}$	$\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{8}$

§ 19. The upper figure corresponds to the number of parts into which the measure is divided, the lower one indicates the value of each part of the measure, thus: $\frac{2}{2}$ shows that two half notes, or their equivalent, fill a measure; $\frac{2}{4}$ that two quarter notes; $\frac{3}{2}$ that three half notes; $\frac{4}{4}$ that four quarter notes, or their equivalent, in each case fill a measure.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCALE.

§ 20. The SCALE is a series of eight tones in a particular order of succession. These tones are named from the names of numbers: ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT. The Italian Syllables, Do, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI, Do, are also applied to the SCALE.

§ 21. The difference of pitch between any two tones, is called an INTERVAL; as from 1 to 2, from 4 to 6, &c.

§ 22. The distance from any tone, to that next above or below, is called a SECOND; as from 1 to 2, from 3 to 4, from 4 to 5, &c.

§ 23. As the scale is composed of eight tones, there must necessarily be seven Seconds, of these, five are large, and are called MAJOR SECONDS; the remaining two are small, and are called MINOR SECONDS.

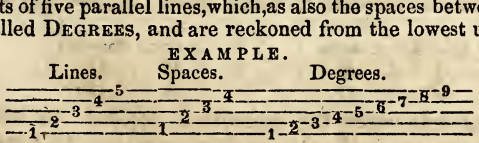
The MINOR SECONDS occur between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, or their corresponding Syllables, MI, and FA, and SI, and Do, all the others are Major.

THE SCALE ILLUSTRATED.

8.....Do.....Pronounced..Doe.
Minor Second.
7.....Si.....P.....See.
Major Second.
6.....La.....P.....Lah.
Major Second.
5.....Sol.....P.....Sole.
Major Second.
4.....Fa.....P.....Fah.
Minor Second.
3.....Mi.....P.....Mee.
Major Second.
2.....Re.....P.....Ray.
Major Second.
1.....Do.....P.....Doe.

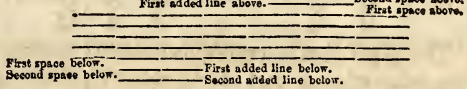
§ 24. The Pitch of tones is represented upon the STAFF, which consists of five parallel lines, which, as also the spaces between them, are called DEGREES, and are reckoned from the lowest upwards.

EXAMPLE.



§ 25. When more than nine degrees are wanted, short lines above and below the STAFF are used, called added lines.

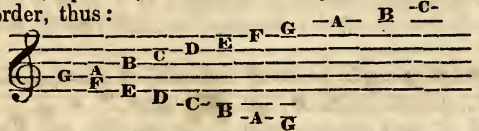
EXAMPLE.



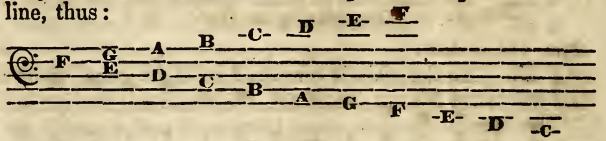
§ 26. The first seven letters of the alphabet are used in naming the DEGREES of the STAFF; by these letters the abstract pitch of tones is determined.

§ 27. The arrangement of the letters upon the Staff is determined by characters called Clefs; of which there are two, viz: the G Clef, thus: 𝄞 the F Clef, thus: 𝄢

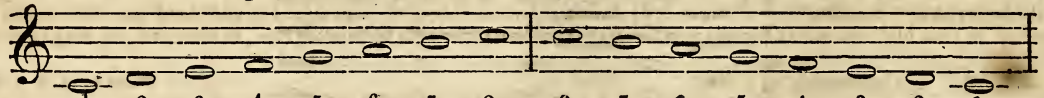
§ 28. The G Clef determines G to be upon the Second line, from which the other letters are reckoned in alphabetical order, upward; and downward by the inversion of that order, thus:



§ 29. The F, or Bass Clef places F upon the fourth line, thus:

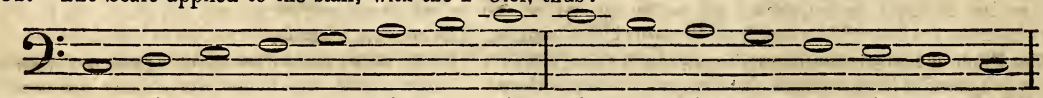


§ 30. The Scale, together with Numerals, Letters, and Syllables, is represented upon the staff, with the G Clef, as follows: the first tone being by common consent, written upon the letter C; It is therefore said to be in the key of C.



1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8.	8,	7,	6,	5,	4,	3,	2,	1.
C,	D,	E,	F,	G,	A,	B,	C.	C,	B,	A,	G,	F,	E,	D,	C.
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	Do,	Si,	La,	Sol,	Fa,	Mi,	Re,	Do.

§ 31. The Scale applied to the staff, with the F Clef, thus:



1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8.	8,	7,	6,	5,	4,	3,	2,	1.
C,	D,	E,	F,	G.	A,	B,	C.	C,	B,	A,	G,	F,	E,	D,	C.
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	Do,	Si,	La,	Sol,	Fa,	Mi,	Re,	Do.

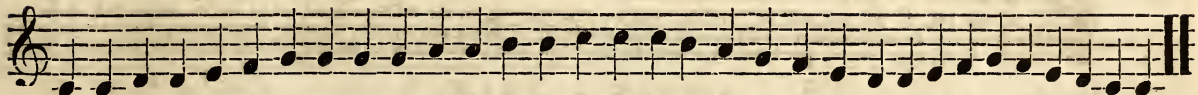
§ 32. A Double Bar, 𝄀 or 𝄁 shows the end of a strain of music, or a line of poetry.

§ 33. A Brace } is used to connect the parts designed to move together. § 34. A Close 𝄂 denotes the end of a piece of music.

CHAPTER 4.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

No. 1. Commencing on One. Words by M. B. C. S.

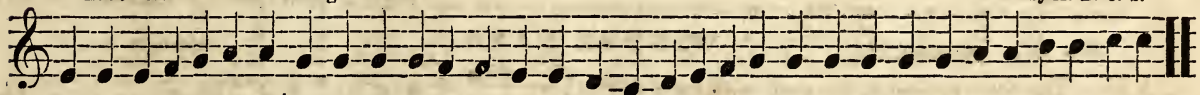


1 1 2 2 3 4 5 5 5 5 6 6 7 7 8 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1 1
C C D D E F G G G G A A B B C C C B A G F E D D E F G F E D C C

Do, do, re, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, sol, la, la, si, si, do, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, do.

1. With the happy birds of morning We will sing at dewy dawning; And when evening stars shine o'er us, We will join their tuneful chorus.
2. Eve - ry lit - tle bird that rais-es Joy-ous note, his Maker praises. If the little birds adore Him, Shall not we, too, Sing before Him?

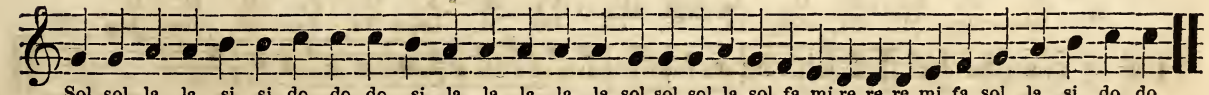
No. 2. Commencing on Three. Words by M. B. C. S.



Mi, mi, mi, fa, sol, la, la, sol, sol, sol, sol, fa, fa, mi, mi, re, do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, la, la, si, si, do, do.

1. Now has come the hour of Singing; Cheerful spirits hither bringing, With our open books before us, Let us join in tuneful chorus.
2. Gentle Music! how we love her! Sweet she sings the wide world over, With our open books before us, Let us join in tuneful chorus.

No. 3. Commencing on Five. Words by M. B. C. S.

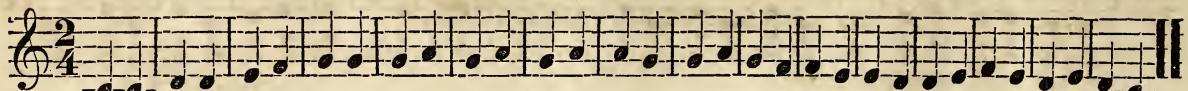


Sol, sol, la, la, si, si, do, do, do, si, la, la, la, la, la, sol, sol, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, re, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, do.

1 Now our pleasant song-books closing, From our happy task reposing, Homeward go we, thither bringing All the songs we have been singing.
2. Learn to sing, to rest the weary; Learn to sing, to cheer the dreary; Learn to sing, to soothe, the tearful, Learn to sing, to make life cheerful.

No. 4. SUMMER DAYS.

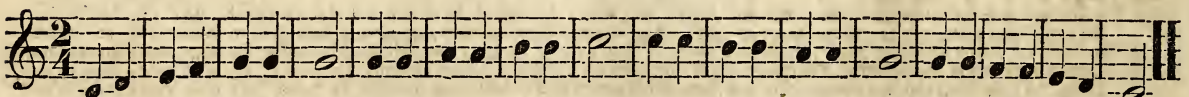
What kind of Measure? Which variety? How many beats? Which is accented? Words by M. B. C. S.



Do, do, re, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, la, sol, la, sol, la, la, sol, sol, la, sol, fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, mi, fa, mi, re, mi, re, do

1. Summer days so swiftly flying, Summer winds so softly sighing, Summer flowers so sweetly blowing, Hear us sing while ye are going
2. Thou wert such a welcome comer, Lovely season sweetest Summer! And, while onward thou art winging, Take the thanks our hearts are singing.

No. 5. LITTLE STREAM.

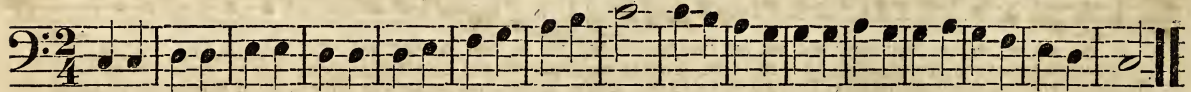


Do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, la, la, si, si, do, do, do, si, si, la, la, sol, sol, sol, fa, fa, mi, re, do.

1. Dance and sparkle lit - tle stream, Well I love your sunny gleam; O'er the rocks and pebbles dash? Here a foam and there a flash.
2. Onward now, with flow se - rene, Go, the verdant banks between; Go, the o-cean vast to swell, Then, dear little stream, farewell!

No. 6. Which Clef? WINTER DAYS.

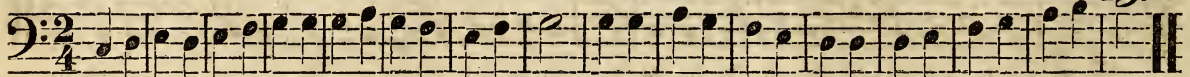
Words by M. B. C. S.



Do, do, re, re, mi, mi, re, re, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, sol, sol, la, sol, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

1. When the Win-ter days are coming, When the snow-flakes fly a - round, Hushed is every insect's humming; Hushed, is every woodland sound.
2. While the birds are us for - sak - ing, Let our voi - ces sweeter sing; Dreary, silent winter making Cheerful as the tune-ful Spring.

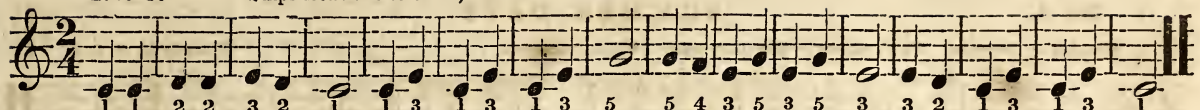
No. 7. THE BROOKLET.



Do, re, mi, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, la, sol, fa, me, fa, sol, sol, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, re, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

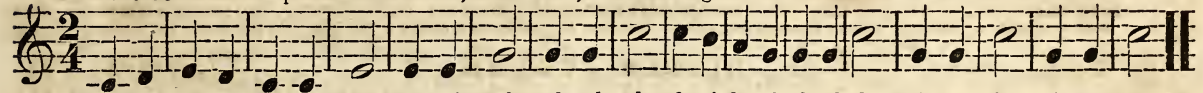
1. Little streamlet flowing near me, By the flowery mountain side, Ever may thy Music charm me, Ever may thy wavelets glide.
2. Fa sh and fair the flowers are springing, Where thou wind'st thro' the glade; Little birds are gaily singing, Where thou seek'st the forest shade.

No. 8. Skips from one to three, and three to five.



Words by M. B. C. S.

No. 9. Skips from one to three, three to five, and five to eight.


Do re mi re do do mi mi mi sol sol sol do do si la sol sol sol do sol sol do sol sol do.
Now we skip from one to three, three to five, five to eight, Now we skip from five to eight, five to eight, five to eight,
1. Through the silent summer, night, Have you heard Whippoorwill? Singing over plain and height, "My poor wife's gone to mill!"
2. Late she stays, she lingers long; Sadder grows Whippoorwill, And more plaintive sounds his song, "My poor wife's gone to mill!"
3. Haste thee, miller, send her home, To her lone Whippoorwill. For he'll sing until she's come, "My poor wife's gone to mill!"

No. 10. Skips of various kinds.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, do, sol, sol, mi, mi, mi, do, do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, do, sol, sol, mi, sol, sol, do.
Now we skip from, five to eight, five to three, three to one, Now we skip from five to eight, five to three, five to one.
1. Little voi - ces climb the heights, Then go down to the plain. Mu-sic has its lof - ty flights, Then it floats down again.
2. So our hap - py spirits rise, Then a - gain sink so low! In the vale or near the skies, So through life, on we go.

No. 11.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, do, sol, sol, do. sol, sol, do, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, do, sol, sol, do.
1. Shout across the si-lent sea, Ship a -hoy! Ship a - hoy! Oh! what sight could gladder be, Ship a - hoy! Ship a - hoy!
2. Days and nights a-lone we sail, Ship a -hoy! Ship a - hoy! Cheer her on the ris-ing gale, Ship a - hoy! Ship a - hoy!

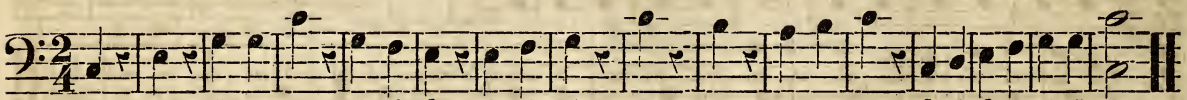
No. 12.

5 4 3 2 1 1 5 5 5 8 5 5 1 1 1 3 3 3 5 5 5 1 1 1 8

Sol, fa mi, re, do, do, sol, sol, sol, do, sol, sol, do, do, do, mi, mi, mi, sol, sol, sol, do, do, do, do.

Now we skip from one to five, five to eight, five to one, one to three, three to five, five to one, one to eight.

No. 13. QUARTER RESTS.

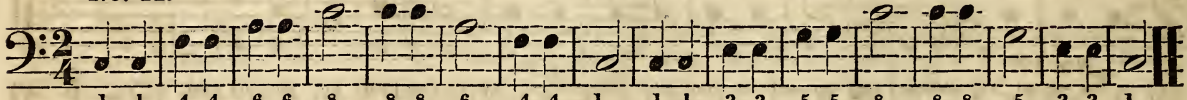


1 3 5 5 8 5 4 3 3 4 5 8 7 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 5 5 8

Do, mi, sol, sol, do, sol, fa, mi, mi, fa, sol, do, si, la, si, do, do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, do.

1. March! march! gai-ly sing! Keep the line, step in time! Come! Come! join the ring, Let your voices with us chime.
2. On! On! gay we go; Ma-ny steps seem as one, Keep time, thus we show How good order may be won.

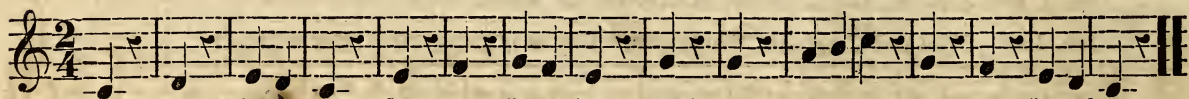
No. 14.



1 1 4 4 6 6 8 8 8 6 4 4 1 1 1 3 3 5 5 8 8 8 5 3 3 1

1. Climb with me the breezy height, Then with me seek the dale. Watch with me the skylark's flight, From his nest in the vale.
2. Swift the lark ascends on high, From his nest down so low; Gai-ly see him upward fly, Then descend, sinking slow.

No. 15. QUARTER RESTS.



Come, now let us rest, Let us silence keep, Hark! hark! silence keep, Hark, hark; silence keep.

Hark! hark! hear the clock! Tick! tick! still and slow, Hush! hush! lit-tle flock; Good-night; homeward go.

SONG TO THE ROBINS.

Words by M. B. C. S.

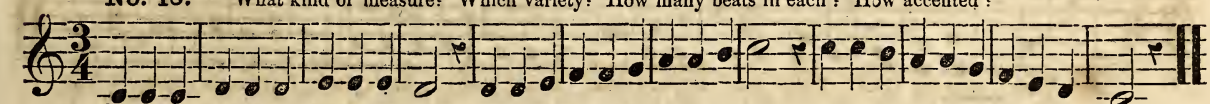
No. 16.

1. Haste ye, Rob-ins, haste a-way! Lon-ger here, ye can-not stay. In the cold, blue, northern sky,
2. Come ye, Rob-ins, come a-gain! Spring will soon fly o'er the main; Bringing balm-y sum-mer days,
Win-try storms are hovering nigh; Haste ye, Rob-ins, haste a-way! Lon-ger here ye can-not stay.
Bud-ding trees, and tune-ful lays. Come ye, Rob-ins, come a-gain! Spring will soon fly o'er the main.

No. 17.

1. Follow, follow, Gaily follow, follow, Where the blooming billows roar; Foaming crest and sloping hollow, See them break upon the shore!
2. Crashing, plashing, gai-ly flashing, Sparkling in the morning light; Rippling waves and breakers dashing, Fill our hearts with glad delight.

No. 18. What kind of measure? Which variety? How many beats in each? How accented?

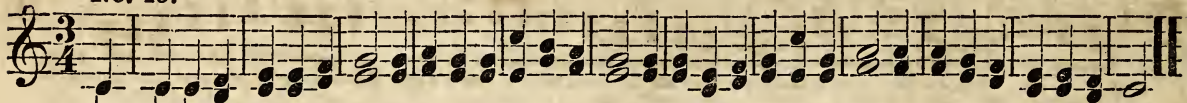


IDA.

Words by M. B. C. S.

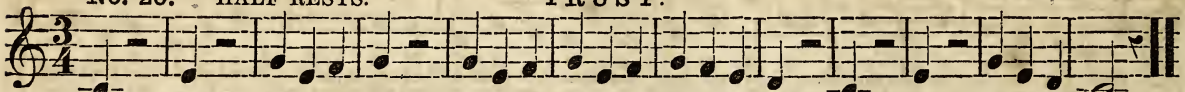
§ 35. A piece of music may commence with either part of the measure. When there is a deficiency in the first measure, it must be made up in the last.

No. 19.



1. Oh! come see the green willows wave, Where Ida, the beautiful, sleeps; The willow that grows by her grave, Just ris-es it lightly—and weeps!
2. But we will look up to the skies, Where Ida, our angel shall dwell; And smile through the tears in our eyes; For all things, the Lord doeth well.

No. 20. HALF RESTS. **TRUST.**



1. Trust! trust! pa-tient-ly trust! Clouds only come when the Lord says they must. Trust! trust! pa-tient-ly trust!
2. Rest! rest! pa-tient-ly rest! Flowers will bloom when the Lord thinkest best. Rest! rest! pa-tient-ly rest!
3. Wait! wait! pa-tient-ly wait! Har-vest is sure tho' sometimes it is late. Wait! wait! pa-tient-ly wait!

§ 36. A Dot, (•) after a note or rest, adds one half to its value; Thus; a dotted half note (𝅗𝅥 •) is equal to three quarters (𝅗𝅥 𝅘𝅥 𝅘𝅥 .) a dotted quarter (𝅘𝅥 •) is equal to three eighths (𝅘𝅥 𝅘𝅥 𝅘𝅥 .) &c. See No. 21.

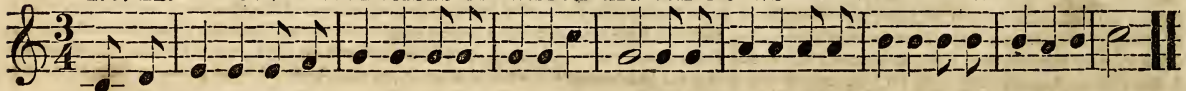
No. 21.

Do, do, do, re, re, re, mi, mi, fa, sol, la, la, la, sol, sol, sol, fa, fa, mi, re, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, sol, la, si, do, si, la, sol, la, si, do.

1. Winter is coming, the chilly winds blow, Soon will the meadows be white with the snow. 'Neath the bright stars in the beautiful sky, Over the hills on our sleds will we fly.
2. Then on the river, the pond or the bay, Swiftly we'll skate on the ice, far away; Oh who would sigh for the Summer days gone? Winter has gayeties all of its own.

§ 37. When two dots (••) are placed after notes or rests, the second dot adds one half the value of the first.

No. 22. SCALE EXERCISES IN WHICH EIGHTH NOTES ARE INTRODUCED.

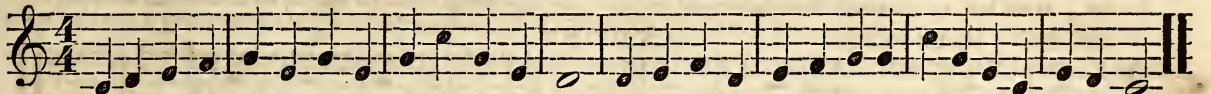


Do, re, mi, mi, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, do, sol, sol, sol, la, la, la, la, si, si, si, si, si, la, si, do.
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la.

No. 23.

1. Voi - ces, chime, count the time, mark it with grace; Let each note, smoothly float into its space, Giv-ing each rest its ap-pro-pri-ate place.
2. Now a - gain, sing, and then, pause and take rest; Down, left, up; down, left, up; beat as is best. Beating, your knowledge of time, will well test.

No. 24. What kind of Measure? Which variety? How many beats? Which are accented?

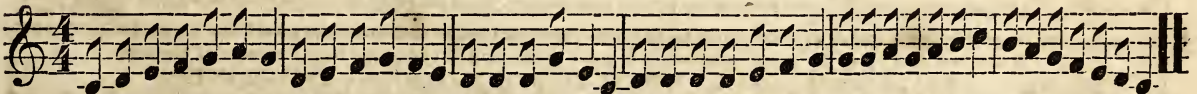


1 2 3 4 5 3 5 3 5 8 5 3 2 2 3 4 2 3 4 5 5 8 5 3 1 3 2 1
Down, left, right up, One, two, three, four, Sol do sol mi re, down left right up, one two three four, do sol mi do sing, sing, sing.
C, D, E, F, Sol, Mi, Sol, Mi, G, C, G, E, D, Re, Mi, Fa, Re, down left, Sol, Sol, C, G, E, C, Mi, Ra, Do.

No. 25. What kind of measure? Which variety?

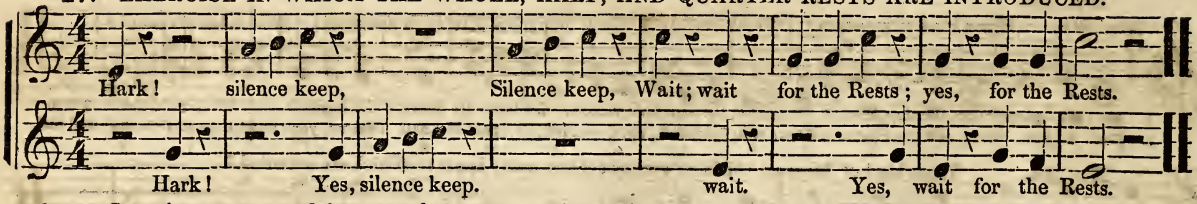
Do, Re, Mi, Re, Do, Re, Mi, Mi, Fa, Sol, Do, Re, Mi, Mi, Sol, Do, Sol, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Do, Sol, Mi, Re, Do.
1. Lit - tle bird, come sing to me, sing to me, Chickadee, Sing from bush, and spray and tree, Sing to me, Chick-a - dee.
2. Merry, happy, gay and free, sing to me, Chicka-dee, Oh that I so blithe might be! Chick-a - dee, Chick-a - dee.

No. 26. **MERRY, MERRY SUMMER-TIME.**



1. Merry, merry Summer-time! When, at dewy dawning, Calling up the Morning, All the birds in chorus sing; In the trees or on the wing, Merry, merry Summer-time
2. Merry, merry Summer-time! When the insects' humming, Tell that Noon is coming; And a dreamy song of love Whisper they, the flowers above, Merry, &c.
3. Merry, merry Summer-time! When the laughing billows Kiss the drooping willows, And beside the brooklet's brim, Sleep the flowers, at twilight dim, Merry, &c.
4. Merry, merry Summer-time! Take, Oh! take one greeting, Season fair and fleeting, And while thou art on the wing, Sweetest songs to thee we Sing, Merry, &c.

27. EXERCISE IN WHICH THE WHOLE, HALF, AND QUARTER RESTS ARE INTRODUCED.

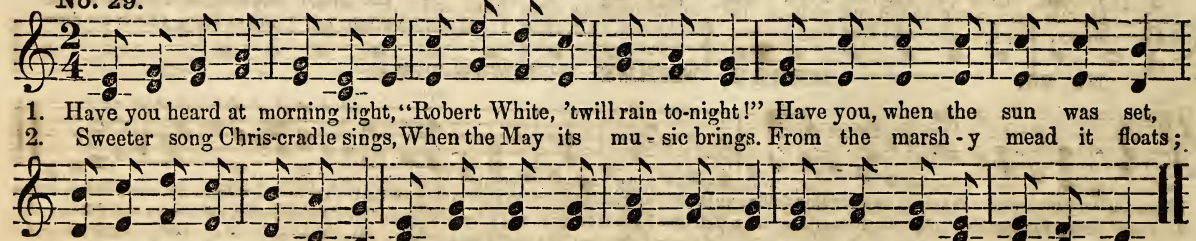


§. 38. Sometimes a group of three equal notes are performed in the same time that two of the same name would be. Such a group is called a Triplet, and usually has the figure three over or under it. Thus the Triplet of (♪ ♪ ♪) is equal in value to (♪ ♪), the Triplet of (♩ ♩ ♩) is equal to (𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥), &c.

No. 28. EXERCISE IN WHICH THE TRIPLET IS INTRODUCED.

Do, mi, mi, mi, mi, mi, re, re, mi, fa, fa, fa, mi, sol, mi, la, la, la, sol, la, la, la, la, la, la, si, si, si, do.
Come let us mer-ri-ly sing, Lightly, cheerily sing, lightly, mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, cheer-i-ly sing.

No. 29.


1. Have you heard at morning light, "Robert White, 'twill rain to-night!" Have you, when the sun was set,
2. Sweeter song Chris-cradle sings, When the May its mu - sic brings. From the marsh - y mead it floats;
Heard again, "More wet! more wet!" Do you know it nev - er fails? Hon - est birds are all the quails.
How I love its gen-tle notes! Dearest song of spring to me; "Chris-chris - cra-dle, saint Ma - rye."

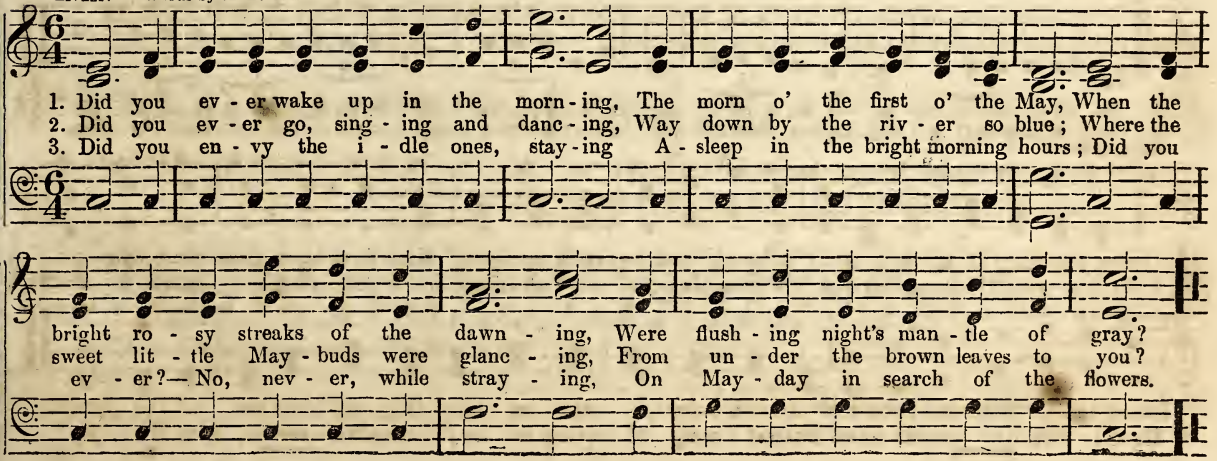
No. 30. What kind of measure? Which variety? How many beats in each measure? Which are accented?

Do, Do, Do, Re, Re, Re, Mi, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, La, Si, Si, Si, Do.
1, 1, 1, 2, 2, 2, 3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 8.
One, two, three, four, five, six, La, La, La, Sol, Sol, Fa, Fa, Fa, Mi, Mi, Re, Do.
8, 8, 8, 7, 7, 7, 6, 6, 6, 5, 5, 4, 4, 4, 3, 3, 2, 1,

MAY MORNING.

No. 31. What kind of measure? Which variety?

LIVELY. Words by M. B. C. S.


1. Did you ev - er wake up in the morn - ing, The morn o' the first o' the May, When the
2. Did you ev - er go, sing - ing and danc - ing, Way down by the riv - er so blue; Where the
3. Did you en - vy the i - dle ones, stay - ing A - sleep in the bright morning hours; Did you
bright ro - sy streaks of the dawn - ing, Were flush - ing night's man - tle of gray?
sweet lit - tle May - buds were glanc - ing, From un - der the brown leaves to you?
ev - er?— No, nev - er, while stray - ing, On May - day in search of the flowers.

§ 39. A TIE ⁀ is used to connect two or more notes written upon the same degree of the staff. (See No. 32.)

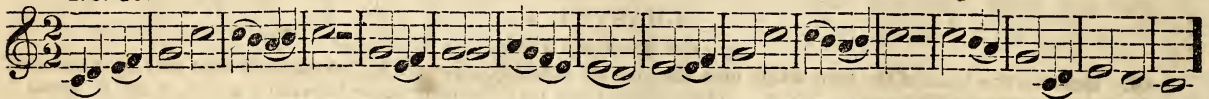
No. 32.

Do, Mi, Re, Do, Re, Mi, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Mi, Mi, Sol, Do, Do, Sol, Fa, Mi, Sol, Mi, Re, Do.

§ 40. The SLUR ⁀ is made like the Tie, but is placed over or under notes on different degrees of the staff, indicating that they are to be sung to one syllable. (See No. 33.)

§ 41. One, two, or more notes may be performed on one part of a measure.

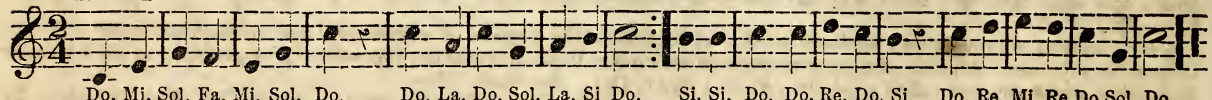
No. 33.



See my Shepherd gent - ly guide, To the rich and ver-dant meads; Where the cooling wa - ters glide, Where my flock in safe - ty feeds.

§ 42. Dots across the staff, thus : 𝄆 indicate that the music is to be repeated.

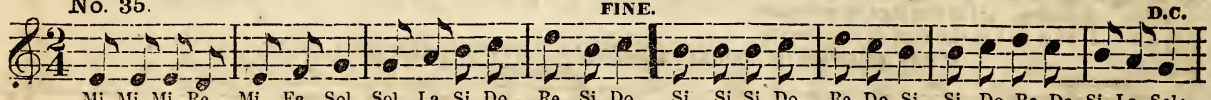
No. 34.



Do, Mi, Sol, Fa, Mi, Sol, Do, Do, La, Do, Sol, La, Si Do, Si, Si, Do, Do, Re, Do, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Re, Do, Sol, Do.

§ 43. D. C. the abbreviations of Da Capo, mean begin again and end with the word FINE.

No. 35.



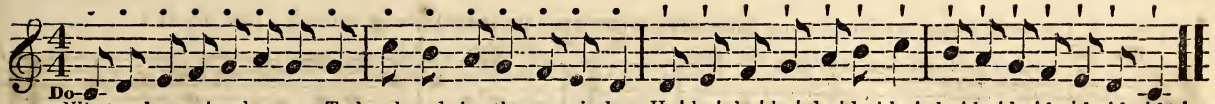
Mi, Mi, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Si, Do, Re, Si, Do. Si, Si, Si, Do, Re, Do, Si, Si, Do, Re, Do, Si, La, Sol;

§ 44. A HOLD 𝄐 placed over or under a note, indicates that the tone is to be prolonged at the discretion of the performer.

§ 45. When a series of notes are performed in a short, pointed, and very distinct manner, they are said to be STACCATO, (*Stac-kah-to;*) Staccato is indicated by points, thus : (' ' ' ').

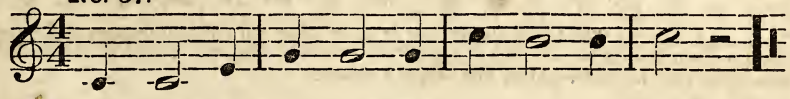
§ 46. Half Staccato is indicated by Dots, thus : (• • • •).

No. 36.



§ 47. When a note embraces two parts of a measure, the first unaccented, and the second accented, it is said to be SYNCOPATED, e.g.

No. 37.



CHAPTER V.

CHROMATICS.

§ 48. Between the tones of the scale which form the interval of a Major Second, an intermediate tone may be introduced. This is sometimes called a CHROMATIC TONE. Intermediate tones may therefore occur between 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 4 and 5, 5 and 6, 6 and 7.

§ 49. The MINOR SECOND is an indivisible interval; accordingly there are twelve tones, which with the first one repeated, form a new scale of thirteen tones, which is called the CHROMATIC SCALE, and from which the eight-tone Scale, to distinguish it, is called the DIATONIC SCALE.

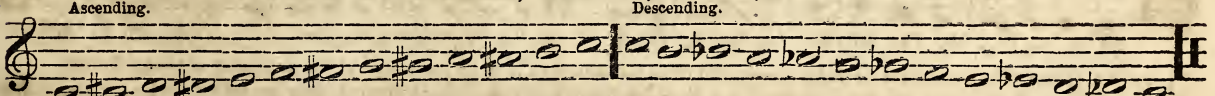
§ 50. Instead of forming an additional number of degrees for the purpose of representing the intermediate tones, it is customary to represent them on the same degrees on which the Diatonic tones are represented, by prefixing to the letters or numerals a qualifying sign called a SHARP, (♯) or a FLAT, (♭). See Scale below.

§ 51. In speaking of the numerals applied to the tones of the Chromatic Scale, we say, Sharp One, Flat Two, &c. In speaking of the letters, we say, C Sharp, D Flat, &c.

§ 52. A Sharp, (♯) is the sign of elevation.

§ 53. A Flat (♭) is the sign of depression.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE, NUMERALS, LETTERS, AND SYLLABLES.



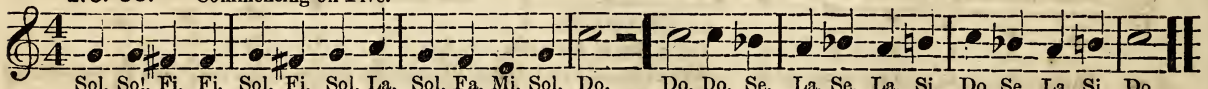
1,	♯1,	2,	♯2,	3,	4,	♯4,	5,	♯5,	6,	♯6,	7,	8.	8,	7,	♭7,	6,	♭6,	5,	♭5,	4,	3,	♭3,	2,	♭2,	1.
C,	C♯,	D,	D♯,	E,	F,	F♯,	G,	G♯,	A,	A♯,	B,	C.	C,	B,	B♭,	A,	A♭,	G,	G♭,	F,	E,	E♭,	D,	D♭,	C.
Do,	Di,	Re,	Ri,	Mi,	Fa,	Fi,	Sol,	Si,	La,	Li,	Si,	Do.	Do,	Si,	Se,	La,	Le,	Sol,	Se,	Fa.	Mi,	Me,	Re,	Re,	Do.

CHROMATIC SCALE. (F CLEF.)

C, C♯, D, D♯, E, F, F♯, G, G♯, A, A♯, B, C. C, B, B♭, A, A♭, G, G♭, F, E, E♭, D, D♭, C.
1, ♯1, 2, ♯2, 3, 4, ♯4, 5, ♯5, 6, ♯6, 7, 8. 8, 7, ♭7, 6, ♭6, 5, ♭5, 4, 3, ♭3, 2, ♭2, 1.
Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Li, Si, Do. Do, Si, Se, La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, Me, Re, Re, Do.

§ 54. The influence of a ♯ or ♭ extends through the measure where it appears, unless counteracted by a NATURAL, (♮) which restores the original pitch of the note. (See No. 38.)

No. 38. Commencing on Five.



Sol, Sol, Fi, Fi, Sol, Fi, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Sol, Do. Do, Do, Se, La, Se, La, Si, Do, Se, La, Si, Do.

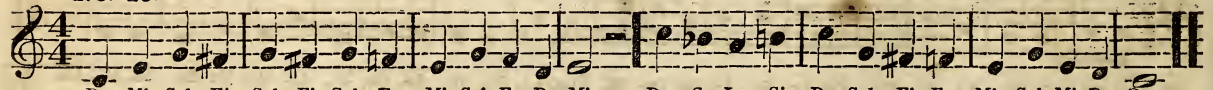
§ 55. A Sharp or Flat extends its influence through more than one measure, when not intercepted by a note on another degree. (See No. 39.)

No. 39.

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Sol, Fi, Fi, Sol, La, Sol, Do. Do, Si, La, Se, Se, La, Sol, Fi, Fi, Sol, La, Si, Do,

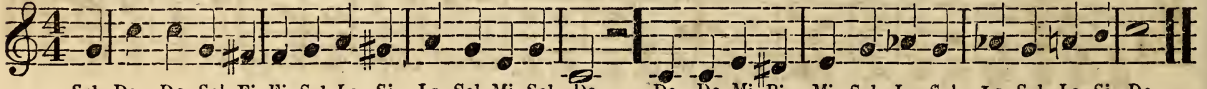
§ 56. A Natural (♮) is used to contradict or take away the influence of a Flat or Sharp. (See No. 40.)

No. 40.



Do, Mi, Sol, Fi, Sol, Fi, Sol, Fa, Mi, Sol, Fa, Re, Mi. Do, Se, La, Si, Do, Sol, Fi, Fa, Mi, Sol, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 41.



Sol, Do, Do, Sol, Fi, Fi, Sol, La, Si, La, Sol, Mi, Sol, Do. Do, Do, Mi, Ri, Mi, Sol, La, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do.

CHAPTER VI.

MINOR SCALE.

§ 57. Besides the Major and Chromatic Scales, (already explained,) there is another, called the MINOR SCALE, consisting of eight tones, but arranged according to a different order of intervals from either of the others. It commences with the Sixth of the Major Scale, syllable La, which is taken as One of the Minor.

Minor Scale Ascending.
Minor Scale Descending.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. 8, 7, 6, 5. 4, 3, 2, 1.
A, B, C, D, E, F, G♯ A. A, G♯ F, E, D, C, B, A.
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La. La, Si, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

NOTE. The interval formed by the introduction of G♯, is called an Augmented or Sharp Second.

§ 58. The Minor Scale in the key of A, is called the relative of the Major Scale of C, because the letters and syllables correspond. And it is said to be in the key of A Minor; and the key of C is the Relative Major of A Minor.

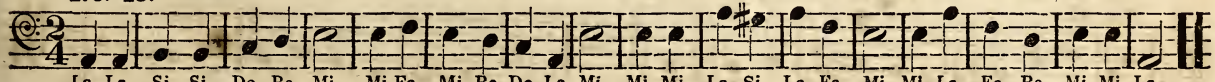
§ 59. The Relative Minor to any Major key, is found a sixth above, or a third below the Major key note.

§ 60. Every Major Scale or key has its Relative Minor, and both have the same signature.

§ 61. The Major and Minor Scales are transposed in the same manner.

No. 42. EXERCISES IN A MINOR.

No. 43.



CHAPTER VII.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE

§ 62. Heretofore, C has always been taken as One, or as the basis of the Scale. When any other letter than C, is taken as One, the Scale is said to be changed, or Transposed. The Transposition of the Scale, therefore, consists in changing the pitch, or in taking some other pitch besides C, as One; or as the foundation of the Scale.

§ 63. A Scale is in the key of the letter which is taken as One. If C be taken as One, or basis of a Scale, it is called the Scale, or key of C; if D, key of D, &c.

§ 64. When C is taken as One, the Scale is said to be in its natural position, because the intervals are right without any alteration.

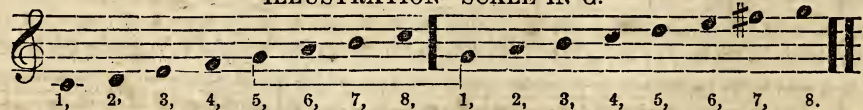
§ 65. In transposing the Scale, we must preserve or retain the order of intervals, as in the Scale of C; i. e. from 3 to 4, and from 7 to 8, must be Minor Seconds; all the others, Major.

§ 66. To accomplish this, we must use some of the Chromatic or intermediate tones.

§ 67. The intermediate tone required in transposition, is called the note of transposition.

§ 68. The first transposition of the Scale by fifths, is from C to G; i. e. G is taken as One, or as the basis of the Scale.

ILLUSTRATION—SCALE IN G.



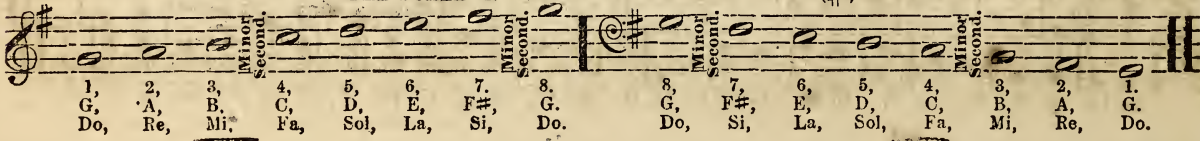
§ 69. In the above diagram, it will be observed that the tone F Sharp is used instead of the tone F, in order to secure the proper form of the Scale; as the interval from six to seven, must be a Major Second, and from seven to eight, a Minor Second; hence, Sharp Four transposes a Fifth, and F♯ is said to be the note of transposition from C to G.

§ 70. The same method is followed in all the transpositions by Sharps.

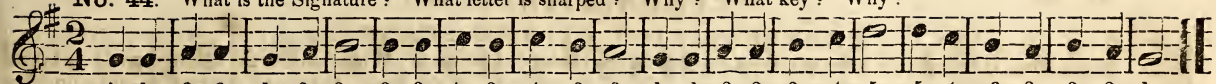
§ 71. In every succeeding transposition, an additional Sharp will be required between the 6th and 7th, for the reason given in the transposition from C to G.

§ 72. The Sharps or Flats used in transposition, are written immediately after the Clefs, at the commencement of a piece of music, and are called the SIGNATURE, meaning sign of the key.

THE SCALE IN THE KEY OF G. SIGNATURE (♯.)

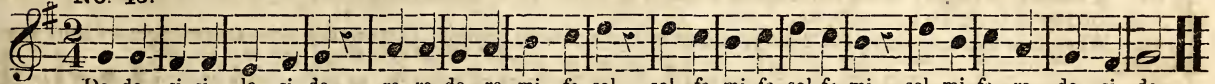

Minor Second.
Minor Second.
Minor Second.
Minor Second.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
G, A, B, C, D, E, F♯, G. G, F♯, E, D, C, B, A, G.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 44. What is the Signature? What letter is sharped? Why? What key? Why?



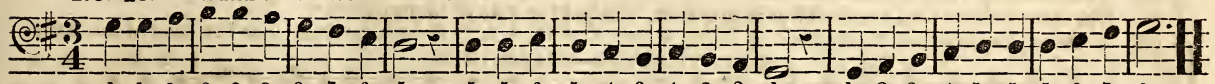
1, 1, 2, 2, 1, 2, 3, 3, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 2, 1, 1, 2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 3, 2, 1.
Do, Do, Re, Re, Do, Re, Mi, Mi, Mi, Fa, Mi, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Do, Re, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 45.



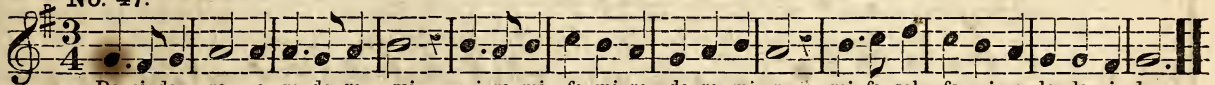
Do, do, si, si, la, si, do, re, re, do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, fa, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, sol, mi, fa, re, do, si, do.
Come, now let us learn to sing; Let us make our voices ring. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

No. 46. Which clef? What measure?



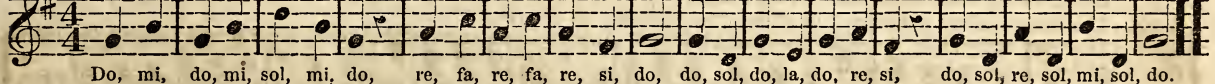
1, 1, 2, 3, 3, 2, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 4, 3, 4, 3, 2, 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 5, 6, 7, 8.
Do, do, re, mi, mi, re, do, si, la, sol, sol, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, fa, mi, re, do, do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, la, si, do.

No. 47.



Do, si, do, re, re, re, do, re, mi, mi, re, mi, fa, mi, re, do, re, mi, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, do, si, do.

No. 48.

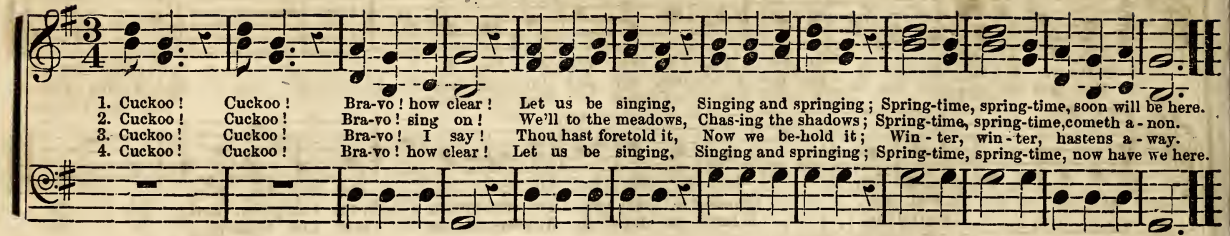


Do, mi, do, mi, sol, mi, do, re, fa, re, fa, re, si, do, do, sol, do, la, do, re, si, do, sol, re, sol, mi, sol, do.

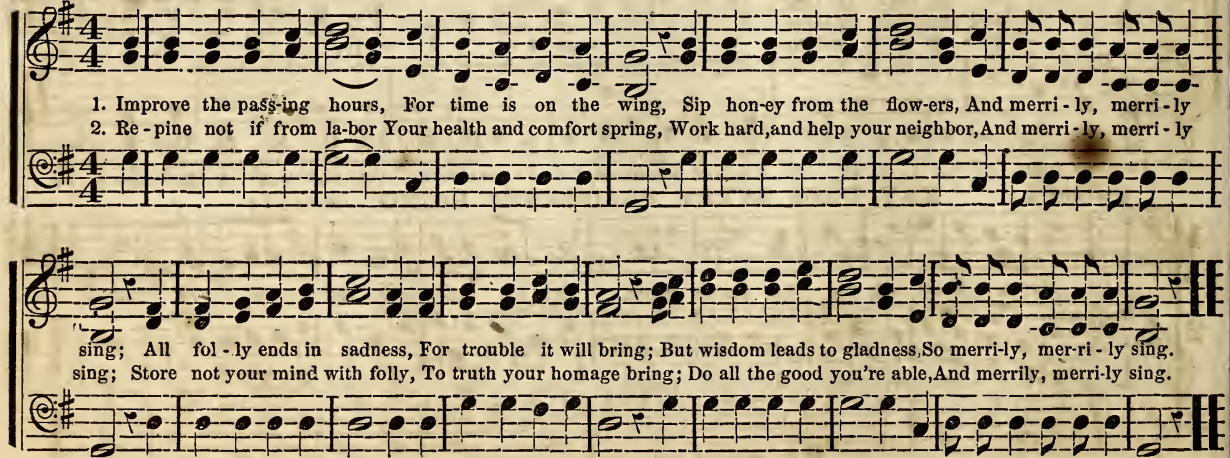
No. 49. E MINOR. To what Major key is this the Relative Minor? Why?

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 5, 5, 5, 8, 8, 7, 7, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 1.
La, si, do, re, mi, fa, mi, mi, mi, la, la, si, si, la, la, si, fa, mi, re, do, si, si, si, do, re, do, si, la.

No. 50. HERALD OF SPRING.


1. Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Bra-vo ! how clear ! Let us be singing, Singing and springing ; Spring-time, spring-time, soon will be here.
2. Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Bra-vo ! sing on ! We'll to the meadows, Chas-ing the shadows ; Spring-time, spring-time,cometh a - non.
3. Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Bra-vo ! I say ! Thou hast foretold it, Now we be-hold it ; Win - ter, win - ter, hastens a - way.
4. Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Bra-vo ! how clear ! Let us be singing, Singing and springing ; Spring-time, spring-time, now have we here.

No. 1. MERRILY, MERRILY SING.


1. Improve the pass-ing hours, For time is on the wing, Sip hon-ey from the flow-ers, And merri - ly, merri - ly
2. Re - pine not if from la-bor Your health and comfort spring, Work hard,and help your neighbor,And merri - ly, merri - ly
sing; All fol - ly ends in sadness, For trouble it will bring; But wisdom leads to gladness,So merri-ly, mer-ri - ly sing.
sing; Store not your mind with folly, To truth your homage bring; Do all the good you're able,And merrily, merri-ly sing.

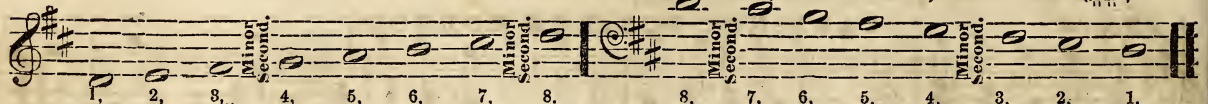
No. 52. What kind of measure? Which variety?

Do, Re, Mi, Mi, Mi, Mi, Mi, Fa, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Mi, Re, Re,
1. Pleas-ure ech-oes, Pleas-ure ech-oes, ech-oes far and near: deck'd with flowers,
2. Up and weave us, Up and weave us now a flow-ery crown; all un-fold-ing,
Do, Do, Do, Re, Mi, Re, Do, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol,
ech-oes, Pleas-ure ech-oes far and near; From the green bank,
weave us, Weave us now a flow-ery crown: See the blossoms,
Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Mi, Sol, Mi, Mi, Mi, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.
and pleas-ant bow-ers, ech-oes, Pleas-ure ech-oes far and near.
-teous sta-tion hold-ing, weave us, Weave us now a flow-ery crown.
Sol, Si, Re, Sol, Sol, Do, Mi, Mi, Do, Do, Do, Mi, Re, Do, Si, Do.
Sun-ny hills Pleas-ure ech-oes, ech-oes, Pleas-ure ech-oes far and near.
Each its beau- Up and weave us, weave us, Weave us now a flow-ery crown.

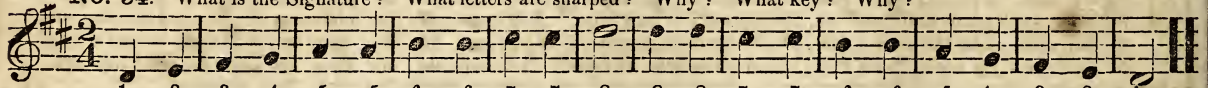
No. 53. **MAY DOES EVERY FRAGRANCE BRING.** (Round.)

1
2
3
May does eve-ry fra-grance bring, All.... the ver-nal bloom of Spring,
Dry--ads deck'd with myr-tles green, Danc-ing eve-ry where are seen.
Blush-ing flowers in beau-ty rise, Dif-fus-ing o-dors to the skies.

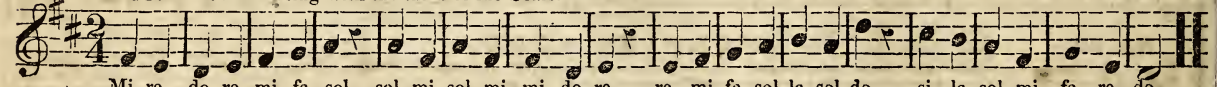
SCALE IN THE KEY OF D. SECOND TRANSPOSITION BY SHARPS, FROM G TO D, SIGNATURE (##.)


Minor Second.
Minor Second.
Minor Second.
Minor Second.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
D, E, F♯, G, A, B, C♯, D.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do
8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
D, C♯, B, A, G, F♯, E, D
Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 54. What is the Signature? What letters are sharped? Why? What key? Why?

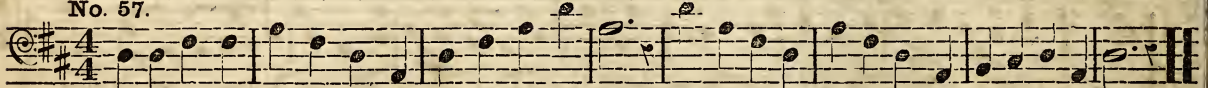


No. 55. Commencing with the third of the Scale.

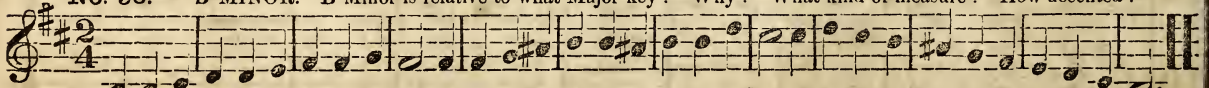


No. 56. Which clef? What kind of measure? Which variety?

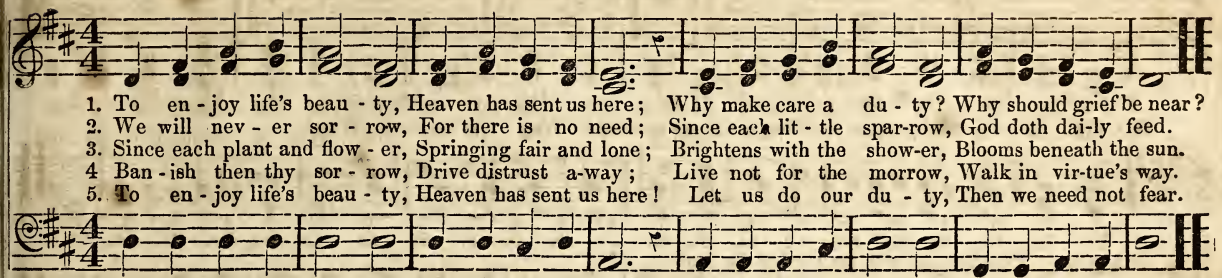
No. 57.



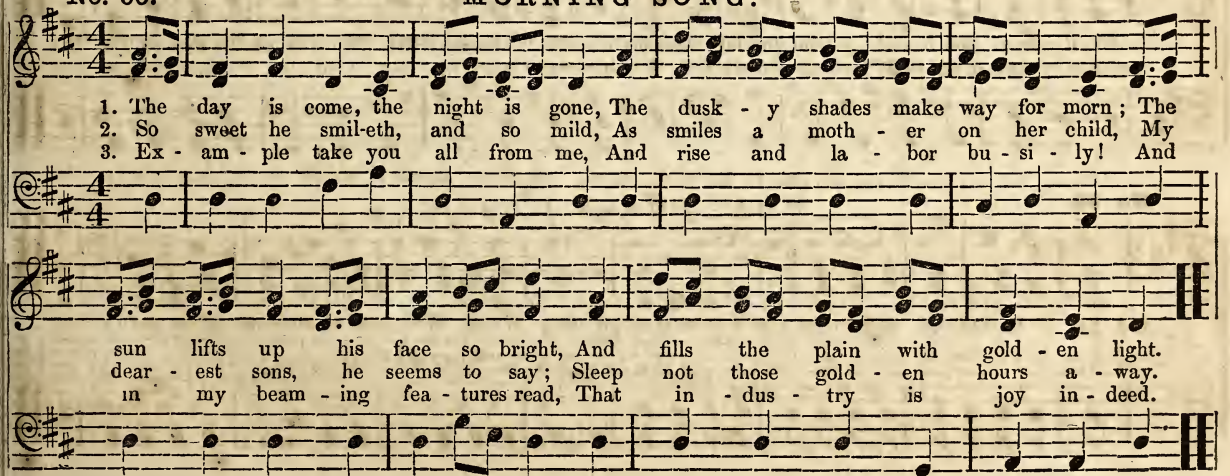
No. 58. B MINOR. B Minor is relative to what Major key? Why? What kind of measure? How accented?



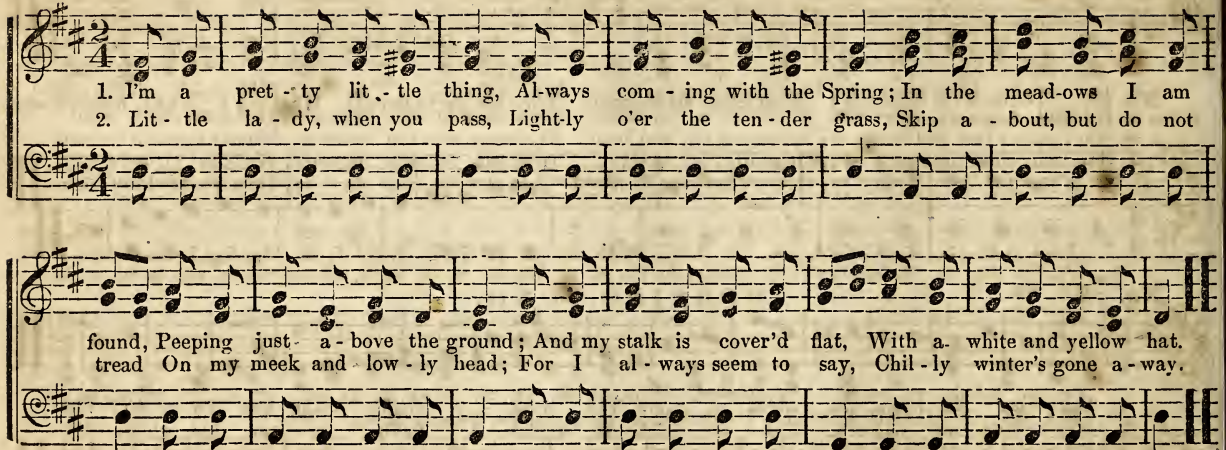
No. 59. **CARE NOT FOR THE MORROW.**


1. To en - joy life's beau - ty, Heaven has sent us here; Why make care a du - ty? Why should grief be near?
2. We will nev - er sor - row, For there is no need; Since each lit - tle spar-row, God doth dai-ly feed.
3. Since each plant and flow - er, Springing fair and lone; Brightens with the show-er, Blooms beneath the sun.
4 Ban - ish then thy sor - row, Drive distrust a-way; Live not for the morrow, Walk in vir-tue's way.
5. To en - joy life's beau - ty, Heaven has sent us here! Let us do our du - ty, Then we need not fear.

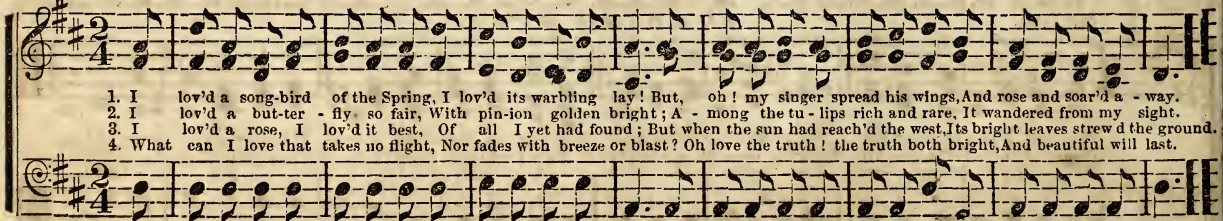
No. 60. **MORNING SONG.**


1. The day is come, the night is gone, The dusk - y shades make way for morn; The
2. So sweet he smil-eth, and so mild, As smiles a moth - er on her child, My
3. Ex - am - ple take you all from me, And rise and la - bor bu - si - ly! And
sun lifts up his face so bright, And fills the plain with gold - en light.
dear - est sons, he seems to say; Sleep not those gold - en hours a - way.
in my beam - ing fea - tures read, That in - dus - try is joy in - deed.

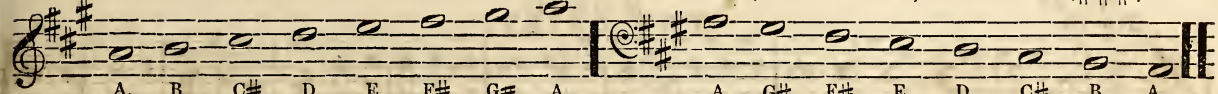
No. 61. **THE DAISY.**


1. I'm a pret - ty lit - tle thing, Al-ways com - ing with the Spring; In the mead-ows I am
2. Lit - tle la - dy, when you pass, Light-ly o'er the ten - der grass, Skip a - bout, but do not
found, Peeping just - a - bove the ground; And my stalk is cover'd flat, With a- white and yellow hat.
tread On my meek and low - ly head; For I al - ways seem to say, Chil - ly winter's gone a - way.

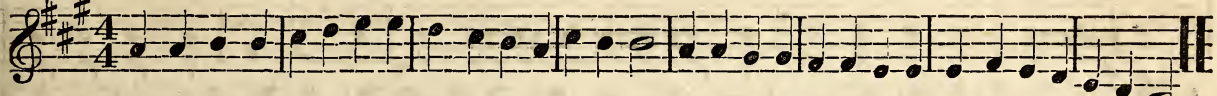
No. 62. **WHAT SHALL I LOVE?**


1. I lov'd a song-bird of the Spring, I lov'd its warbling lay! But, oh! my singer spread his wings, And rose and soar'd a - way.
2. I lov'd a but-ter - fly so fair, With pin-ion golden bright; A - mong the tu - lips rich and rare, It wandered from my sight.
3. I lov'd a rose, I lov'd it best, Of all I yet had found; But when the sun had reach'd the west, Its bright leaves strew'd the ground.
4. What can I love that takes no flight, Nor fades with breeze or blast? Oh love the truth! the truth both bright, And beautiful will last.

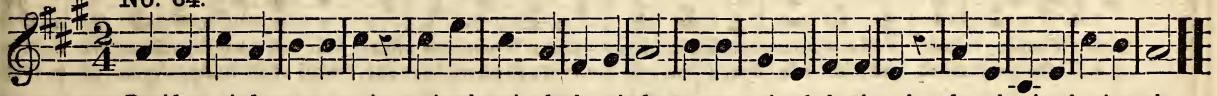
SCALE IN THE KEY OF A. THIRD TRANSPOSITION BY SHARPS, FROM D TO A, SIGNATURE (###.)



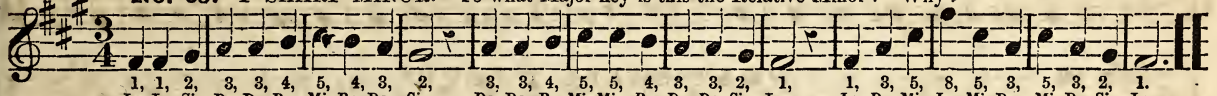
No. 63. What is the Signature? What letters are sharped? Why are they sharped? What key? Why? Between what letters do the Minor Seconds occur?



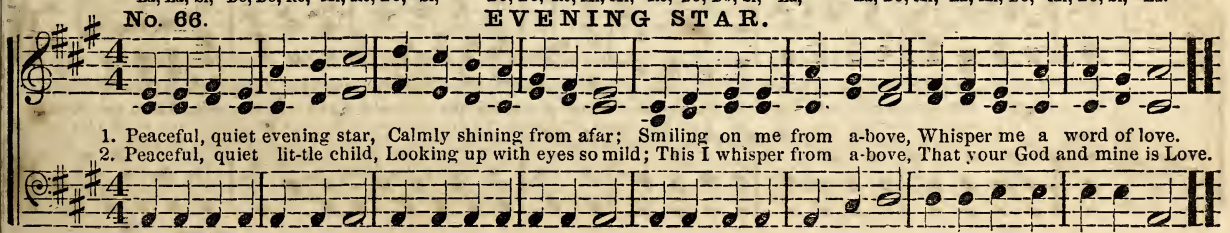
No. 64.



No. 65. F SHARP MINOR. To what Major key is this the Relative Minor? Why?

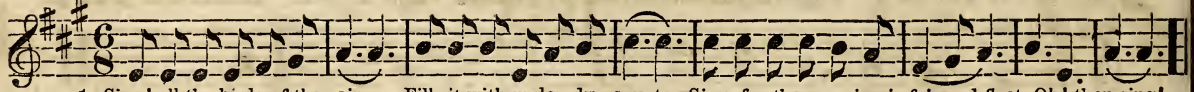


No. 66. **EVENING STAR.**


1. Peaceful, quiet evening star, Calmly shining from afar; Smiling on me from a-bove, Whisper me a word of love.
2. Peaceful, quiet lit-tle child, Looking up with eyes so mild; This I whisper from a-bove, That your God and mine is Love.

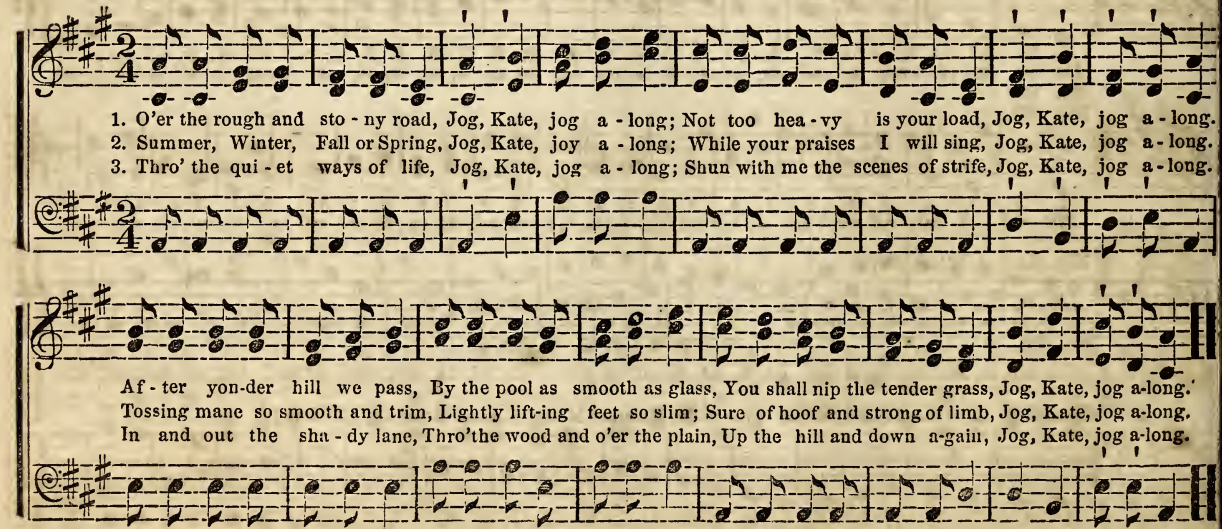
No. 67.

MUSIC.

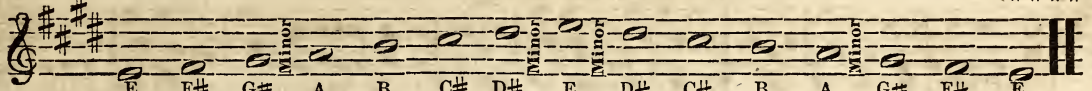

1. Sing! all the birds of the air, Fill it with melo - dy sweet; Sing, for the morning is fair and fleet, Oh! then sing!
2. Sing! for the insects of noon, Dreami-ly hum in the sun; Sing, for the chorus will soon be done, Oh! then sing!
3. Sing! for the plain and the height, River, and forest, and glen; Sing to the sunset at night, Sing! oh, sing!

No. 68.

PONY KATE.


1. O'er the rough and sto - ny road, Jog, Kate, jog a - long; Not too hea - vy is your load, Jog, Kate, jog a - long.
2. Summer, Winter, Fall or Spring, Jog, Kate, joy a - long; While your praises I will sing, Jog, Kate, jog a - long.
3. Thro' the qui - et ways of life, Jog, Kate, jog a - long; Shun with me the scenes of strife, Jog, Kate, jog a - long.
Af - ter yon-der hill we pass, By the pool as smooth as glass, You shall nip the tender grass, Jog, Kate, jog a-long.
Tossing mane so smooth and trim, Lightly lift-ing feet so slim; Sure of hoof and strong of limb, Jog, Kate, jog a-long.
In and out the sha - dy lane, Thro'the wood and o'er the plain, Up the hill and down a-gain, Jog, Kate, jog a-long.

SCALE IN THE KEY OF E. FOURTH TRANSPOSITION BY SHARPS, FROM A TO E. SIGNATURE (####.)

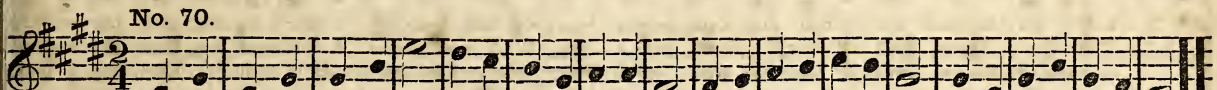


E, F♯, G♯, A, B, C♯, D♯, E, D♯, C♯, B, A, G♯, F♯, E.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 69. What is the Signature? What letters are sharped? Why? What key? Why?

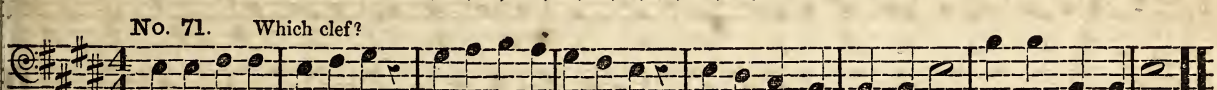
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 5, 5, 6, 7, 7, 6, 7, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 3, 5, 1.
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, sol, la, si, si, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, re, mi, fa, sol, mi, sol, do.

No. 70.



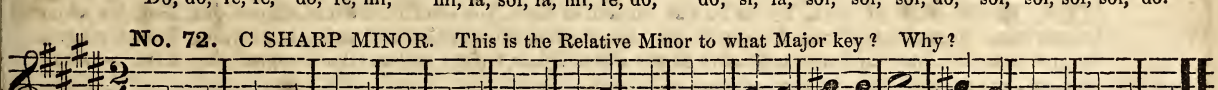
1, 3, 1, 3, 3, 5, 8, 7, 6, 5, 3, 4, 4, 2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 5, 3, 3, 1, 3, 5, 3, 2, 1.
Do, mi, do, mi, mi, sol, do, si, la, sol, mi, fa, fa, re, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, mi, mi, do, mi, sol, mi, re, do.

No. 71. Which clef?



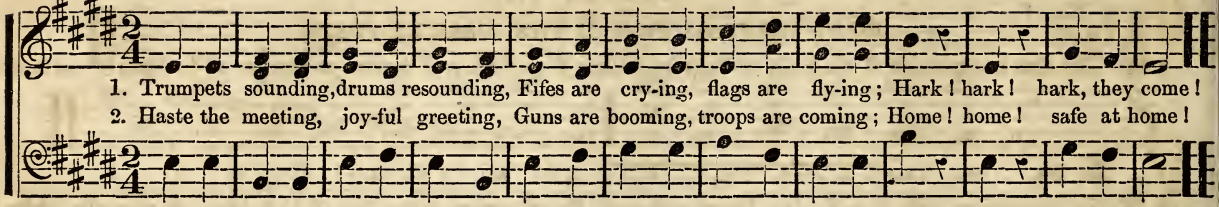
1, 1, 2, 2, 1, 2, 3. 3, 4, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 5, 1, 5, 5, 5, 5, 1.
Do, do, re, re, do, re, mi, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, do, si, la, sol, sol, sol, do, sol, sol, sol, sol, do.

No. 72. C SHARP MINOR. This is the Relative Minor to what Major key? Why?

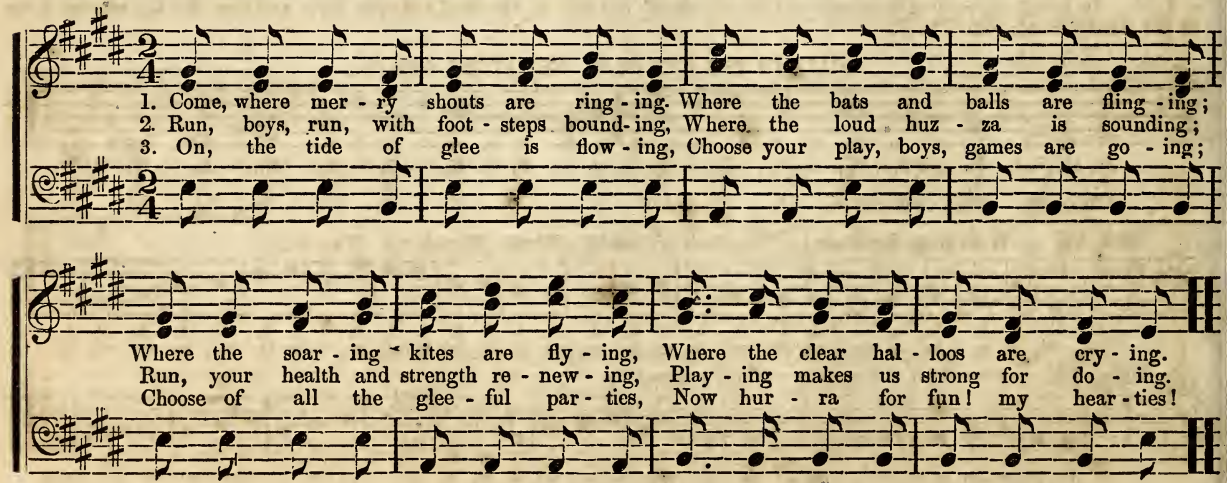


1, 1, 2, 2, 3, 2, 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 5, 5, 5, 6, 6, 7, 7, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
La, la, si, si, do, si, la, la, si, do, re, mi, fa, mi, mi, mi, fa, fa, si, si, la, si, fa, mi, re, do, si, la.

No. 73. **TRUMPETS SOUNDING.**


1. Trumpets sounding, drums resounding, Fifes are cry-ing, flags are fly-ing; Hark! hark! hark, they come!
2. Haste the meeting, joy-ful greeting, Guns are booming, troops are coming; Home! home! safe at home!

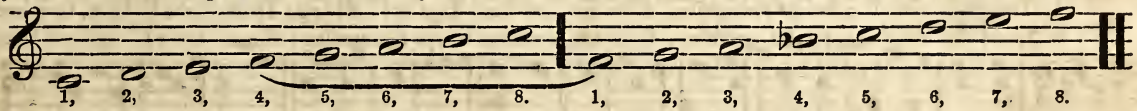
No. 74. **COME, WHERE MERRY SHOUTS ARE RINGING.**


1. Come, where mer - ry shouts are ring - ing. Where the bats and balls are fling - ing;
2. Run, boys, run, with foot - steps bound - ing, Where the loud huz - za is sounding;
3. On, the tide of glee is flow - ing, Choose your play, boys, games are go - ing;
Where the soar - ing kites are fly - ing, Where the clear hal - loos are cry - ing.
Run, your health and strength re - new - ing, Play - ing makes us strong for do - ing.
Choose of all the glee - ful par - ties, Now hur - ra for fun! my hear - ties!

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FLATS.

§ 73. The first transposition of the Scale by Fourths, is from C to F; i. e. F is taken as One, or as the basis of the Scale.

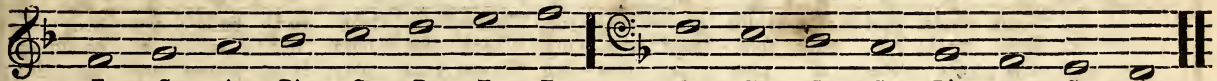


§ 74. In transposing from C to F, (see Diagram above,) it is necessary to use B♭, (♭7,) for four, because the interval from three to four should be a Minor Second, and from four to five, a Major Second; hence, Flat Seven transposes a fourth.

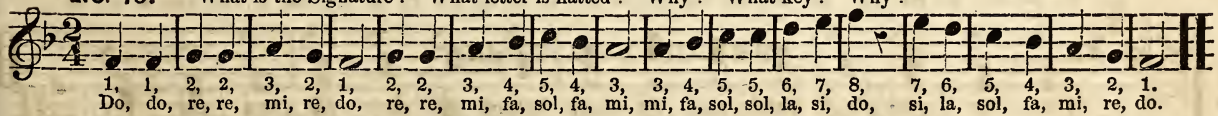
§ 75. The tone of transposition between any key and its fourth, is Flat Seven.

§ 76. In every succeeding transposition, an additional flat will be required between three and four, for the reasons given in the transposition from C to F.

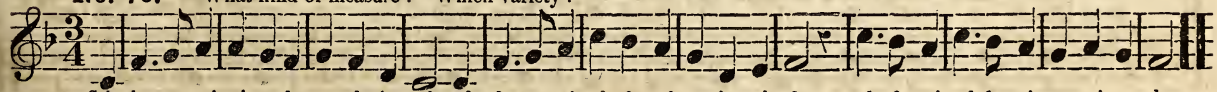
SCALE IN THE KEY OF F. SIGNATURE ONE (♭.)



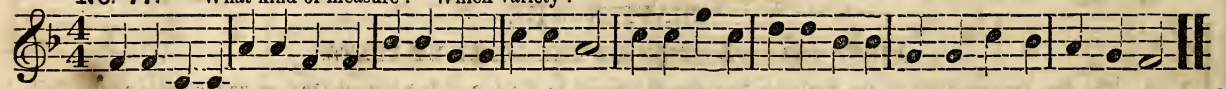
No. 75. What is the Signature? What letter is flatted? Why? What key? Why?



No. 76. What kind of measure? Which variety?

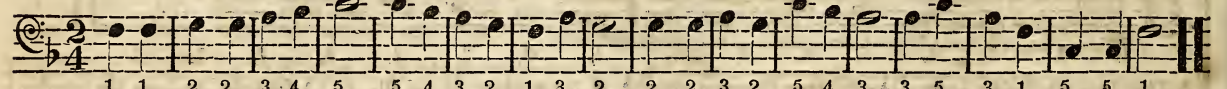


No. 77. What kind of measure? Which variety?



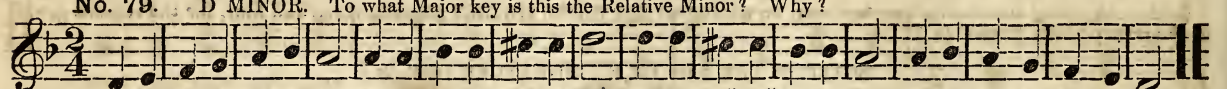
Do, do, sol, sol, mi, mi, do, do, fa, fa, re, re, sol, sol, mi, sol, sol, do, sol, la, la, fa, fa, re, re, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

No. 78. Which clef?



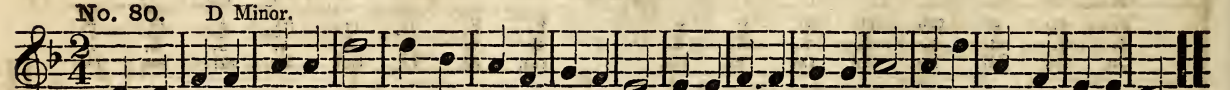
1, 1, 2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 2, 2, 3, 2, 5, 4, 3, 3, 5, 3, 1, 5, 5, 1.
Do, do, re, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, fa, mi, re, do, mi, re, re, re, mi, re, sol, fa, mi, mi, sol, mi, do, sol, sol, do.

No. 79. D MINOR. To what Major key is this the Relative Minor? Why?



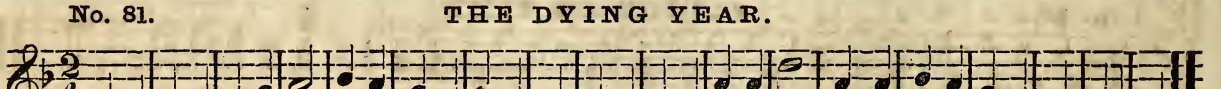
D, E, F, G, A, B, A, A, A, B, B, C♯, C♯, D, D, D, C♯, C♯, B, B, A, A, B, A, G, F, E, D.
La, si, do, re, mi, fa, mi, mi, mi, fa, fa, si, si, la, la, la, si, si, fa, fa, mi, mi, fa, mi, re, do, si, la.

No. 80. D Minor.



La, la, do, do, mi, mi, la, la, fa, mi, do, re, do, si, si, si, do, do, re, re, mi, mi, la, mi, do, si, si, la.

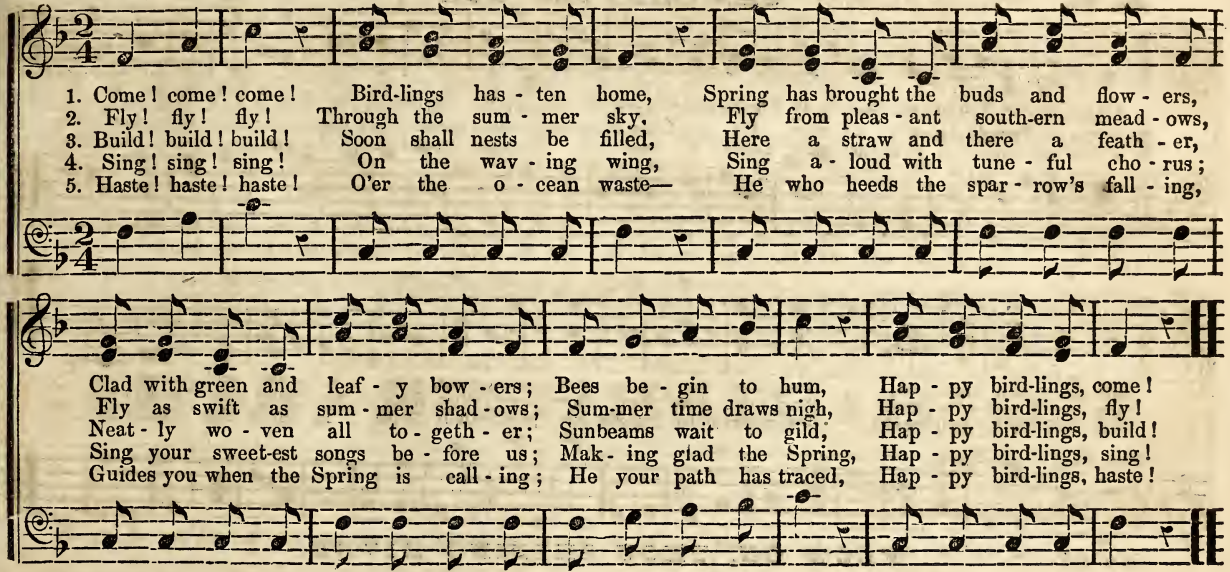
No. 81. **THE DYING YEAR.**



1. Yes, the year is growing old, And his eye is pale and blear'd; Death, with frosty hand and cold, Plucks the old man by the beard, Sore-ly.
2. O, thro' wood and mountain pass, Fierce winds, like full anthems, roll; They are chanting solemn mass, Singing, Pray for this poor soul, Pray! pray!
3. There shall come a mightier blast, There shall be a darker day; And the stars, from heaven downcast, Like red leaves, be swept away! Swept away?

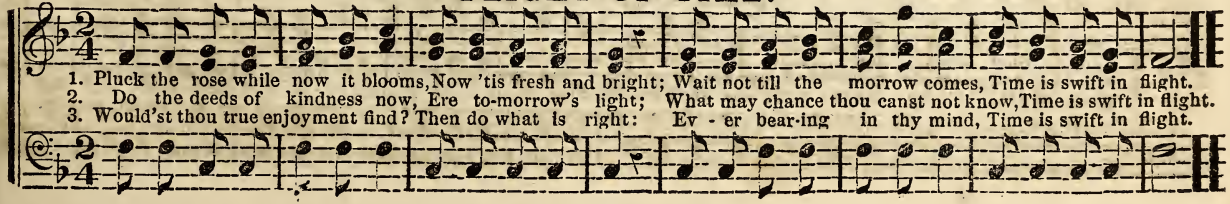
No. 82. Words by M. B. C. SLADE.

CALL TO THE BIRDS.

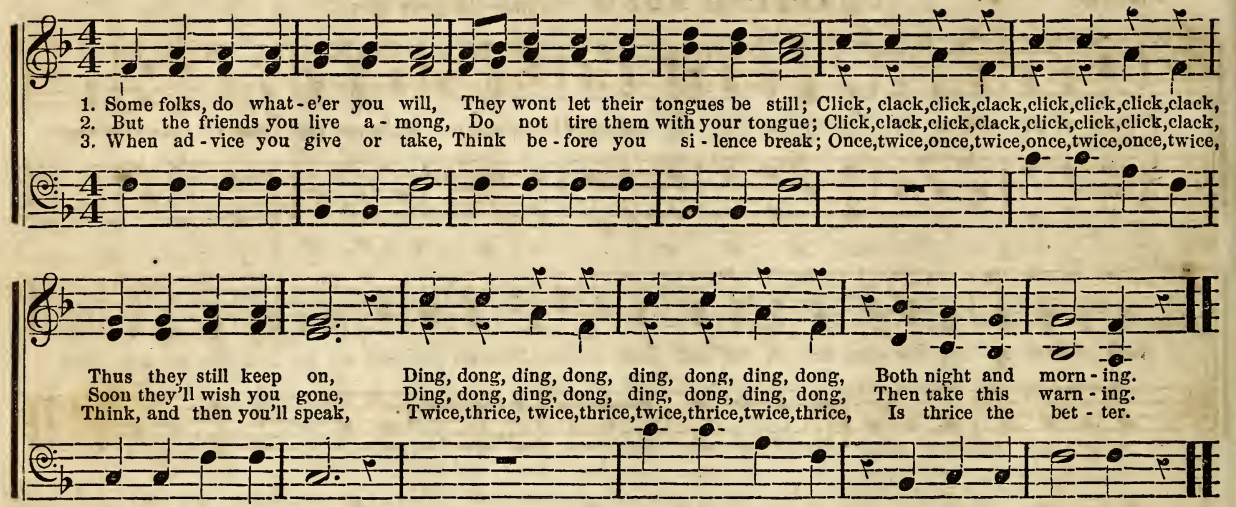

1. Come! come! come! Bird-lings has - ten home, Spring has brought the buds and flow - ers,
2. Fly! fly! fly! Through the sum - mer sky, Fly from pleas - ant south-ern mead - ows,
3. Build! build! build! Soon shall nests be filled, Here a straw and there a feath - er,
4. Sing! sing! sing! On the wav - ing wing, Sing a - loud with tune - ful cho - rus;
5. Haste! haste! haste! O'er the o - cean waste— He who heeds the spar - row's fall - ing,
Clad with green and leaf - y bow - ers; Bees be - gin to hum, Hap - py bird-lings, come!
Fly as swift as sum - mer shad - ows; Sum-mer time draws nigh, Hap - py bird-lings, fly!
Neat - ly wo - ven all to - geth - er; Sunbeams wait to gild, Hap - py bird-lings, build!
Sing your sweet-est songs be - fore us; Mak - ing glad the Spring, Hap - py bird-lings, sing!
Guides you when the Spring is call - ing; He your path has traced, Hap - py bird-lings, haste!

No. 83.

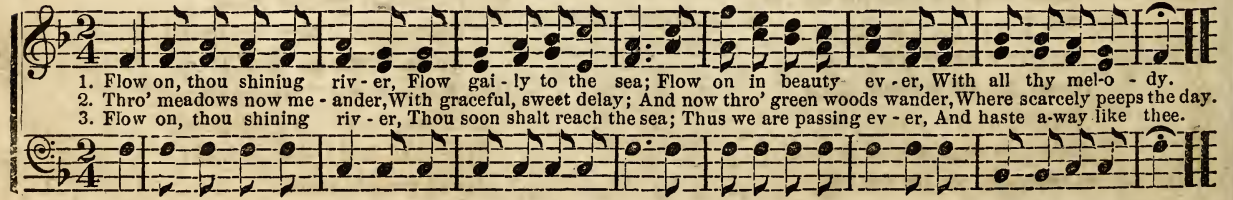
FLIGHT OF TIME.


1. Pluck the rose while now it blooms, Now 'tis fresh and bright; Wait not till the morrow comes, Time is swift in flight.
2. Do the deeds of kindness now, Ere to-morrow's light; What may chance thou canst not know, Time is swift in flight.
3. Would'st thou true enjoyment find? Then do what is right: Ev - er bear-ing in thy mind, Time is swift in flight.

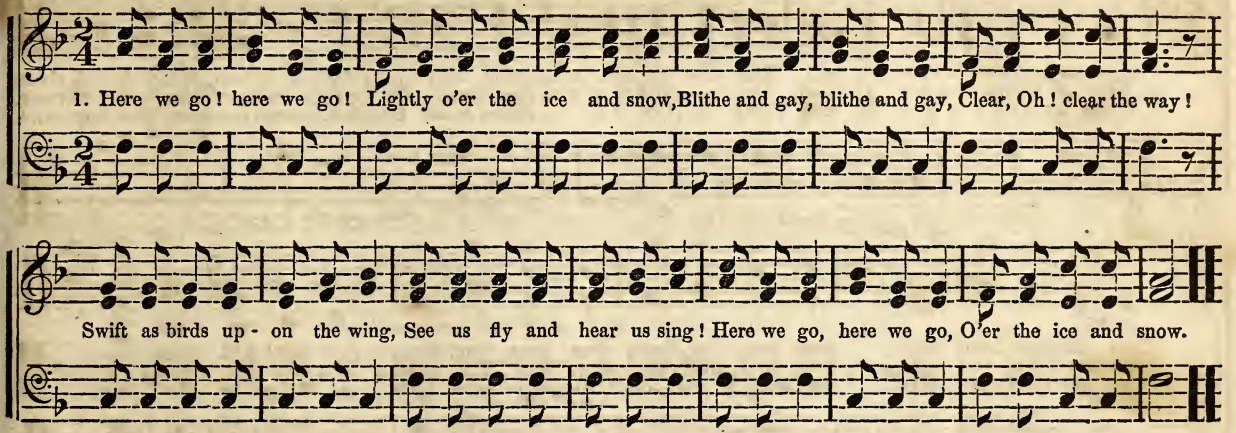
No. 84. **THE CHATTER BOX.**


1. Some folks, do what-e'er you will, They wont let their tongues be still; Click, clack, click, clack, click, click, click, clack,
2. But the friends you live a-mong, Do not tire them with your tongue; Click, clack, click, clack, click, click, click, clack,
3. When ad-vice you give or take, Think be-fore you si-lence break; Once, twice, once, twice, once, twice, once, twice,
Thus they still keep on, Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Both night and morn-ing.
Soon they'll wish you gone, Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Then take this warn-ing.
Think, and then you'll speak, Twice, thrice, twice, thrice, twice, thrice, twice, thrice, Is thrice the bet-ter.

No. 85. **FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.**


1. Flow on, thou shining riv-er, Flow gai-ly to the sea; Flow on in beauty ev-er, With all thy mel-o-dy.
2. Thro' meadows now me-ander, With graceful, sweet delay; And now thro' green woods wander, Where scarcely peeps the day.
3. Flow on, thou shining riv-er, Thou soon shalt reach the sea; Thus we are passing ev-er, And haste a-way like thee.

No. 86. **COASTING SONG.** TUNE—"Lightly Row."


1. Here we go! here we go! Lightly o'er the ice and snow, Blithe and gay, blithe and gay, Clear, Oh! clear the way!
Swift as birds up - on the wing, See us fly and hear us sing! Here we go, here we go, O'er the ice and snow.

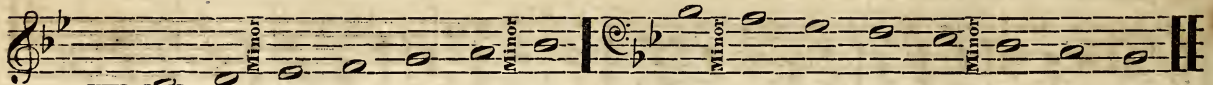
2

School is done, school is done;
Come, and you shall see the fun;
Let us go, o'er the snow,
In a merry row.
Down the hill we rush along,
Singing such a joyous song!
School is done, school is done,
Come, and see the fun!

3

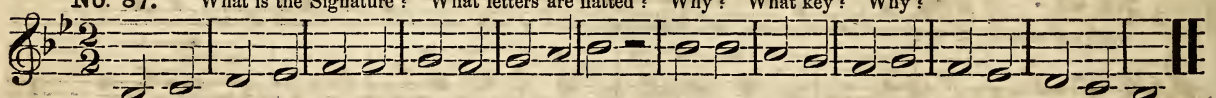
Who shall lead? who, indeed!
But the sled of greatest speed.
"Union Jack," clear the track!
"Union," wins the meed!
Next in line comes "General Grant,"
"Reindeer," and "Big Elephant."
Who shall lead? who, indeed!
He of greatest speed.

SCALE IN THE KEY OF B♭. SECOND TRANSPOSITION BY FLATS, FROM F TO B♭. SIGNATURE TWO (♭♭.)



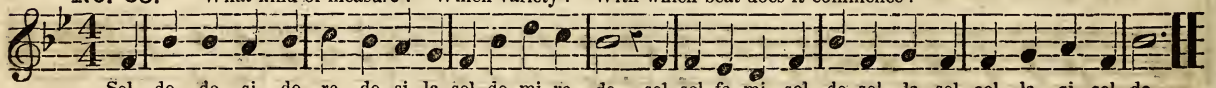
B♭, C, D, E♭, F, G, A, B♭. B♭, A, G, F, E♭, D, C, B♭.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

No. 87. What is the Signature? What letters are flatted? Why? What key? Why?



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 8, 7 6, 5, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 88. What kind of measure? Which variety? With which beat does it commence?

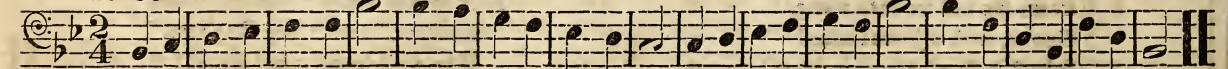


Sol, do, do, si, do, re, do, si, la, sol, do, mi, re, do, sol, sol, fa, mi, sol, do, sol, la, sol, sol, la, si, sol, do.

No. 89. What kind of measure? Which variety? With which degree of the Scale does it commence?

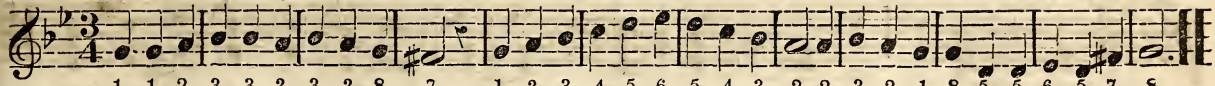
Sol, sol, sol, la, si, do, do, si, do, re, re, do, re, mi, mi, fa, mi, re, do, re, do, si, la, sol, sol, la, si, do.
Come, schoolmates let us sing, This cheerful song both loud and strong; Come, now and let us sing, This lively song both loud and strong.

No. 90.



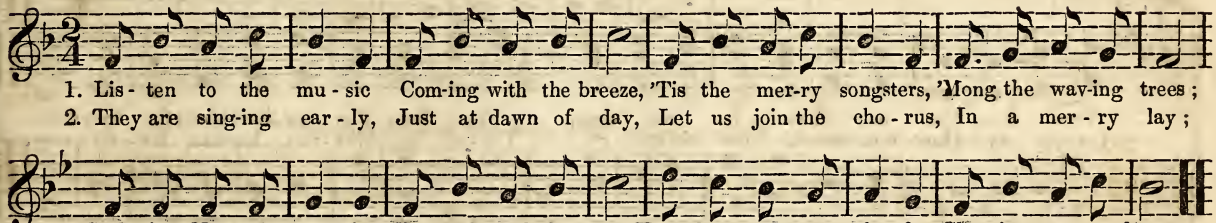
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 5, 8, 8, 5, 3, 1, 5, 3, 1.
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, do, do, sol, mi, do, sol, mi, do.

No. 91. What is the Signature? What key? What is its Relative Major key? Why?

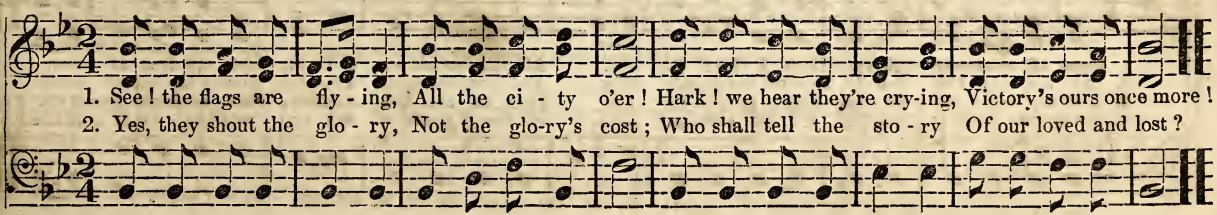


No. 92. **MERRY SONGSTERS.**

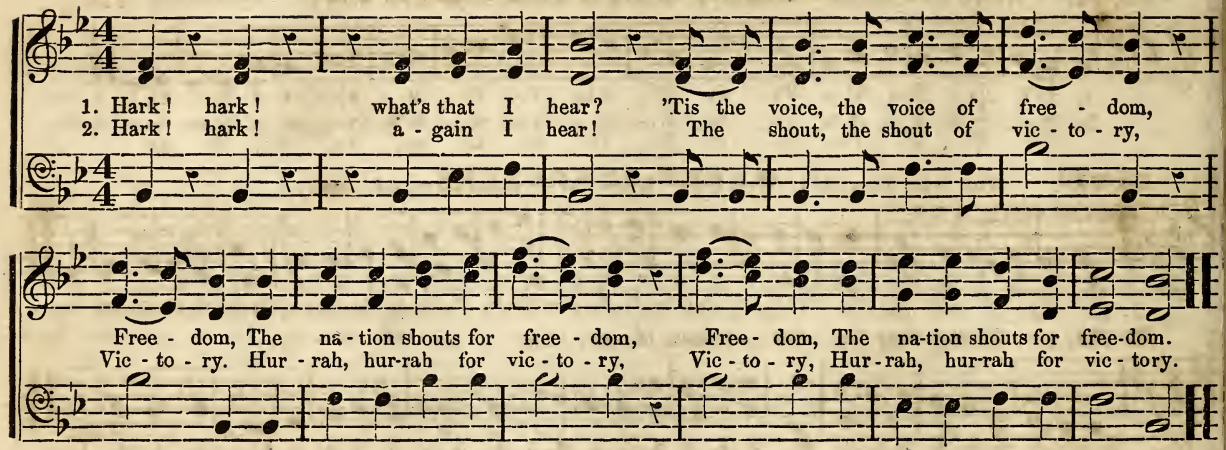
Words and Music by L. B. S.


1. Lis - ten to the mu - sic Com-ing with the breeze, 'Tis the mer-ry songsters, 'Mong the wav-ing trees;
2. They are sing-ing ear - ly, Just at dawn of day, Let us join the cho - rus, In a mer - ry lay;
Such is Nature's mu - sic, Un - a-dorned by art, Hear them sing so clear-ly, Cheering eve-ry heart.
Im - i - tate those songsters In your dai - ly song, Al-ways sing-ing clear-ly, Free - ly, full and strong.

No. 93. **SEE! THE FLAGS ARE FLYING.**


1. See! the flags are fly - ing, All the ci - ty o'er! Hark! we hear they're cry-ing, Victory's ours once more!
2. Yes, they shout the glo - ry, Not the glo-ry's cost; Who shall tell the sto - ry Of our loved and lost?

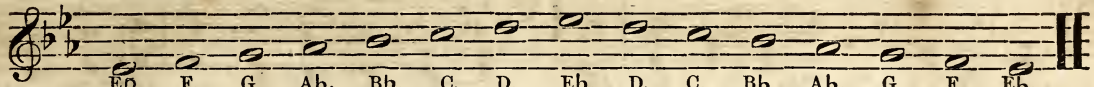
No. 94. **THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.**


1. Hark! hark! what's that I hear? 'Tis the voice, the voice of free - dom,
2. Hark! hark! a - gain I hear! The shout, the shout of vic - to - ry,
Free - dom, The na - tion shouts for free - dom, Free - dom, The na-tion shouts for free-dom.
Vic - to - ry. Hur - rah, hur-rah for vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry, Hur - rah, hur-rah for vic - tory.

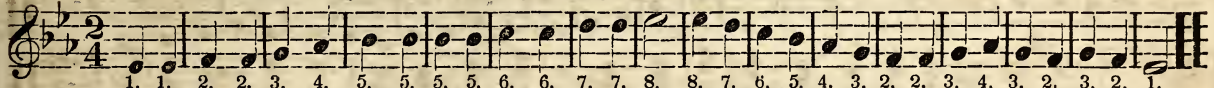
No. 95. **SUMMER DAYS.**

1. Days of sum-mer glo-ry, Days I love to see: All your scenes so brilliant, They are dear to me.
2. All the day I'm live - ly, Though the day is long; And from morn till eve-ning, Sounds my happy song.
3. Let my mind be ev - er, Bright as yon-der sun; Pure as are the breez-es, Just as night comes on.
4. Birds that sweet-ly war-ble, All the summer days; All things speak in mu - sic, Their Cre - a - tor's praise.

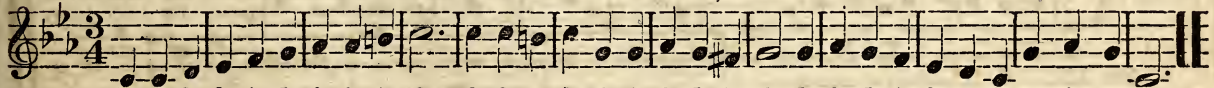
SCALE IN E FLAT. THIRD TRANSPOSITION BY FLATS. FROM B FLAT TO E FLAT. SIGNATURE (bbb.)



No. 96. What is the Signature? What key? Why? What letters are flatted? Why?

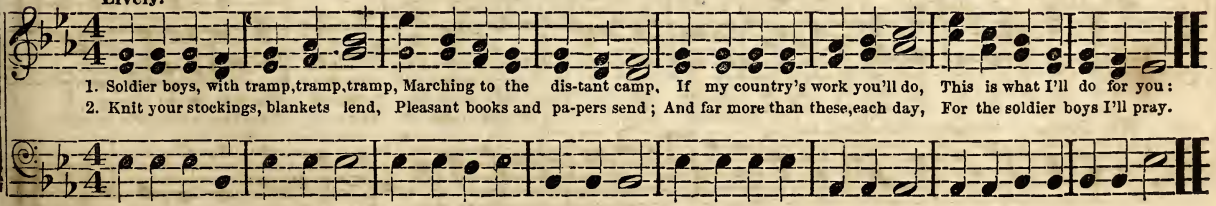


No. 97. To what Major key is this the Relative Minor? Why?

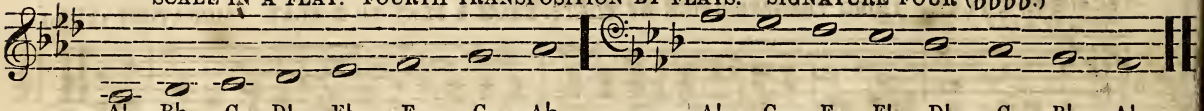


No. 98. **SOLDIER BOYS.**

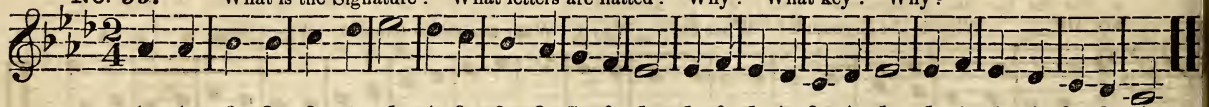
Lively.


1. Soldier boys, with tramp,tramp,tramp, Marching to the dis-tant camp, If my country's work you'll do, This is what I'll do for you:
2. Knit your stockings, blankets lend, Pleasant books and pa-pers send; And far more than these,each day, For the soldier boys I'll pray.

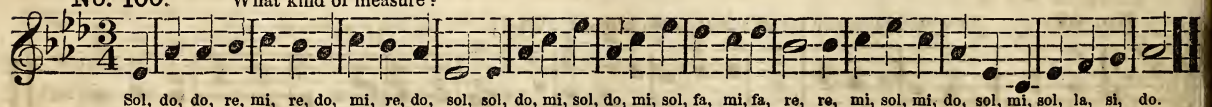
SCALE IN A FLAT. FOURTH TRANSPOSITION BY FLATS. SIGNATURE FOUR (bbbb.)



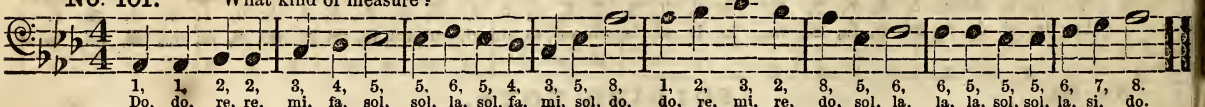
No. 99. What is the Signature? What letters are flatted? Why? What key? Why?



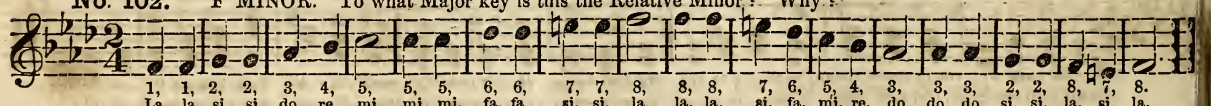
No. 100. What kind of measure?



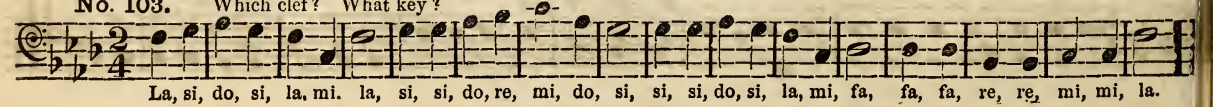
No. 101. What kind of measure?



No. 102. F MINOR. To what Major key is this the Relative Minor? Why?



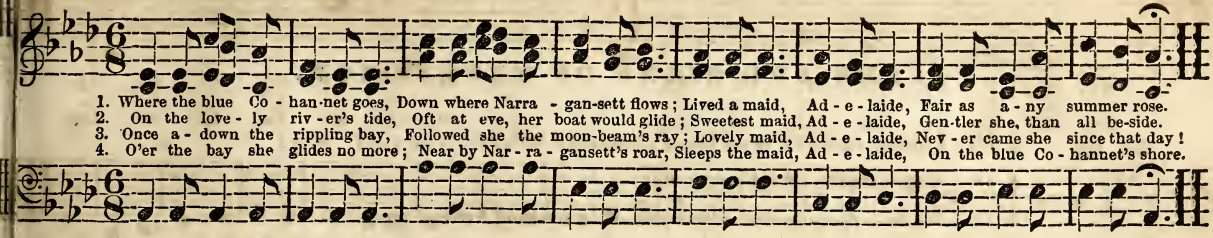
No. 103. Which clef? What key?



No. 104.

ADELAIDE.

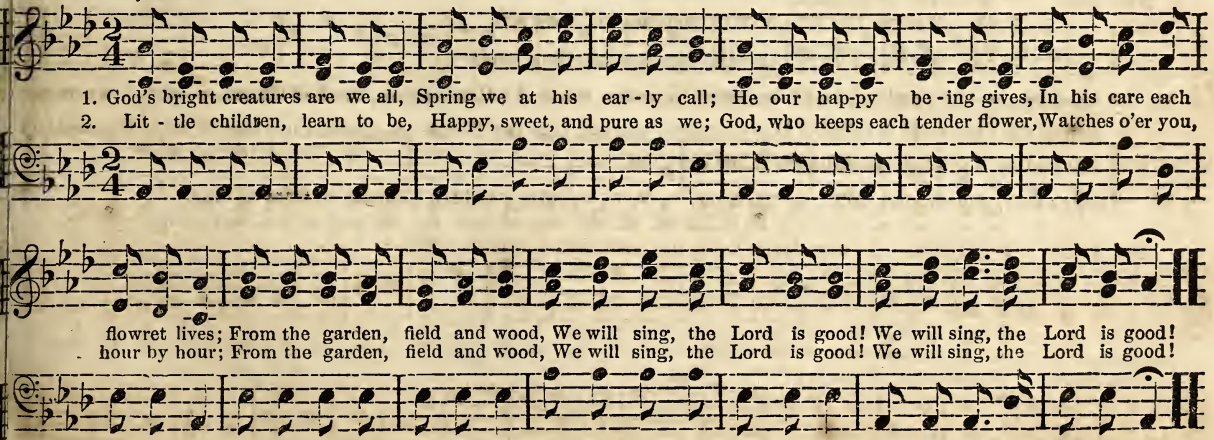
Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.


1. Where the blue Co - han-net goes, Down where Narra - gan-sett flows; Lived a maid, Ad - e - laide, Fair as a - ny summer rose.
2. On the love - ly riv - er's tide, Oft at eve, her boat would glide; Sweetest maid, Ad - e - laide, Gen-tler she, than all be-side.
3. Once a - down the rippling bay, Followed she the moon-beam's ray; Lovely maid, Ad - e - laide, Nev - er came she since that day!
4. O'er the bay she glides no more; Near by Nar - ra - gansett's roar, Sleeps the maid, Ad - e - laide, On the blue Co - hannet's shore.

No. 105.

SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

Words by M. B. C. S.


1. God's bright creatures are we all, Spring we at his ear - ly call; He our hap-py be - ing gives, In his care each
2. Lit - tle children, learn to be, Happy, sweet, and pure as we; God, who keeps each tender flower, Watches o'er you,
flowret lives; From the garden, field and wood, We will sing, the Lord is good! We will sing, the Lord is good!
hour by hour; From the garden, field and wood, We will sing, the Lord is good! We will sing, the Lord is good!

TERMS AND SIGNS OF EXPRESSION.

§ 77. PIANO, or its abbreviation, *P*, signifies a soft tone.

§ 78. PIANISSIMO, or *PP*, very soft.

§ 79. MEZZO, (pronounced *Metzo*,) or *M*, a medium force of tone.

§ 80. FORTE, or *F*, a loud tone.

§ 81. FORTISSIMO, or *FF*, very loud.

§ 82. MEZZO PIANO, or *MP*, signifies middling soft.

§ 83. MEZZO FORTE, or *MF*, signifies middling loud.

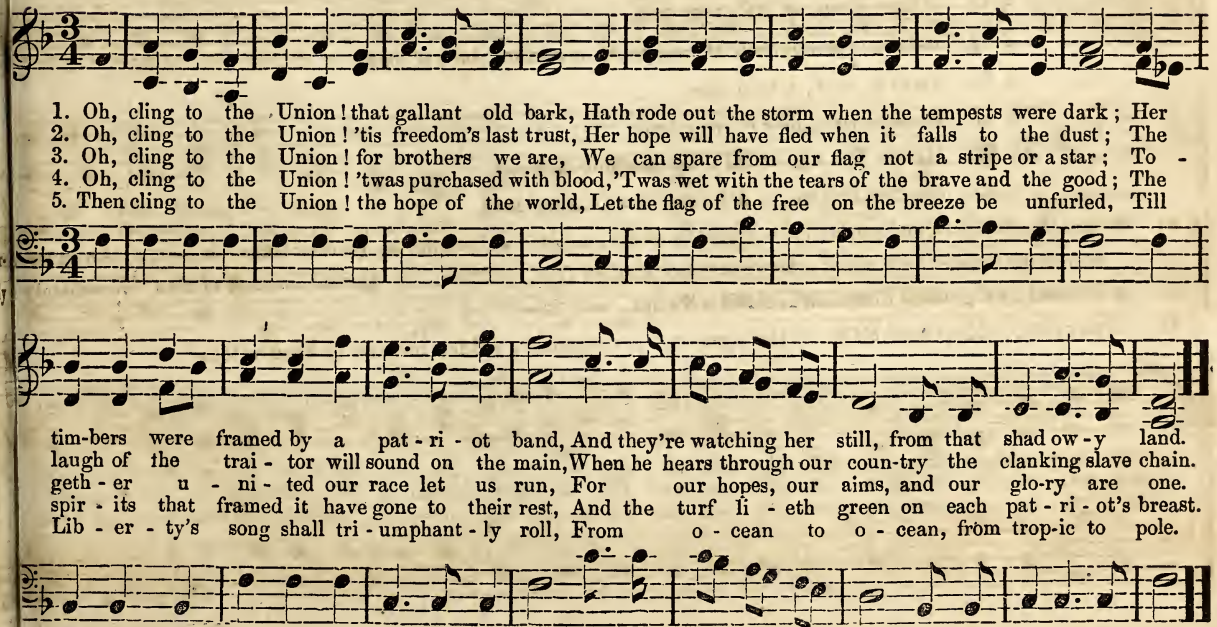
§ 84. A tone, begun softly, and grudually increased in power, is called a CRESCENDO, marked CRES. or <. An inversion of the Crescendo is called a DIMINUENDO, marked DIM. or >. A gradual increase of tone, immediately followed by a gradual diminish, is called a SWELL, <>.

§ 85. SFORZANDO, abbreviated *SFZ.*, or the signs, >, ∨, ∧, signifies a sudden increase or force of tone.

MERRY CHIMES.

OH! CLING TO THE UNION!

T. WOOD.


1. Oh, cling to the Union! that gallant old bark, Hath rode out the storm when the tempests were dark; Her tim-bers were framed by a pat-ri-ot band, And they're watching her still, from that shad ow-y land.
2. Oh, cling to the Union! 'tis freedom's last trust, Her hope will have fled when it falls to the dust; The laugh of the trai-tor will sound on the main, When he hears through our coun-try the clanking slave chain.
3. Oh, cling to the Union! for brothers we are, We can spare from our flag not a stripe or a star; To - geth-er u-ni-ted our race let us run, For our hopes, our aims, and our glo-ry are one.
4. Oh, cling to the Union! 'twas purchased with blood, 'Twas wet with the tears of the brave and the good; The spir-its that framed it have gone to their rest, And the turf li-eth green on each pat-ri-ot's breast.
5. Then cling to the Union! the hope of the world, Let the flag of the free on the breeze be unfurled, Till Lib-er-ty's song shall tri-umphant-ly roll, From o-cean to o-cean, from trop-ic to pole.

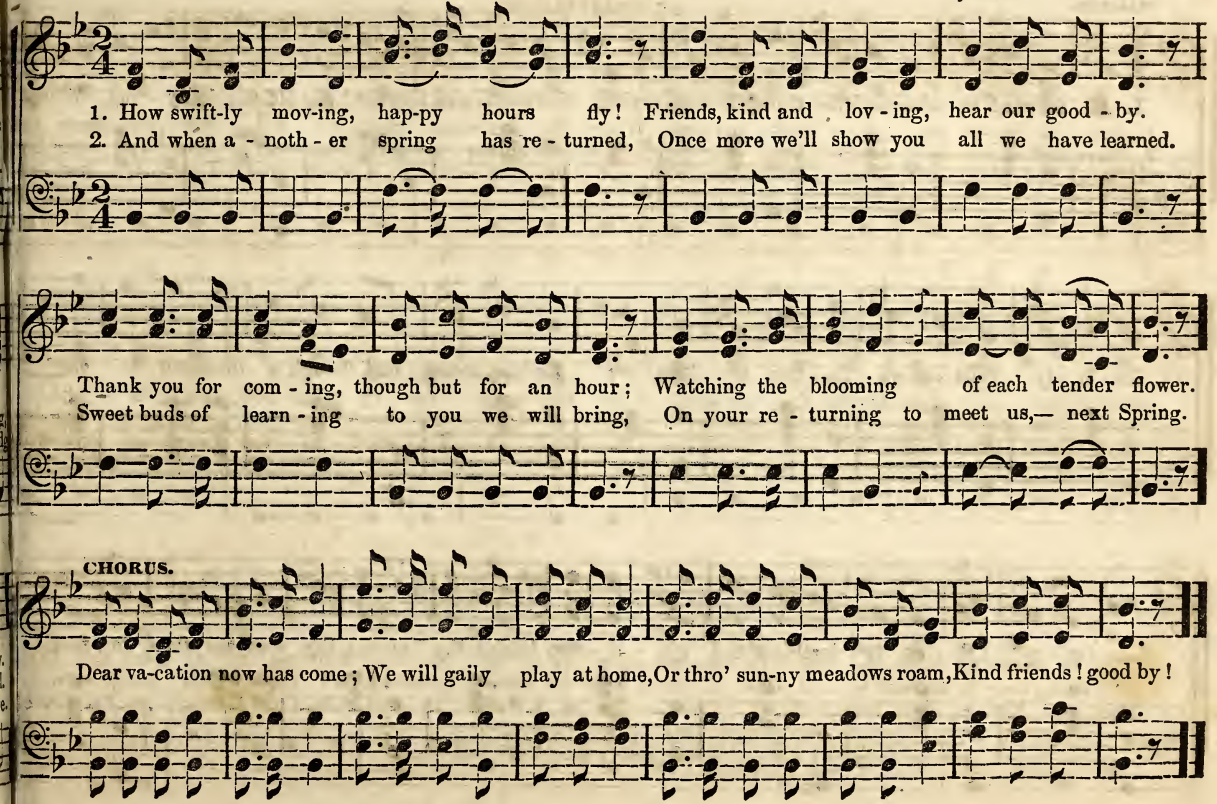
E CORAL INSECT

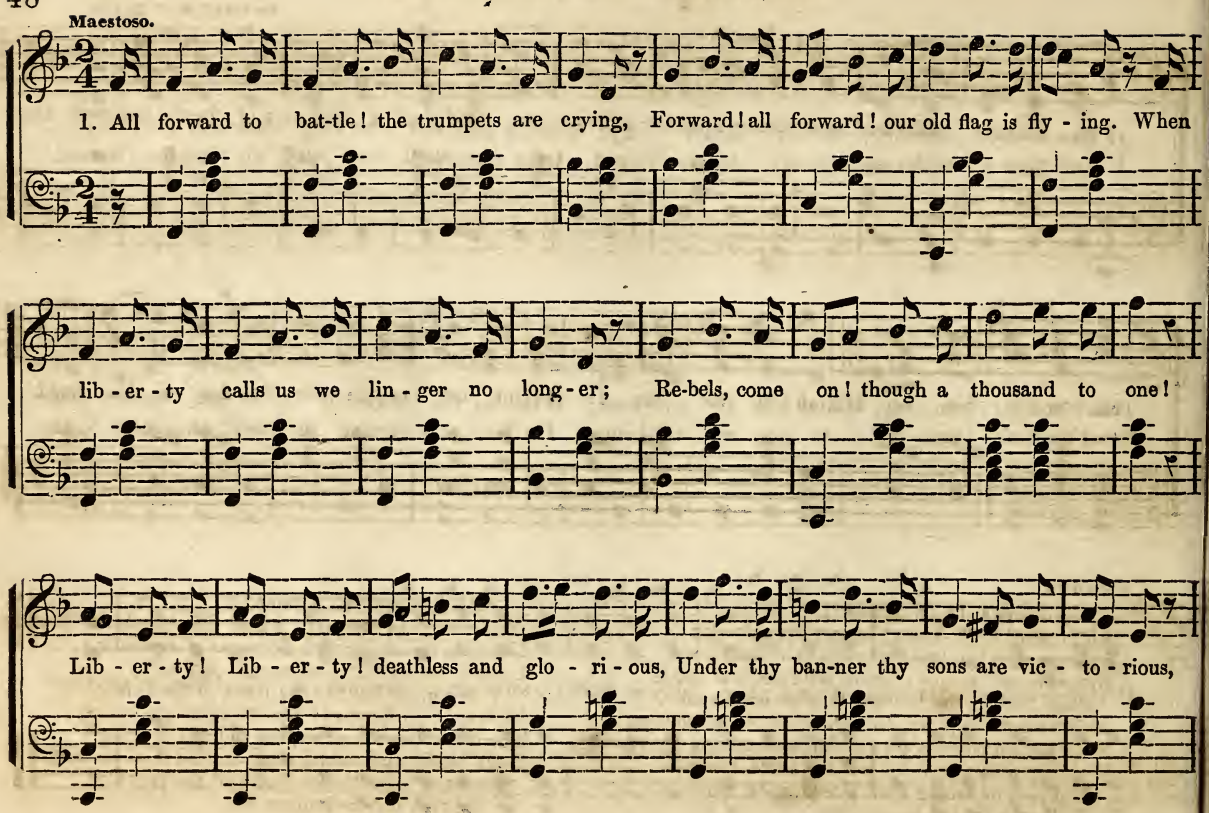
OR PERSEVERANCE.

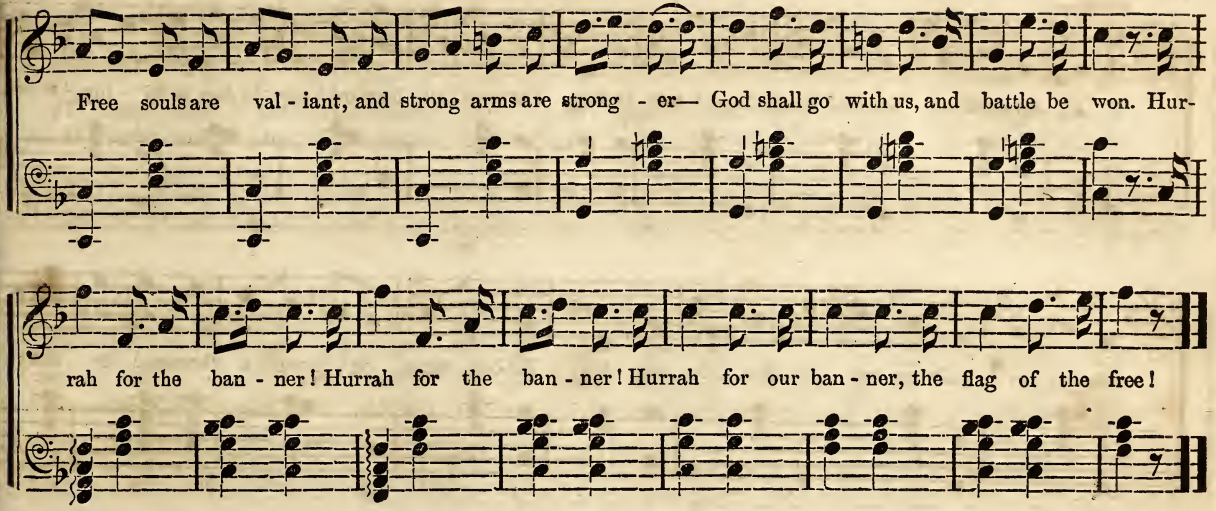
1. Far a - down the si - lent o - cean, Where the sunbeams nev - er fall, Nev - er comes the
storm's com - mo - tion, Dwells the co - ral in - sect small; Ve - ry weak and small is he,
But he wastes no time a - way; Ev - er toil - ing, ev - er bu - sy, Building up to meet the day.
2. Days and months, and years are go - ing, Still he climbs to seek the sun; Eve - ry hour his
work is grow - ing, Till the co - ral - reef is done; On - ward, up-ward, pro - gress mak-ing,
Branch by branch, and cell by cell; Till a - bove the bil - lows breaking, All the work is fin-ished well.
3. Boys and girls, come learn a les - son Of the co - ral in - sect small; Learn to per - se-
vere and press on, Till your work is fin - ished all. Up - ward to the sun of knowledg
Build you high-er, year by year; Of the lit - tle co - ral in - sect, Learn to al - ways per - se - vere.

EXAMINATION DAY'S GOOD-BY.

By MARY B. C. SLADE.


1. How swift-ly mov-ing, hap-py hours fly! Friends, kind and lov-ing, hear our good-by.
2. And when a-noth-er spring has re-turned, Once more we'll show you all we have learned.
Thank you for com-ing, though but for an hour; Watching the blooming of each tender flower.
Sweet buds of learn-ing to you we will bring, On your re-turning to meet us,— next Spring.
CHORUS.
Dear va-cation now has come; We will gaily play at home, Or thro' sun-ny meadows roam, Kind friends! good by!


Maestoso.
1. All forward to bat-tle! the trumpets are crying, Forward! all forward! our old flag is fly - ing. When
lib - er - ty calls us we lin - ger no long - er; Re-bels, come on! though a thousand to one!
Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty! deathless and glo - ri - ous, Under thy ban-ner thy sons are vic - to - rious,


Free souls are val - iant, and strong arms are strong - er— God shall go with us, and battle be won. Hur-
rah for the ban - ner! Hurrah for the ban - ner! Hurrah for our ban - ner, the flag of the free!

2

All forward! all forward!
All forward for freedom! in terrible splendor
She comes to the loyal who die to defend her:
Her stars and stripes o'er the wild wave of battle
Shall float in the heavens to welcome us on.
All forward! to glory, though life-blood is pouring,
Where bright swords are flashing, and cannon are roaring,
Welcome to death in the bullet's quick rattle—
Fighting or falling shall Freedom be won.
Hurrah for the banner, &c.

3

All forward! all forward?
All forward to conquer! where free hearts are beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating!
Liberty calls us from mountain and valley;
Waving her banner she leads to the fight.
Forward! all forward! the trumpets are crying;
The drum beats to arms, our old flag is flying;
Stout hearts and strong arms around it shall rally—
Forward to battle for God and the right!
Hurrah for the banner, &c.

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.

1. Oh! will you come and lis - ten, While our youth - ful voi - ces sing, The
2. And heark - en while we're sing - ing In the praise of sum - mer time; When
prais - es of the Spring-time, the blithe and hap - py Spring? When vi - o - lets are
all that Spring had prom - ised stands in full and per - fect prime; When gold - en streams of
coming, and the blue birds hast - en home. Oh! all the world is joy - ful When the
beauty flood the sky, and land, and sea. Ah! sum - mer is the fair - est, And the

mer-ry Spring has come! When the mer - ry Spring has come, dear friends, When the mer - ry Spring has
dearest time for me! And the dearest time for me dear friends, And the dear - est time for
come, Oh! all the world is joy - ful When the mer - ry Spring has come.
me, Ah! sum - mer is the fair - est And the dear - est time for me.

3

We sing of glowing Autumn, when the Summer's work is done,
And fruits in shining beauty are smiling in the sun;
When ripened grain is waving, and on the breezes come
The shouts of merry reapers, as they bear the harvest home.
As they bear the harvest home, dear friends,
As they bear the harvest home,
The shouts of merry reapers, as they bear the harvest home.

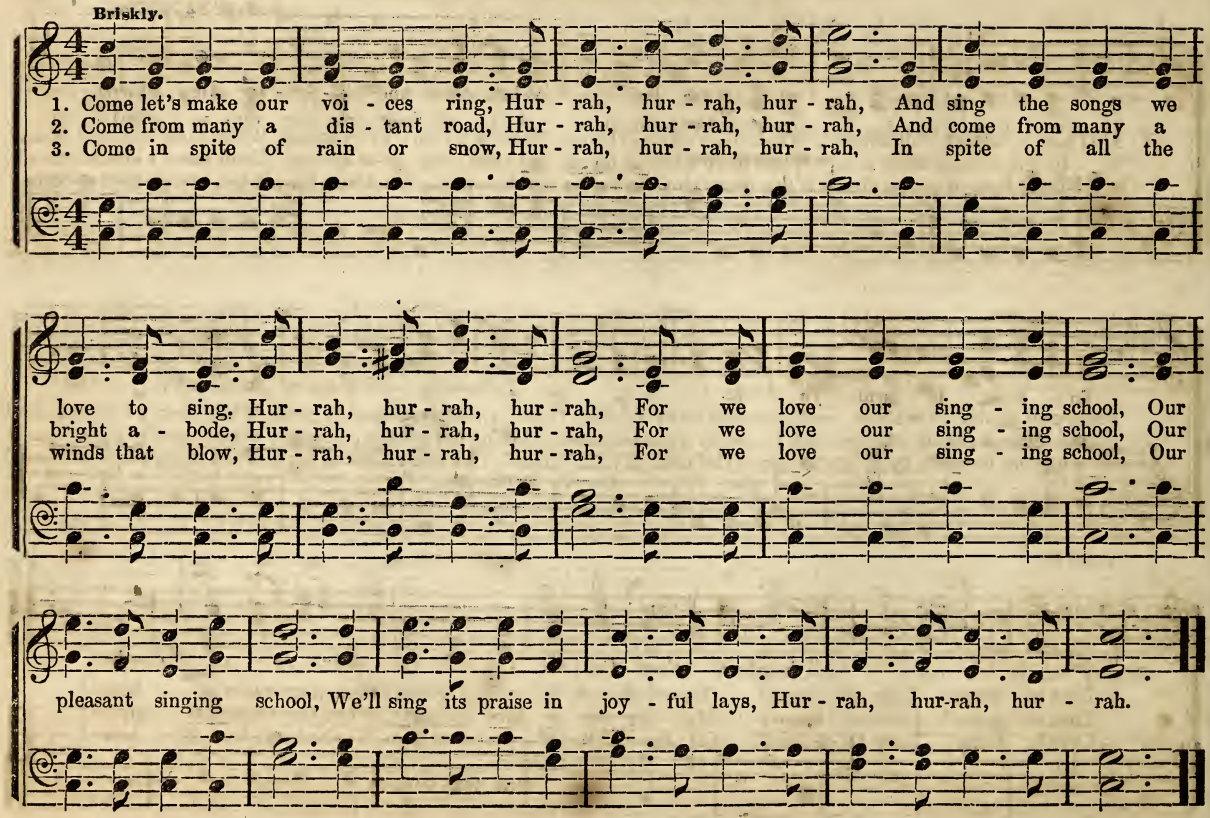
4

Again we raise our voices; will you listen, now, to hear
About the silent season, that closes up the year?
When Earth calls in her flowers to slumber on her breast.
Oh! Winter is the season for the Earth to take her rest.
For the Earth to take her rest, dear friends,
For the earth to take her rest;
Oh! Winter is the season for the Earth to take her rest.

1. Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise; Your children,
2. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee? Once having felt thy gen'rous flame, Can dungeons,
wives and grand - sires hoa - ry, Behold their tears, and hear their cries! Behold their
bolts and bars con - fine thee, Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame, Or whips thy
tears, and hear their cries! Shall hateful ty - rants mis - chief breeding, With hireling host, a ruf - fian
no - ble spir - it tame? Too long our coun - try wept, be - wail-ing, The blood-stained sword our conq'rors

band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing;
wield; But free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing;
To arms, to arms, ye brave, Th' a-veng - ing sword unsheath;
Voice.
CHORUS.
March on, march on, all hearts re - solved On vic - - - to - ry or death.
On vic - to - ry or death.

COME LET'S MAKE OUR VOICES RING.


Briskly.
1. Come let's make our voi - ces ring, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, And sing the songs we
2. Come from many a dis - tant road, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, And come from many a
3. Come in spite of rain or snow, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, In spite of all the
love to sing, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, For we love our sing - ing school, Our
bright a - bode, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, For we love our sing - ing school, Our
winds that blow, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, For we love our sing - ing school, Our
pleasant singing school, We'll sing its praise in joy - ful lays, Hur - rah, hur-rah, hur - rah.

WHEN THERE'S LOVE AT HOME.

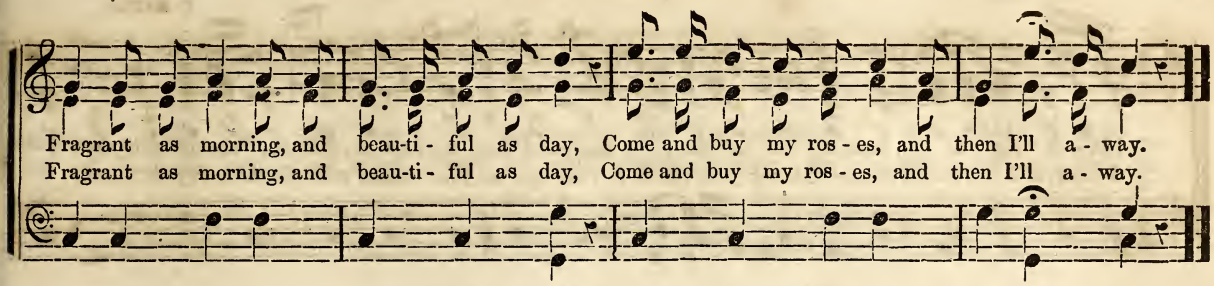
J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

1. There is beauty all around, When there's love at home ; There is joy in ev'ry sound, When there's love at home !
2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home ; Hate and envy ne'er an-noy, When there's love at home !
3. Kindly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home ; All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home !
Peace and plenty here abide, Smiling sweet on ev'ry side, Time doth softly, smoothly glide, When there's love at home !
Roses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth a garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home !
Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the azure sky, Oh ! there's *One* who smiles on high, When there's love at home !
Love at home ! Love at home ! Time doth soft - ly, swiftly glide, When there's love at home !
Love at home ! Love at home ! Mak - ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home !
Love at home ! Love at home ! Oh ! there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home !

ROSES, ROSES, BEAUTIFUL AS DAY.

C. MARSH.

1. Ros - es, ros - es, beau-ti - ful as day, Gathered with the dew on, Beneath the morning ray; I
2. Ladies, if Cupid should chance to break your heart, A rose up - on your bosom will drive a-way the smart;
found them growing close be - side the thorn, Sending forth their fra - grance Up - on the breath of morn,
Pure as angels, they hang up - on the stem, You'll be just as lovely If you try to be like them,
Pray buy them, Ladies, Won't you buy my ros - es? Sweeter and pret-ti - er than a - ny other posies!
Pray buy them, Ladies, Won't you buy my ros - es? Sweeter and pret-ti - er than a - ny other posies!


Fragrant as morning, and beau-ti - ful as day, Come and buy my ros - es, and then I'll a - way.
Fragrant as morning, and beau-ti - ful as day, Come and buy my ros - es, and then I'll a - way.

GENTLE RAYS OF SUNLIGHT.

W. J. WRIGHTON.

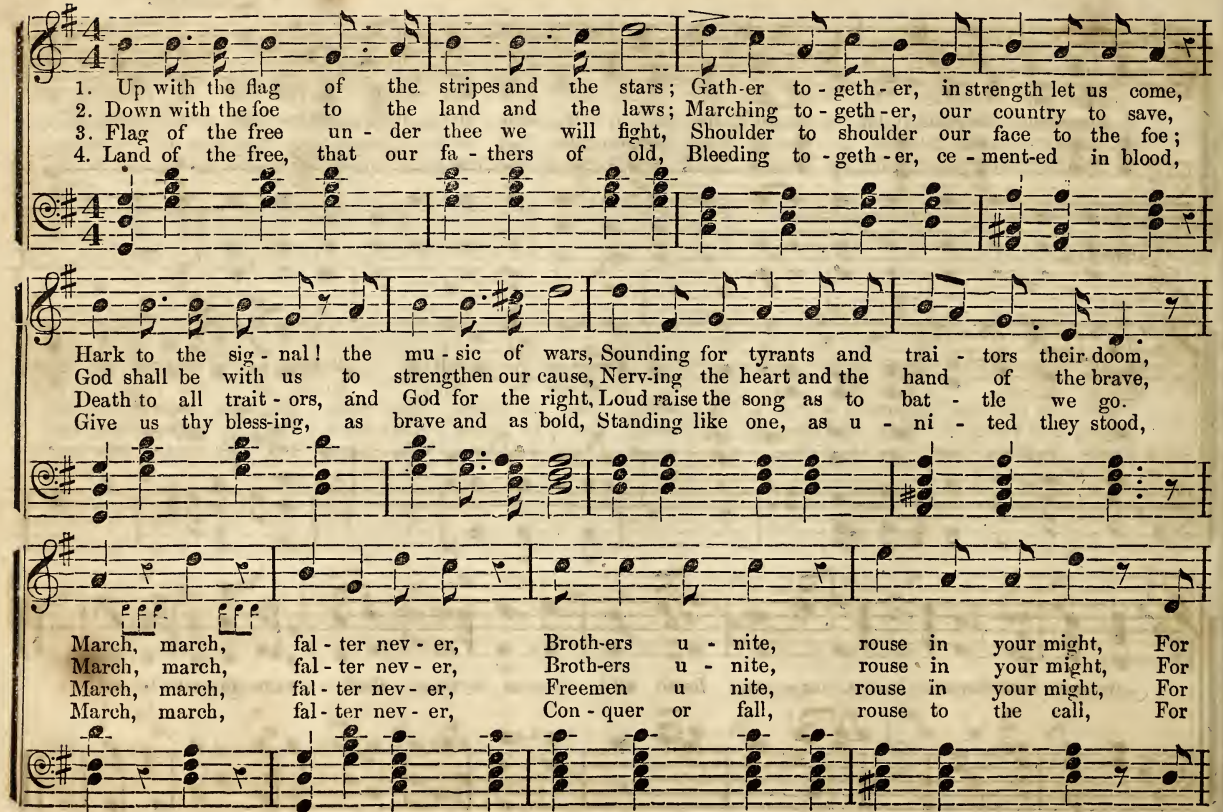
1. Gen - tle rays of sunlight gleam - ing, From the portals in the sky; With ce - les - tial glory
2. Tell me is it not the mis - sion, On life's distant path to shine? To give men a fee-ble
beam-ing, Full of light and life and joy, Gild - ing ev' - ry hill and moun - tain,
vis - ion Of those heaven - ly rays di - vine? Yes! to soothe af - flic - tion's pil - low,

Smil - ing on their rug - ged side, Cheer - ing ev' - ry crys - tal fountain, While their
And to ban - ish earth-ly gloom, Thine to cheer time's fleet - ing bil - low, As it
sparkling wa - ters glide. Gen - tle rays of Sunlight gleaming, From the por - tals
bears us to the tomb! Gen - tle rays of Sunlight gleaming, From the por - tals
Rall.
of the sky, With ce - les - tial glo - ry beaming, Full of light and life and joy.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Freedom calls you ; quick, be ready, Rouse ye in the name of God ; Onward, onward, strong and steady,
2. Grasp the sword, its edge is keen, Seize the gun, its ball is true ; Sweep your land from traitors clean,
3. Freedom calls you ; quick, be ready, Think of what your sires have been ; Onward, onward, strong and steady,
Dash to earth th' op-pressor's rod, On - ward, On, ye brave, On - ward, On, ye brave, On, and
Haste, and sweep it thro' and through, On - ward, On, ye brave, On - ward, On, ye brave, On, and
Drive the trai - tor to his den, On - ward, On, ye brave, On - ward, On, ye brave, On, and
let your watchword be, Coun - try, home and lib - er - ty, Coun - try, home and liber - ty.

T. H. HOWE.


1. Up with the flag of the stripes and the stars; Gath-er to-geth-er, in strength let us come,
2. Down with the foe to the land and the laws; Marching to-geth-er, our country to save,
3. Flag of the free un-der thee we will fight, Shoulder to shoulder our face to the foe;
4. Land of the free, that our fa-thers of old, Bleeding to-geth-er, ce-ment-ed in blood,
Hark to the sig-nal! the mu-sic of wars, Sounding for tyrants and trai-tors their doom,
God shall be with us to strengthen our cause, Nerv-ing the heart and the hand of the brave,
Death to all trait-ors, and God for the right, Loud raise the song as to bat-tle we go.
Give us thy bless-ing, as brave and as bold, Standing like one, as u-ni-ted they stood,
March, march, fal-ter nev-er, Broth-ers u-nite, rouse in your might, For
March, march, fal-ter nev-er, Broth-ers u-nite, rouse in your might, For
March, march, fal-ter nev-er, Freemen u-nite, rouse in your might, For
March, march, fal-ter nev-er, Con-quer or fall, rouse to the call, For

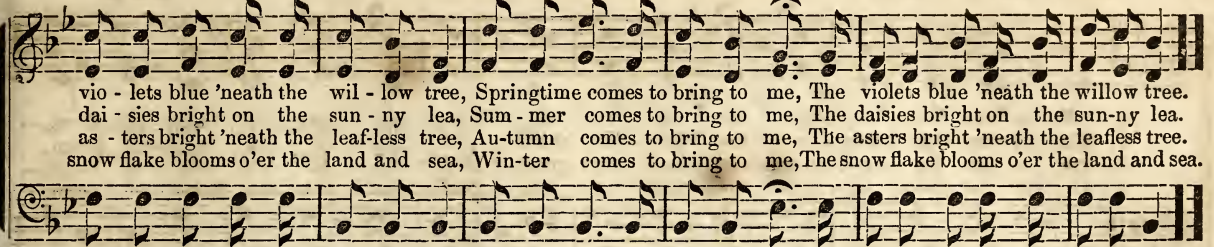
jus-tice and freedom, for God and the right, Our ban - ner shall wave for - ev - er.
jus-tice and freedom, for one and for all, Our ban - ner shall wave for - ev - er.
CHORUS.
March, march, fal - ter nev - er; Conquer or fall! Rouse to the call, For
March, march, fal - ter nev - er; Conquer or fall! Rouse to the call, For
justice and free-dom for one and for all, Our ban-ner shall wave for - ev - er.

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.

FLOWERS OF ALL SEASONS.

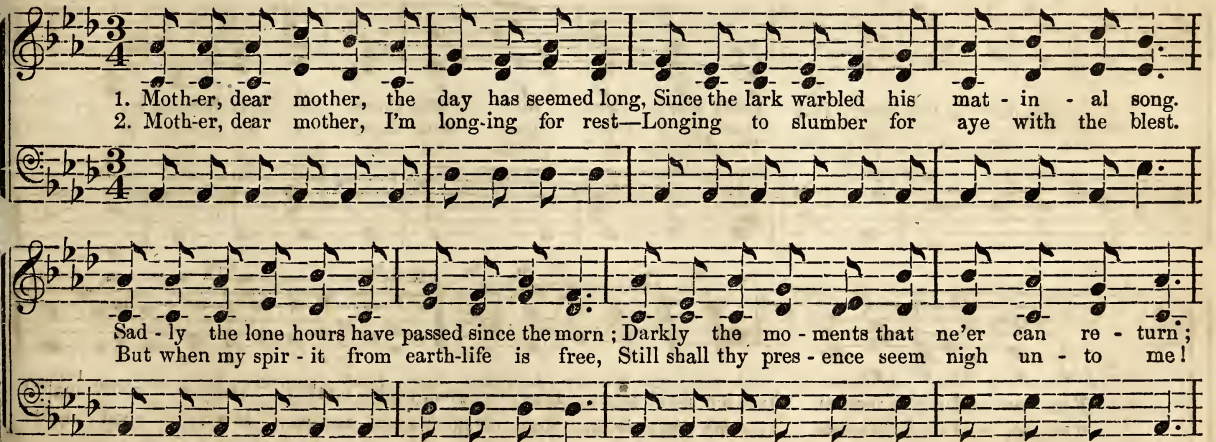
L. O. E.

1. Down in the val - ley, by the lit - tle rill, Where the mer - ry brook - let flows,—
2. High on the hill - side,—in the for - est shade, Out up - on the mead-ows green,
3. Out in the for - est, where the shad - ows green, Rest up - on the mos - sy rocks,—
4. O - ver the moun - tain, o'er the drear - y hill, Blos - som out the flakes of snow,
nev - er stand - ing still; There grow the vio - lets, there the May flowers spring;
down with - in the glade, There grow the lilies red, there the dai - sies grow;
sun - ny gleams be - tween, There grows the golden - rod, ere the as - ters die;
si - lent - ly and still, Strange win - ter blossoms they, pure, and fair, and white;
CHORUS.
Down beneath the wil-lows,— down where the wa - ters sing, Springtime comes to bring to me, The
High up - on the hill-sides, and in the meadows low. Summer comes to bring to me, The
When the leaves are fall-ing, and Autumn time draws nigh. Autumn comes to bring to me, The
Glow - ing in the sunbeams, smil-ing in the light. Win-ter comes to bring to me, The

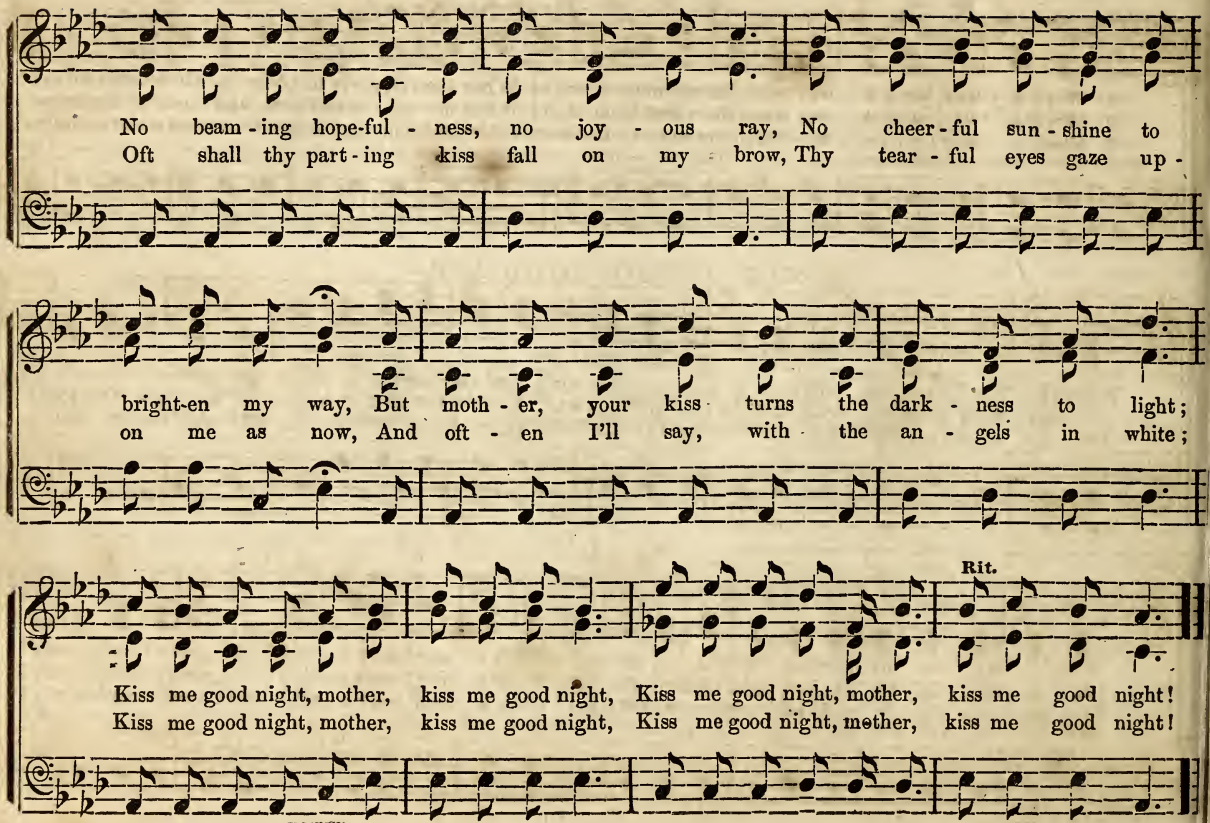

vio - lets blue 'neath the wil - low tree, Springtime comes to bring to me, The violets blue 'neath the willow tree.
dai - sies bright on the sun - ny lea, Sum - mer comes to bring to me, The daisies bright on the sun-ny lea.
as - ters bright 'neath the leaf-less tree, Au-tumn comes to bring to me, The asters bright 'neath the leafless tree.
snow flake blooms o'er the land and sea, Win-ter comes to bring to me, The snow flake blooms o'er the land and sea.

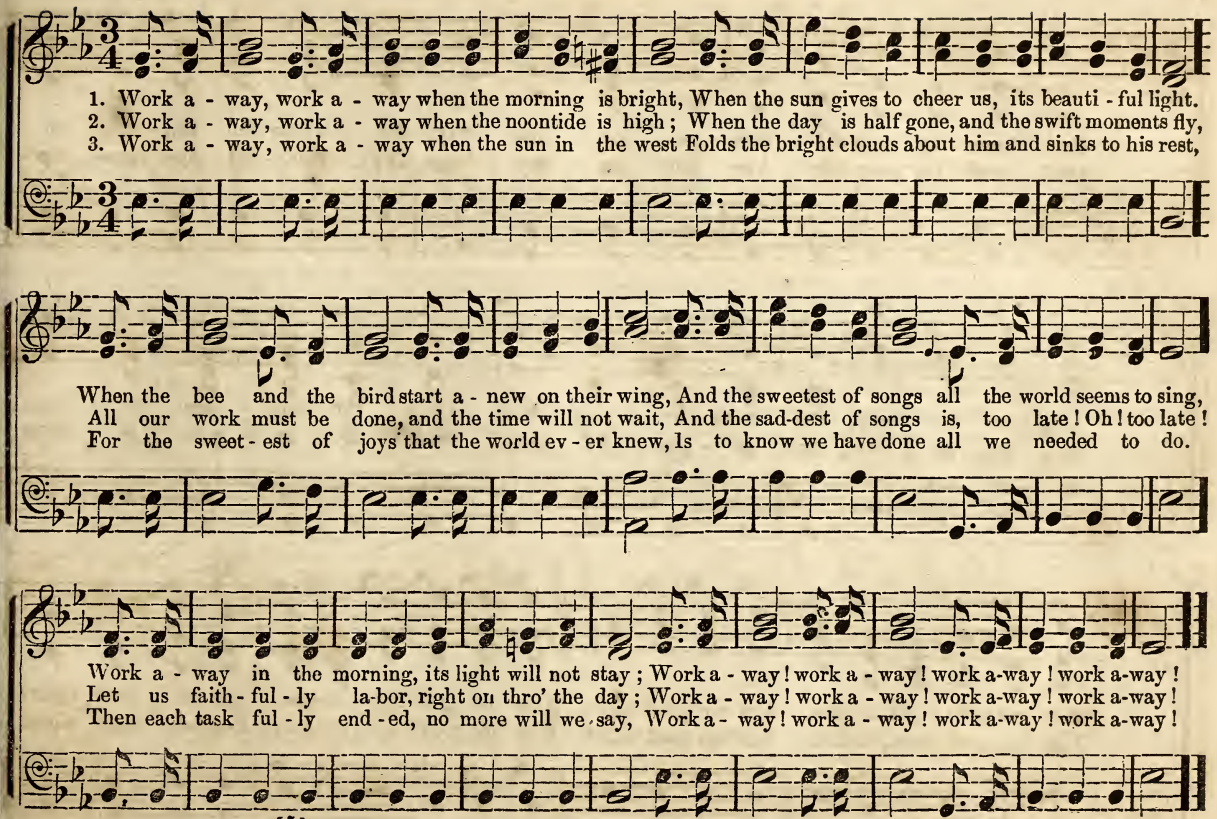
THE DYING SOLDIER.*

ED. CLARK.


1. Moth-er, dear mother, the day has seemed long, Since the lark warbled his mat - in - al song.
2. Moth-er, dear mother, I'm long-ing for rest—Longing to slumber for aye with the blest.
Sad - ly the lone hours have passed since the morn; Darkly the mo - ments that ne'er can re - turn;
But when my spir - it from earth-life is free, Still shall thy pres - ence seem nigh un - to me!

* In the Government hospital, on the day after the battle near Manassas, lay a youthful member of the Ellsworth Zouave Corps, mortally wounded. For a long time he seemed unconscious of the presence of his sorrow-stricken mother. At length, turning slowly upon his side, his vacant eyes met her agonized gaze, a train of long-buried recollections seemed to be instantly awakened, with the artlessness of a child, he murmured, "Kiss me good night, mother," and fell back and was dead!


No beam - ing hope-ful - ness, no joy - ous ray, No cheer - ful sun - shine to
Oft shall thy part - ing kiss fall on my brow, Thy tear - ful eyes gaze up -
bright-en my way, But moth - er, your kiss turns the dark - ness to light;
on me as now, And oft - en I'll say, with the an - gels in white;
Rit.
Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night, Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night!
Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night, Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night!


1. Work a - way, work a - way when the morning is bright, When the sun gives to cheer us, its beauti - ful light.
2. Work a - way, work a - way when the noontide is high; When the day is half gone, and the swift moments fly,
3. Work a - way, work a - way when the sun in the west Folds the bright clouds about him and sinks to his rest,
When the bee and the bird start a - new on their wing, And the sweetest of songs all the world seems to sing,
All our work must be done, and the time will not wait, And the sad-dest of songs is, too late! Oh! too late!
For the sweet - est of joys that the world ev - er knew, Is to know we have done all we needed to do.
Work a - way in the morning, its light will not stay; Work a - way! work a - way! work a-way! work a-way!
Let us faith - ful - ly la-bor, right on thro' the day; Work a - way! work a - way! work a-way! work a-way!
Then each task ful - ly end - ed, no more will we say, Work a - way! work a - way! work a-way! work a-way!

HARK! I HEAR AN ANGEL SING.

R. G. SHRIVAL.

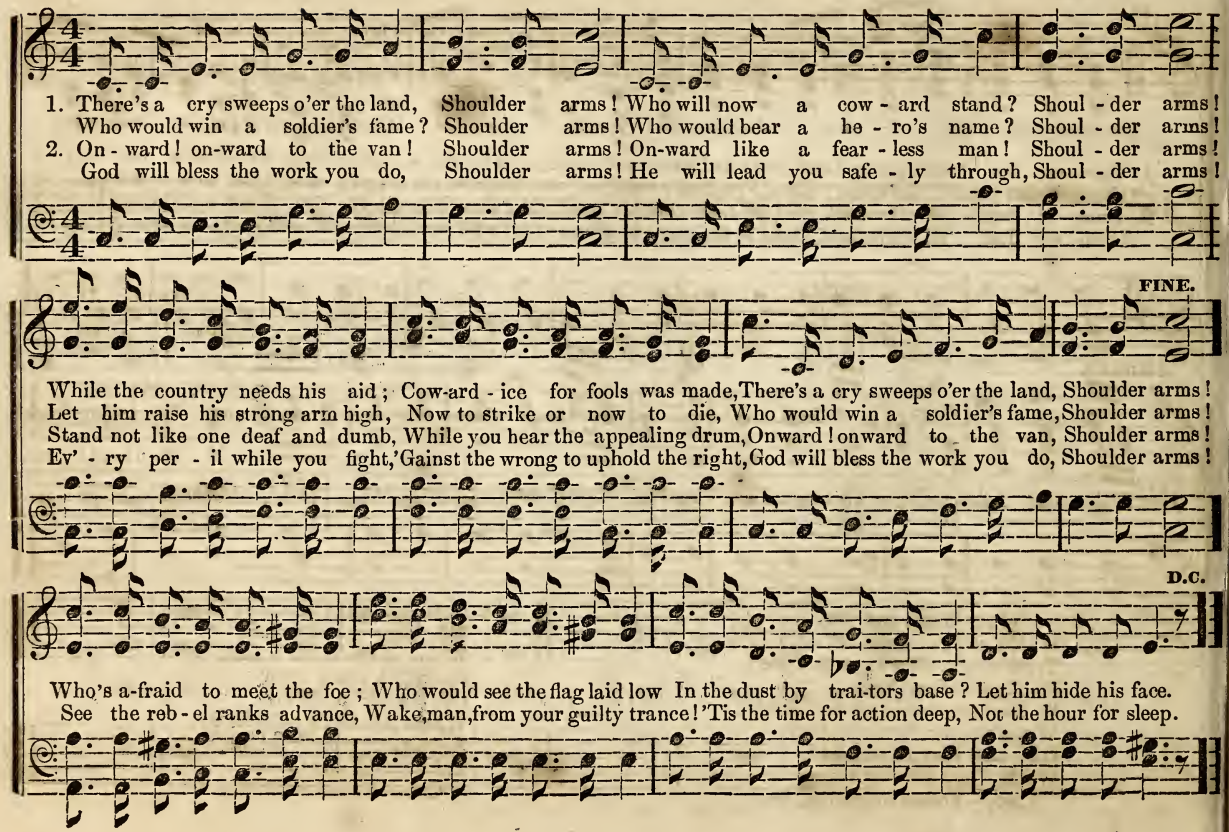
1. Hark! I hear an an-gel sing, An-gels now are on the wing,
2. Just be-yond yon cliff of snow, Sil - ver riv - ers brightly flow;
3. Look! oh look, the Southern sky, Mirrors, flow'rs of eve - ry die,
And their voices ringing clear, Tell us that the Spring is near,
Smil - ing woods and fields are seen, Mant - led in a robe of green;
Child - ren tripping o'er the plain, Spring is coming back a - gain,
Dost thou hear them, gen - tle one, Dost thou see the glo - ri-ous sun,
Birds, and bees, and brooks and flow'rs, Tell us all of ver-nal hours,
Spring is coming, shouts of glee, Singing birds on bush and tree.

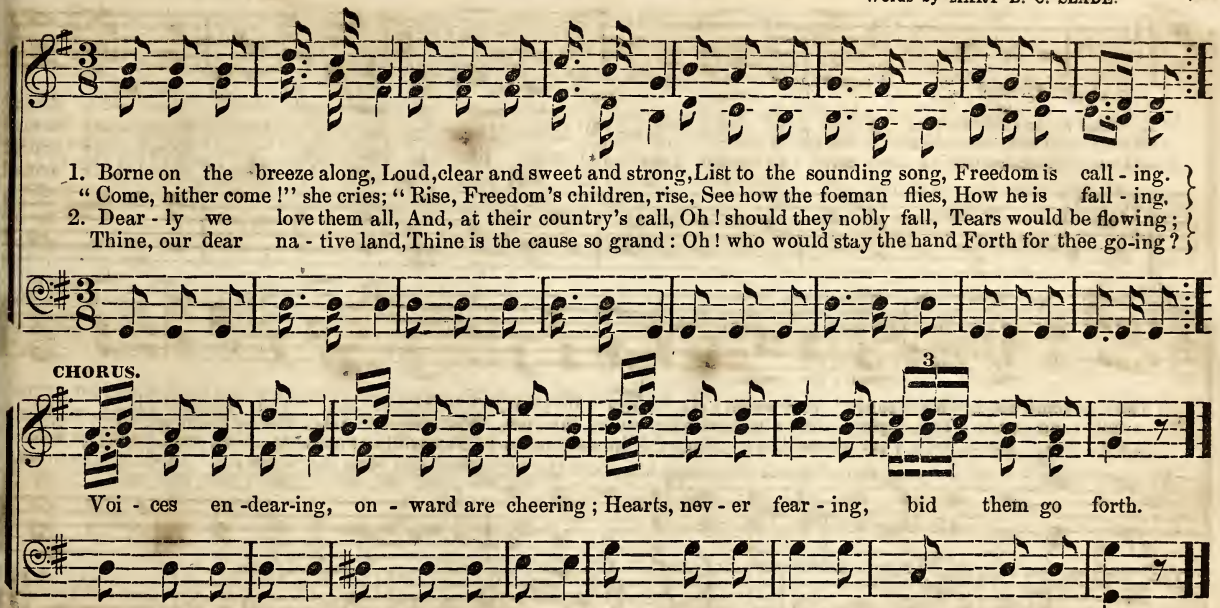
Ris - ing higher in the sky, As each day, as each day it pass-es by,
There the birds are weaving lays, For the hap - py, the hap-py Springtime days,
And the bees with their merry hums, For the Spring-time it comes, it comes, it comes!
Hark! I hear an an-gel sing, An - gels now are on the wing,
Just be - yond yon cliff of snow, Sil - ver riv-ers brightly flow.
Hark! I hear an an-gel sing, An - gels now are on the wing;
Rit.
And their voices singing clear, Tell us that the Spring is near.
Smil - ing woods and fields are seen, Mant - led in a robe of green.
And their voices singing clear, Tell us that the Spring is near.

Allegro.
1. Night's shade no long-er, Na - ture en - tran - ces,— Darkness re - tir - ing, Hastens a - way;
Beaming with bright - ness, Morning ad - van - ces, Smiling with pleasure, Welcomes the day;
Beaming with bright - ness, Morning ad - van - ces, smiling with plea - sure, Wel - comes the day;

f
Beaming with bright - - ness, Morning ad - van - - ces, Smil-ing with plea - - sure,
mp
Cres.
Welcomes the day; Beam-ing with bright-ness, Morn-ing ad - van - ces, Smil-ing with
plea - sure, Wel - comes the day, the day, the day, the day.

ZEL.


1. There's a cry sweeps o'er the land, Shoulder arms! Who will now a cow - ard stand? Shoul - der arms!
Who would win a soldier's fame? Shoulder arms! Who would bear a he - ro's name? Shoul - der arms!
2. On - ward! on-ward to the van! Shoulder arms! On-ward like a fear - less man! Shoul - der arms!
God will bless the work you do, Shoulder arms! He will lead you safe - ly through, Shoul - der arms!
FINE.
While the country needs his aid; Cow-ard - ice for fools was made, There's a cry sweeps o'er the land, Shoulder arms!
Let him raise his strong arm high, Now to strike or now to die, Who would win a soldier's fame, Shoulder arms!
Stand not like one deaf and dumb, While you hear the appealing drum, Onward! onward to the van, Shoulder arms!
Ev' - ry per - il while you fight, 'Gainst the wrong to uphold the right, God will bless the work you do, Shoulder arms!
D.C.
Who's a-fraid to meet the foe; Who would see the flag laid low In the dust by trai-tors base? Let him hide his face.
See the reb - el ranks advance, Wake, man, from your guilty trance! 'Tis the time for action deep, Not the hour for sleep.


1. Borne on the breeze along, Loud, clear and sweet and strong, List to the sounding song, Freedom is call - ing.
"Come, hither come!" she cries; "Rise, Freedom's children, rise, See how the foeman flies, How he is fall - ing.
2. Dear - ly we love them all, And, at their country's call, Oh! should they nobly fall, Tears would be flowing;
Thine, our dear na - tive land, Thine is the cause so grand: Oh! who would stay the hand Forth for thee go-ing?
CHORUS.
3
Voi - ces en-dear-ing, on - ward are cheering; Hearts, nev - er fear - ing, bid them go forth.

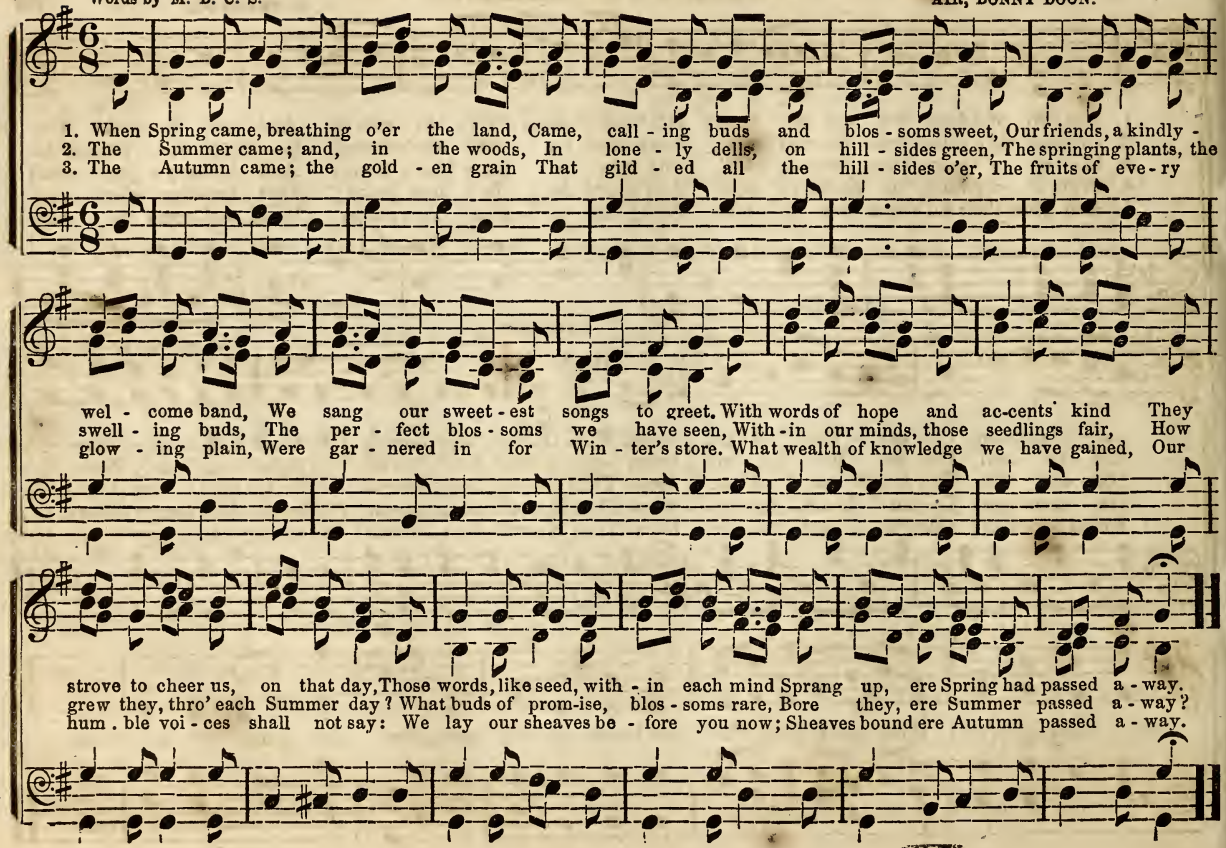
3 God of the brave and free,
Where'er our armies be,
Trust them, we will, with Thee;
Go Thou before them.
Be thou their strength and shield;
Win Thou for them the field;
Oh! may they never yield,
While Thou art o'er them.
CHO.—Voices endearing, &c.

4 Swift bring the end, and fast,
Till, home to us, at last,
When all the strife is past,
Joyful we greet them.
Or, if they nobly die
Where freedom's banners fly,
Keep them with Thee, on high,
Till we shall meet them.
CHO.—Voices endearing, &c.

Words by M. B. C. S.

AUTUMN EXAMINATION.

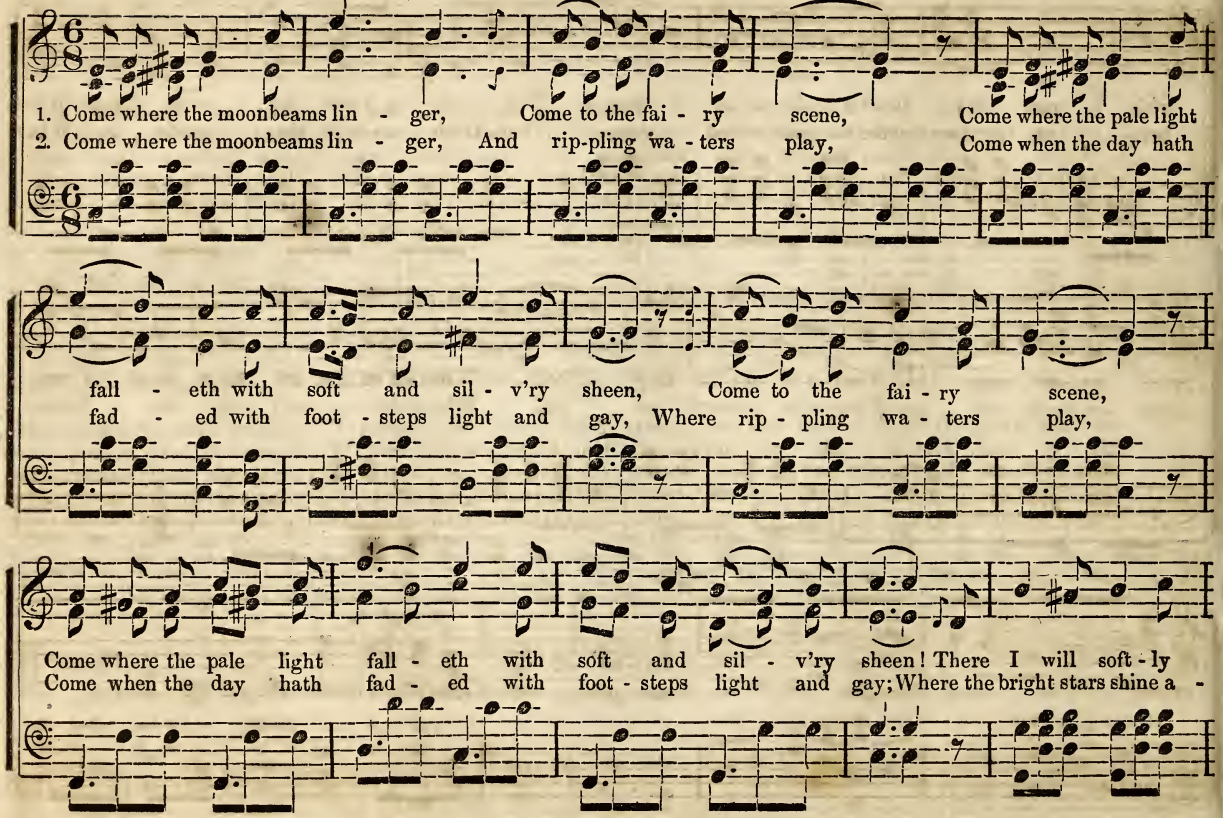
AIR, BONNY DOON.

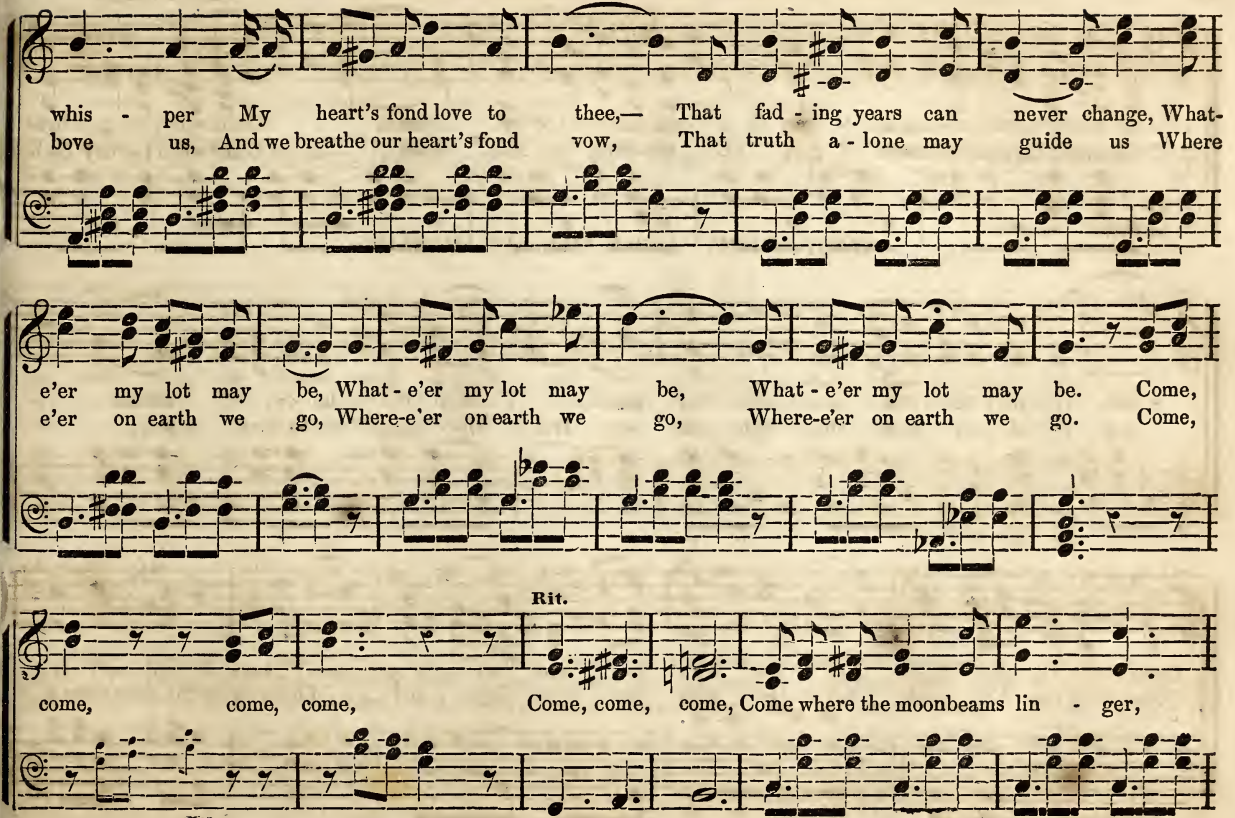

1. When Spring came, breathing o'er the land, Came, call - ing buds and blos - soms sweet, Our friends, a kindly -
2. The Summer came; and, in the woods, In lone - ly dells, on hill - sides green, The springing plants, the
3. The Autumn came; the gold - en grain That gild - ed all the hill - sides o'er, The fruits of eve - ry
wel - come band, We sang our sweet - est songs to greet. With words of hope and ac-cents kind They
swell - ing buds, The per - fect blos - soms we have seen, With - in our minds, those seedlings fair, How
glow - ing plain, Were gar - nered in for Win - ter's store. What wealth of knowledge we have gained, Our
strove to cheer us, on that day, Those words, like seed, with - in each mind Sprang up, ere Spring had passed a - way.
grew they, thro' each Summer day? What buds of prom-ise, blos - soms rare, Bore they, ere Summer passed a - way?
hum . ble voi - ces shall not say: We lay our sheaves be - fore you now; Sheaves bound ere Autumn passed a - way.

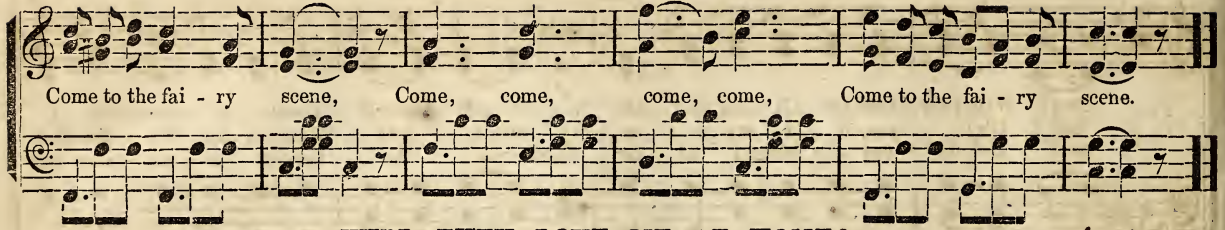
1. Sud-den and loud the war cry rang; It thrilled our start - led ears; And to the ranks with
2. Onward they came, from hill and vale, Nor paused for loved one's fears, But rushed where poured the
3. Ma - ny a - mong them brave-ly fell, And won a Na - tion's tears; And his-tory's page shall
4. Pride of our land, 'tis theirs to save And guard for fu - ture years; That freedom, which our
5. And when their sol - emn task is o'er, And peace a - gain ap - pears, We'll wel-come to our
CHORUS.
ar - dor sprang, Our gal - lant vol - un - teers, Then Hurrah, boys, hurrah! Fill the air with hearty cheers, Give
fie - ry hail, Our no - ble vol - un - teers, Then Hurrah, boys, hurrah! Fill the air with hearty cheers, Give
one day tell How fought our vol - un - teers, Then Hurrah, boys, hurrah! Fill the air with hearty cheers, Give
fa - thers gave To our brave vol - un - teers, Then Hurrah, boys, hurrah! Fill the air with hearty cheers, Give
homes once more Our gal - lant vol - un - teers, Then Hurrah, boys, hurrah! Fill the air with hearty cheers, Give
ff
three times three, and three times three, For our brave vol - un - teers, For our brave vol - un - teers.

COME WHERE THE MOONBEAMS LINGER.

FRED. BUCKLEY


1. Come where the moonbeams lin - ger, Come to the fai - ry scene, Come where the pale light
2. Come where the moonbeams lin - ger, And rip-pling wa - ters play, Come when the day hath
fall - eth with soft and sil - v'ry sheen, Come to the fai - ry scene,
fad - ed with foot - steps light and gay, Where rip - pling wa - ters play,
Come where the pale light fall - eth with soft and sil - v'ry sheen! There I will soft - ly
Come when the day hath fad - ed with foot - steps light and gay; Where the bright stars shine a -

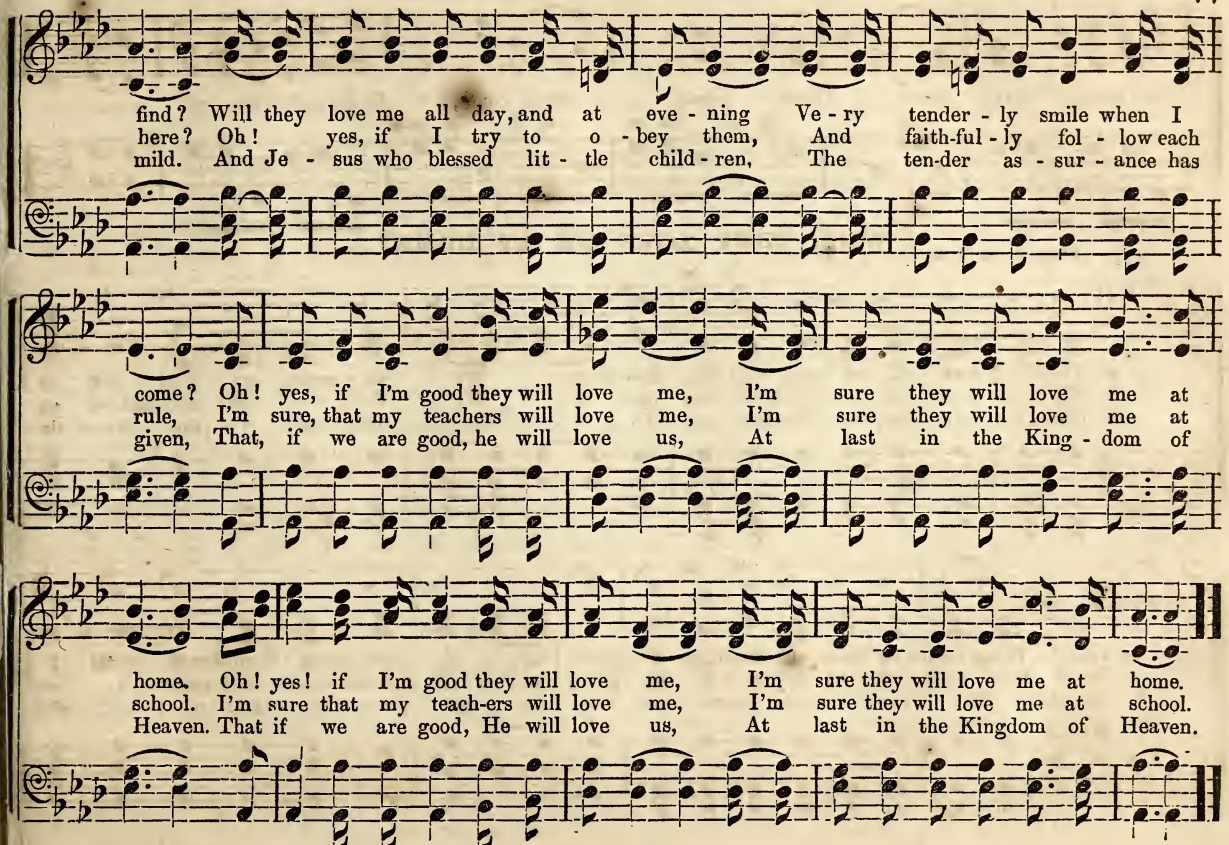

whis - per My heart's fond love to thee,— That fad - ing years can never change, What-
bove us, And we breathe our heart's fond vow, That truth a - lone may guide us Where
e'er my lot may be, What - e'er my lot may be, What - e'er my lot may be. Come,
e'er on earth we go, Where-e'er on earth we go, Where-e'er on earth we go. Come,
Rit.
come, come, come, Come, come, come, Come where the moonbeams lin - ger,



WILL THEY LOVE ME AT HOME?

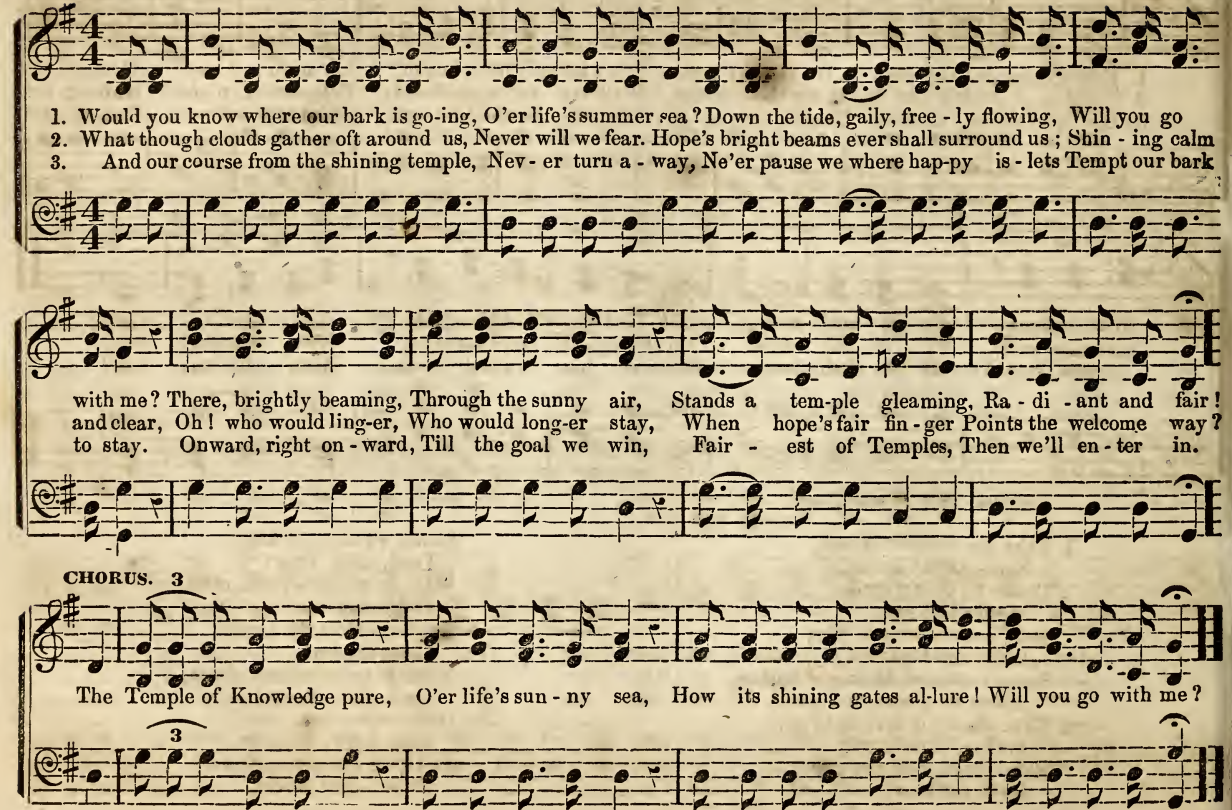
Words by M. B. C. S.

1. Will they love me at home, will they love me, My pa - rents, so good and so
2. Will they love me at school, will they love me, My teach - er and schoolmates so
3. Will He love me, the Fa-ther all ho - ly, Will he love me, a poor lit - tle
kind? When their eyes beam, at morning, a - bove me, A lov - ing em-brace shall I
dear? Will they cheer-ful - ly seek to im - prove me? Will it please them be - cause I am
child? Oh! yes, if I'm gen-tle and low - ly, And peace - ful and pleas - ant, and

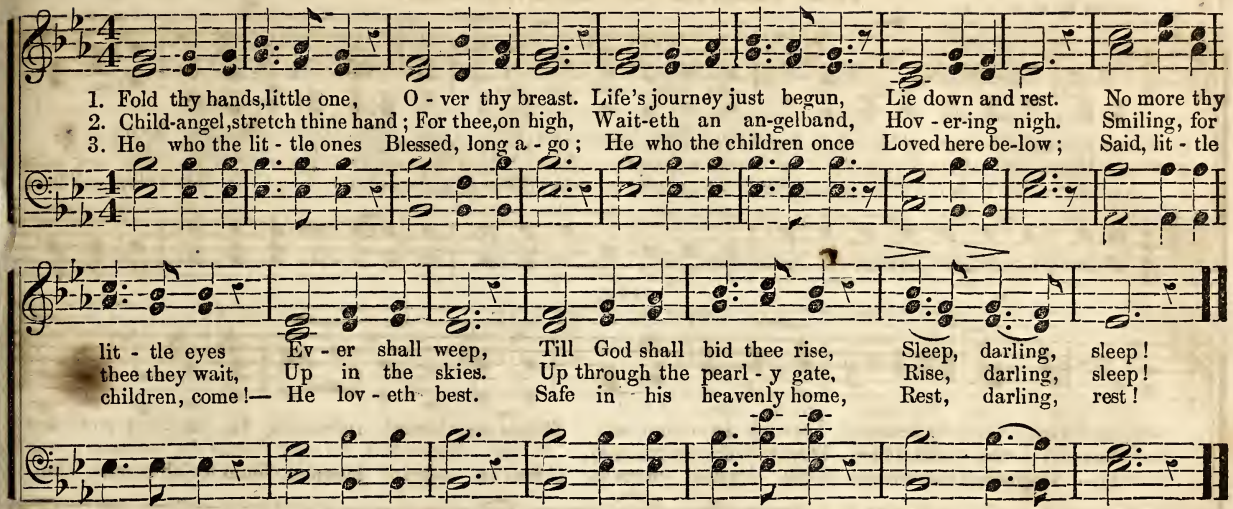

find? Will they love me all day, and at eve - ning Ve - ry tender - ly smile when I
here? Oh! yes, if I try to o - bey them, And faith-ful - ly fol - low each
mild. And Je - sus who blessed lit - tle child - ren, The ten-der as - sur - ance has
come? Oh! yes, if I'm good they will love me, I'm sure they will love me at
rule, I'm sure, that my teachers will love me, I'm sure they will love me at
given, That, if we are good, he will love us, At last in the King - dom of
home. Oh! yes! if I'm good they will love me, I'm sure they will love me at home.
school. I'm sure that my teach-ers will love me, I'm sure they will love me at school.
Heaven. That if we are good, He will love us, At last in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Words by M. B. C. S.

THE TEMPLE OF KNOWLEDGE.


1. Would you know where our bark is go-ing, O'er life's summer sea? Down the tide, gaily, free - ly flowing, Will you go
2. What though clouds gather oft around us, Never will we fear. Hope's bright beams ever shall surround us; Shin - ing calm
3. And our course from the shining temple, Nev - er turn a - way, Ne'er pause we where hap-py is - lets Tempt our bark
with me? There, brightly beaming, Through the sunny air, Stands a tem-ple gleaming, Ra - di - ant and fair!
and clear, Oh! who would ling-er, Who would long-er stay, When hope's fair fin - ger Points the welcome way?
to stay. Onward, right on - ward, Till the goal we win, Fair - est of Temples, Then we'll en - ter in.
CHORUS. 3
The Temple of Knowledge pure, O'er life's sun - ny sea, How its shining gates al-lure! Will you go with me?
3

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE. **SLEEP, DARLING, SLEEP!** L. O E.


1. Fold thy hands,little one, O - ver thy breast. Life's journey just begun, Lie down and rest. No more thy
2. Child-angel,stretch thine hand; For thee,on high, Wait-eth an an-gelband, Hov - er-ing nigh. Smiling, for
3. He who the lit - tle ones Blessed, long a - go; He who the children once Loved here be-low; Said, lit - tle
lit - tle eyes Ev - er shall weep, Till God shall bid thee rise, Sleep, darling, sleep!
thee they wait, Up in the skies. Up through the pearl - y gate, Rise, darling, sleep!
children, come!— He lov - eth best. Safe in his heavenly home, Rest, darling, rest!

At the Door of the Tomb.

Words by M. B. C. S.

1 Take our beloved friend,
Earth, to thy breast!
Tenderly, gently lend
Shelter and rest.
Soft snows of winter, fling
Light o'er his tomb,
Sweet buds and blooms of Spring,
Soften its gloom.

2 Take what thy love once gave,
Father, most dear!
Bid us turn from the grave,—
He is not here!
Listen we now, in faith,
Lord, unto Thee!
Who, to our loved one, saith,
Come unto me!

3 Tenderly close the tomb,
Leave it alone.
Forth from its solemn gloom,
Up hath he flown!
Our resurrection,—our
Life, Lord, Thou art!
In God's protecting power,
Trust —and depart.

Poetry by CHAS. SWAIN.

OH, WHAT A WORLD THIS MIGHT BE.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Oh, what a world this might be, If hearts were al - ways kind, If Friendship none would slight thee, And for-tune prove less blind.
   Oh, what a world this might be, More blest than that of yore, Come, learn, and 'twill re - quite thee, To love each oth - er more.
2. Oh, what a world of beau - ty, A lov - ing heart might plan, If man but did his du - ty, And helped his broth - er man,
   Oh, what a world of beau - ty, A lov - ing heart might plan, If man but did his du - ty, And loved his broth - er man,

FINE.

With love's own voice to guide us, Un - changing e'er, and fond, With all we wish be - side us, And not a care be - yond.
Then an - gel guests would bright - en, The threshold with their wings, And love di - vine en - light - ten, The old for - got - ten springs.

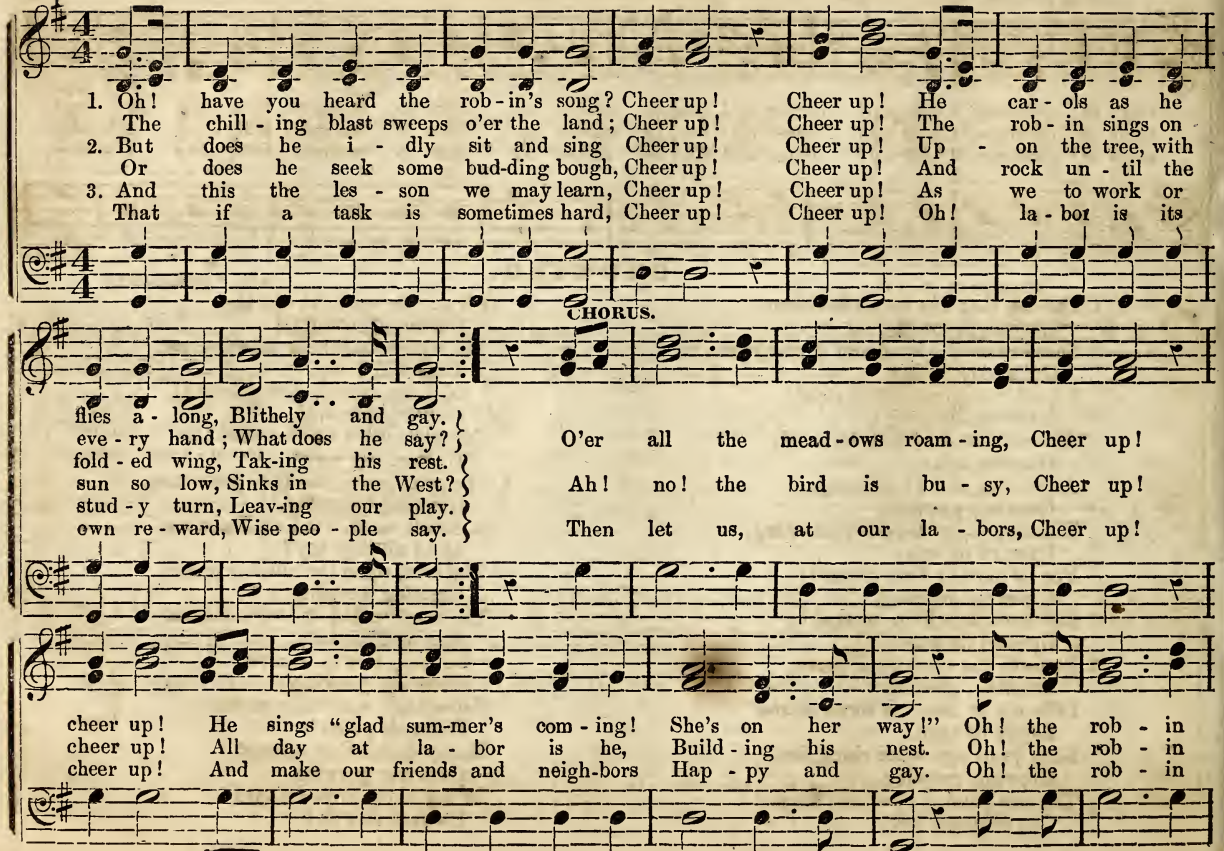
D.C.

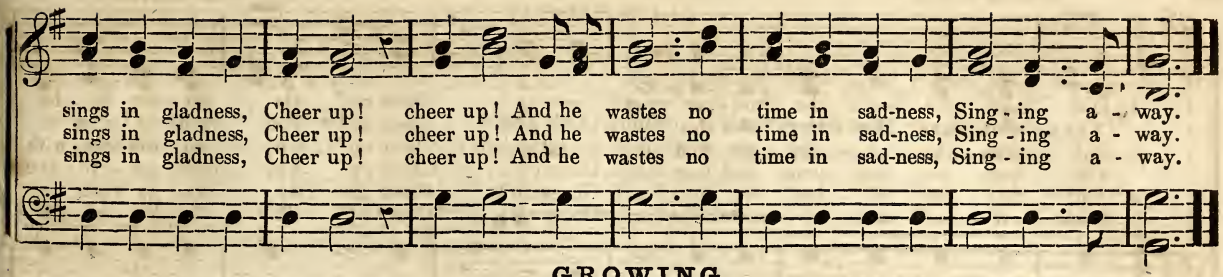
1. My home is by the mountain side, Where gen-tle breezes come, Far, far a - way, from
2. 'Tis sweet to hear the mer - ry songs When gen-tle Spring has come, Of birds that sing in
3. And should I from thee, ev - er stray, 'midst oth - er scenes to roam, My thoughts would wan - der
bu - sy strife, In my sweet moun-tain home. I love to hear at close of day, The
joy-ous throngs A - round my moun-tain home. I love the bright and gor - geous flowers Which
back with you To my green moun-tain home. My home is by the moun - tain side, Where
brooklet's gen - tle hum, And see it slow - ly wend its way, By my green mountain home.
in the val - lies bloom, But sweet-er far are those that grow A - round my mountain home.
gen - tle breez - es come, Far, far a - way from bu - sy strife, Is my sweet mountain home.

CHEER UP!

Words by M. B. C. S.

AIR, "FEW DAYS."


1. Oh! have you heard the rob-in's song? Cheer up! Cheer up! He car-ols as he
The chill-ing blast sweeps o'er the land; Cheer up! Cheer up! The rob-in sings on
2. But does he i-dly sit and sing Cheer up! Cheer up! Up-on the tree, with
Or does he seek some bud-ding bough, Cheer up! Cheer up! And rock un-til the
3. And this the les-son we may learn, Cheer up! Cheer up! As we to work or
That if a task is sometimes hard, Cheer up! Cheer up! Oh! la-bor is its
CHORUS.
flies a-long, Blithely and gay.
eve-ry hand; What does he say?
fold-ed wing, Tak-ing his rest.
sun so low, Sinks in the West?
stud-y turn, Leav-ing our play.
own re-ward, Wise peo-ple say.
O'er all the mead-ows roam-ing, Cheer up!
Ah! no! the bird is bu-sy, Cheer up!
Then let us, at our la-bors, Cheer up!
cheer up! He sings "glad sum-mer's com-ing! She's on her way!" Oh! the rob-in
cheer up! All day at la-bor is he, Build-ing his nest. Oh! the rob-in
cheer up! And make our friends and neigh-bors Hap-py and gay. Oh! the rob-in


sings in gladness, Cheer up! cheer up! And he wastes no time in sad-ness, Sing - ing a - way.
sings in gladness, Cheer up! cheer up! And he wastes no time in sad-ness, Sing - ing a - way.
sings in gladness, Cheer up! cheer up! And he wastes no time in sad-ness, Sing - ing a - way.

GROWING.

Words by M. B. C. S. AIR, "FEW DAYS."

1 The oak that lifts its perfect form,
Growing, growing,
That braves the wind and dares the storm,
Grew, day by day.
A tender sapling once it stood,
Growing, growing;
An acorn once, within the wood,
Humbly it lay.
At evening and at morning,
Growing, growing,
Through night, till dewy dawning,
Upward its way.
For its motto's Ever onward!
Growing, growing,
For its motto's Ever onward!
Upward its way.

2 Beneath the sea a coral grove,
Growing, growing,
Lifts up, at last, the waves above,
Joyful its head,
Long years ago when rising first,
Growing, growing,
The coral said, "I yet will burst
Out from my bed!
I'll go, the sunlight seeking,
Growing, growing;
The waves shall hear me speaking,
Thus will I say,
"Oh! my motto's Ever onward!
Growing, growing,
Oh my motto's Ever onward!
Upward my way."

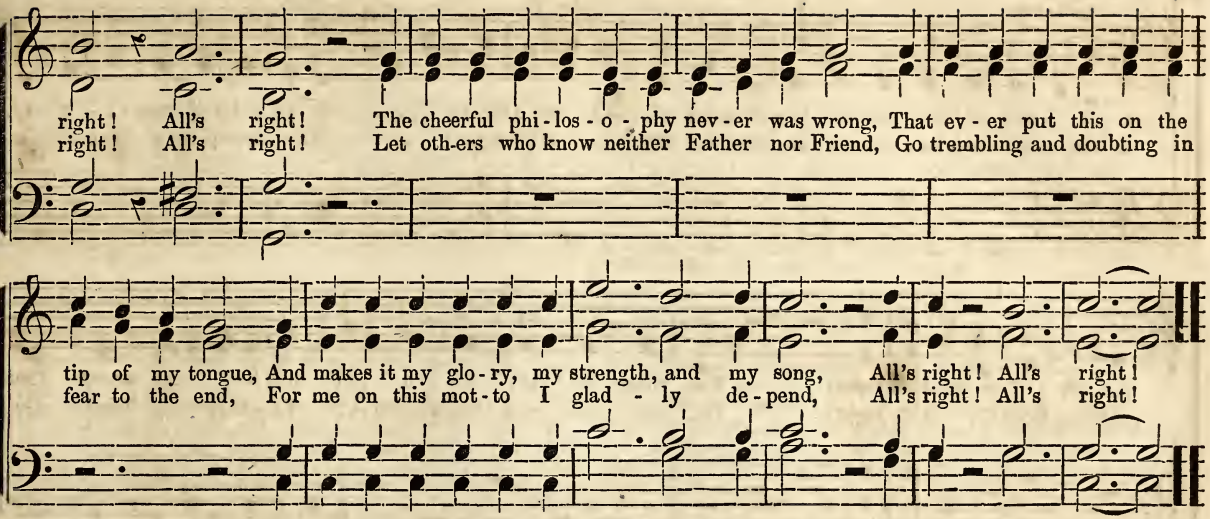
3 The coral grove, the fair, green tree,
Growing, growing,
A lesson teach, Oh! shall not we
Heed all they say?
The tree, upon the hill-side green,
Growing, growing,
The coral 'neath the wave serene,
Sing on their way.
"Be thou, like us, forever
Growing, growing;
Pause thou not, falter never;
Onward, go on!
Be thy motto Ever onward!
Growing, growing,
Be thy motto Ever onward!
Upward and on!

ALL'S RIGHT.

Words by M. V. TUPPER.

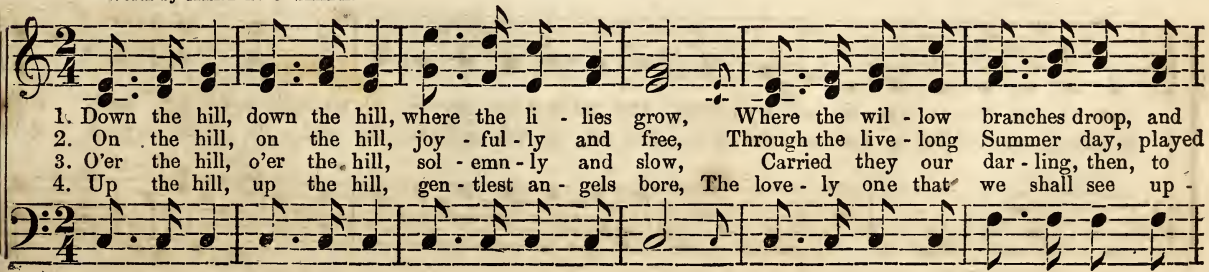
Sprightly.

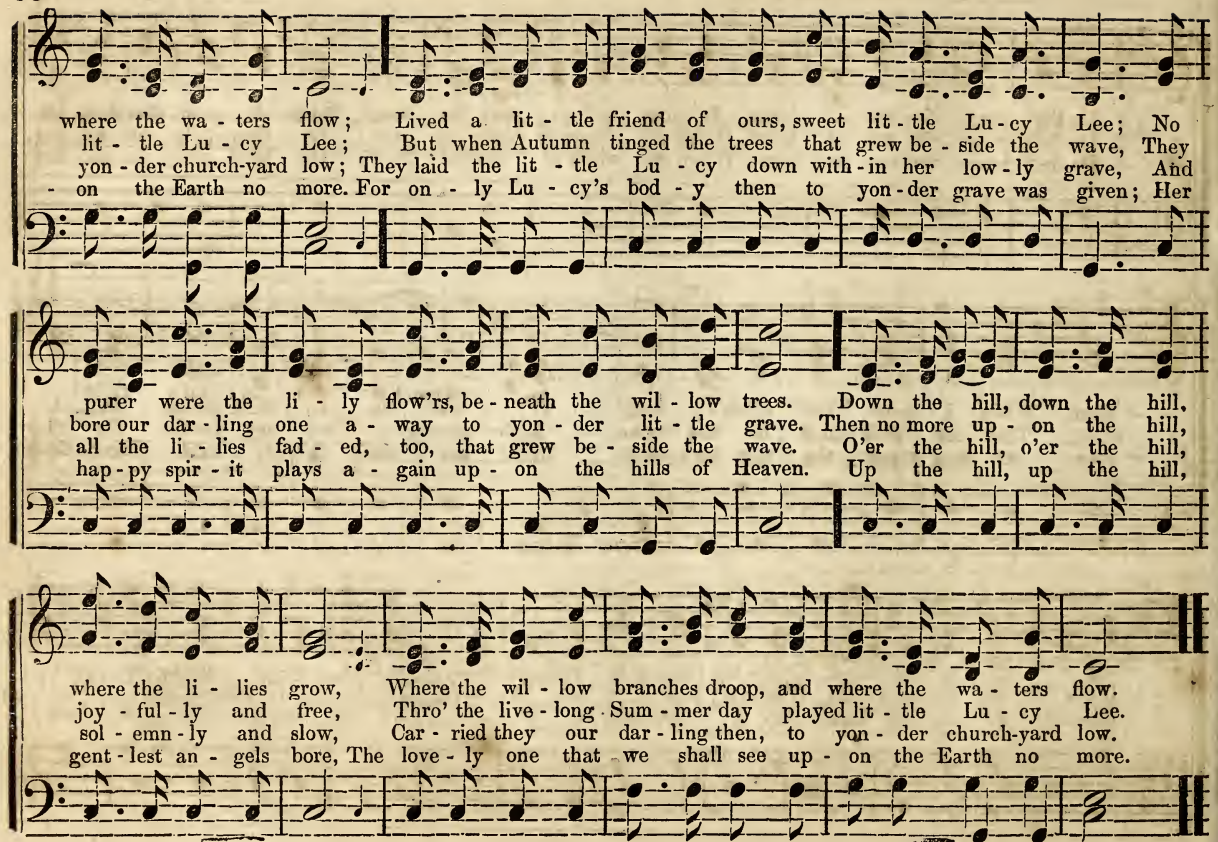
1. O nev-er des-pair at the troubles of life, All's right! In the midst of anx-i-e-ty,
2. The pi-lot be-side us is steering us still, All's right! The champion a-bove us is
per-il, and strife, All's right! The cheer-ful phi-los-o-phy nev-er was wrong, That
guarding from ill, All's right! Let oth-ers who know neith-er Fa-ther nor Friend, Go
ev-er put this on the tip of my tongue, And makes it my glo-ry, my strength, and my song, All's
trembling and doubting in fear to the end, For me, on this mot-to I glad-ly de-pend All's


right! All's right! The cheerful phi-los-o-phy nev-er was wrong, That ev-er put this on the
right! All's right! Let oth-ers who know neither Father nor Friend, Go trembling and doubting in
tip of my tongue, And makes it my glo-ry, my strength, and my song, All's right! All's right!
fear to the end, For me on this mot-to I glad-ly de-pend, All's right! All's right!

LUCY LEE.

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.


1. Down the hill, down the hill, where the li-lies grow, Where the wil-low branches droop, and
2. On the hill, on the hill, joy-ful-ly and free, Through the live-long Summer day, played
3. O'er the hill, o'er the hill, sol-emn-ly and slow, Carried they our dar-ling, then, to
4. Up the hill, up the hill, gen-tlest an-gels bore, The love-ly one that we shall see up-

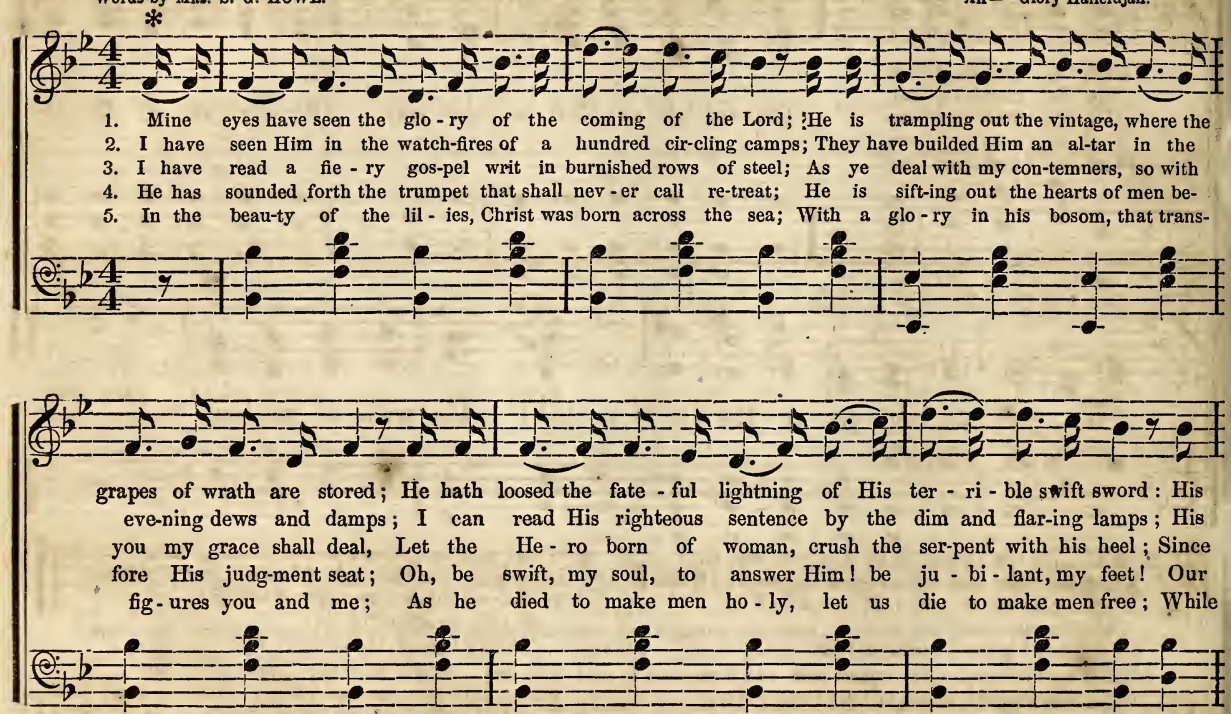

where the wa - ters flow; Lived a lit - tle friend of ours, sweet lit - tle Lu - cy Lee; No
lit - tle Lu - cy Lee; But when Autumn tinged the trees that grew be - side the wave, They
yon - der church-yard low; They laid the lit - tle Lu - cy down with - in her low - ly grave, And
- on the Earth no more. For on - ly Lu - cy's bod - y then to yon - der grave was given; Her
purer were the li - ly flow'rs, be - neath the wil - low trees. Down the hill, down the hill,
bore our dar - ling one a - way to yon - der lit - tle grave. Then no more up - on the hill,
all the li - lies fad - ed, too, that grew be - side the wave. O'er the hill, o'er the hill,
hap - py spir - it plays a - gain up - on the hills of Heaven. Up the hill, up the hill,
where the li - lies grow, Where the wil - low branches droop, and where the wa - ters flow.
joy - ful - ly and free, Thro' the live - long Sum - mer day played lit - tle Lu - cy Lee.
sol - emn - ly and slow, Car - ried they our dar - ling then, to yon - der church-yard low.
gent - lest an - gels bore, The love - ly one that we shall see up - on the Earth no more.

1. Do they pray for me at home, Do they ev - er pray for me, When I ride the dark sea -
2. Do they pray for me at home, When the Summer birds ap - pear; Do they pray for me the
3. Do they pray for me at home, When the winds of win-ter blow; Do they pray for me with
- - foam, When I cross the storm - y sea, Oft in for - eign lands, As I
while, That my path may be less drear, At the home of my youth, Do they
love, As they watch the win - ter's snow, In the sea - son's chil - ly cold, Are their
see the bended knee, Comes the thought at twilight hour, Do they ev - er pray for me?
place the va - cant chair, Where my heart so oft re - turns, To the loved ones gathered there?
hearts for me still warm, Am I cherished as of old, Thro' the beatings of the storm?

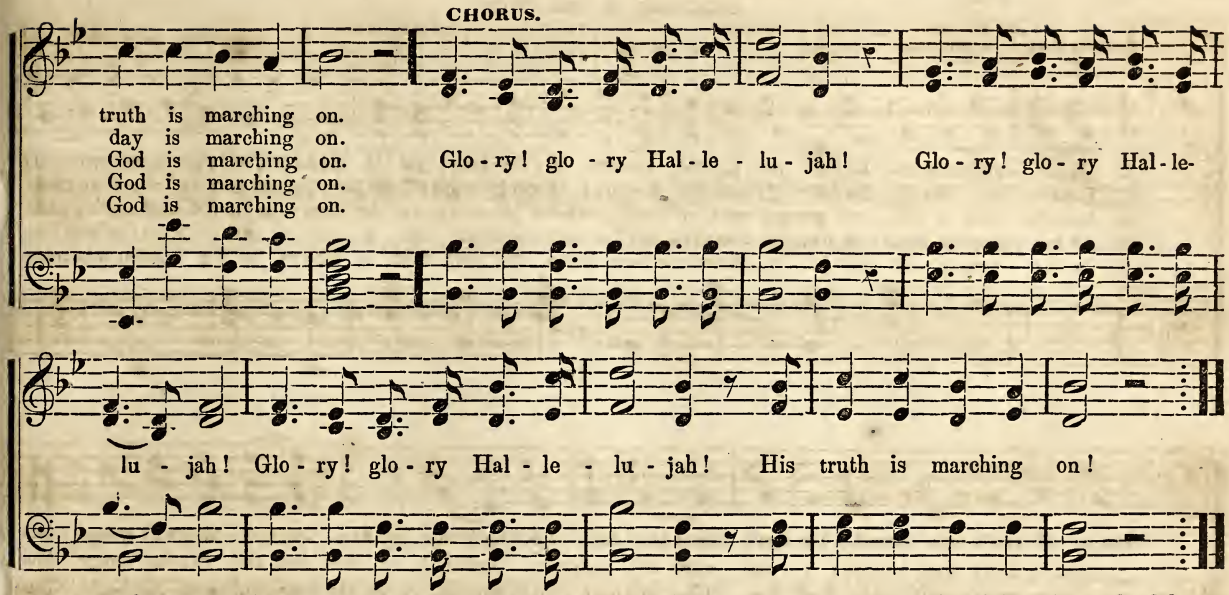
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

CHILDREN OF THE UNION.

Words by Mrs. S. G. HOWE. Air—"Glory Hallelujah."


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the coming of the Lord; He is trampling out the vintage, where the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an al-tar in the
3. I have read a fie - ry gos-pel writ in burnished rows of steel; As ye deal with my con-temners, so with
4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the hearts of men be-
5. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born across the sea; With a glo - ry in his bosom, that trans-
grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His
eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His
you my grace shall deal, Let the He - ro born of woman, crush the ser-pent with his heel; Since
fore His judg-ment seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our
fig - ures you and me; As he died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While

* Sing the Chorus at the close of each verse.


CHORUS.
truth is marching on.
day is marching on.
God is marching on.
God is marching on.
God is marching on.
Glo - ry! glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry Hal - le-
lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on!

1 Children of the Union, let us sing, one and all,
Cheering those who volunteer at our country's call;
Fighting for the banner that never shall fall,
As they go marching on!
Glory! glory Hallelujah! &c.

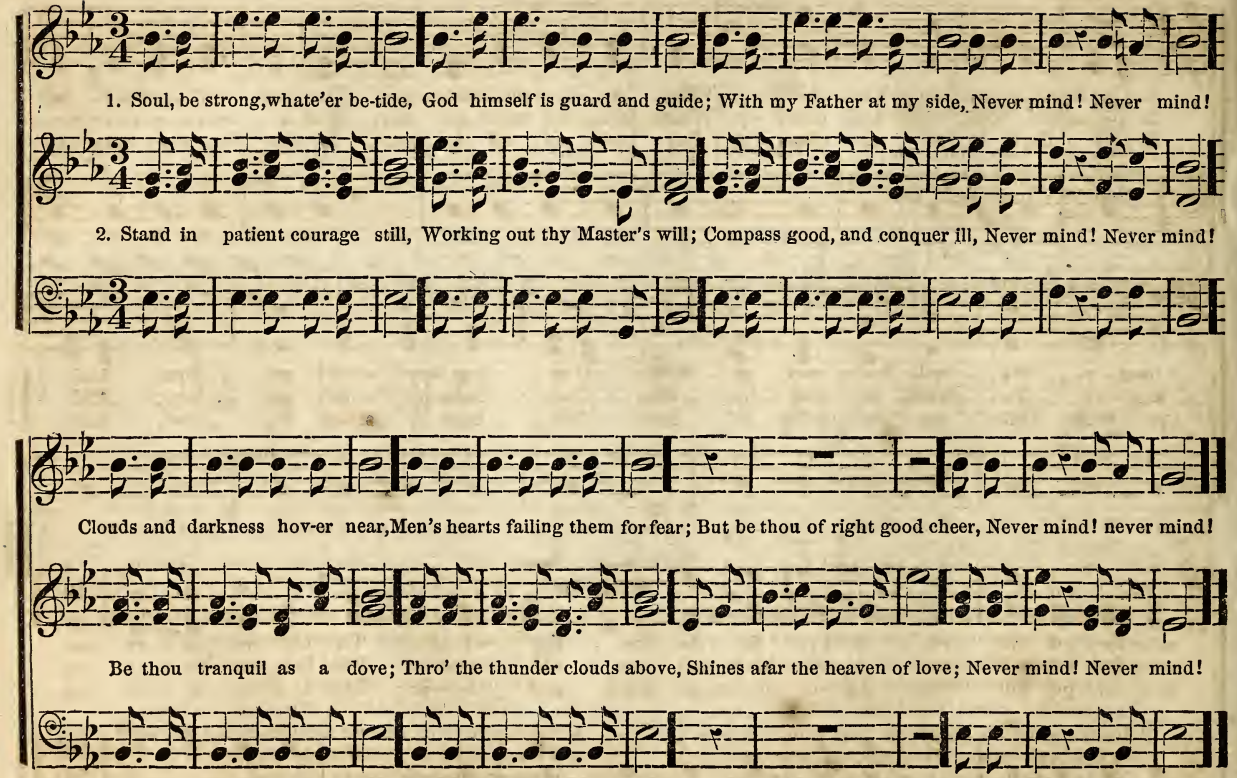
2 Raise up the banner, let it float wide and free,
O'er every valley, every hill, and every sea;
Victory shall crown it wherever it may be,
As they go marching on!
Glory! glory Hallelujah! &c.

3 When men and women we will think of those who fight,
Bravely for the blessings of freedom and of right;
Putting all the armies of error to flight,
As they go marching on!
Glory! glory Hallelujah! &c.

4 Sing, let us sing now of the Union of our land,
Throw high the stars and stripes, broad on every hand;
Firm and united forever let us stand,
As they go marching on!
Glory! glory Hallelujah!

NEVER MIND.

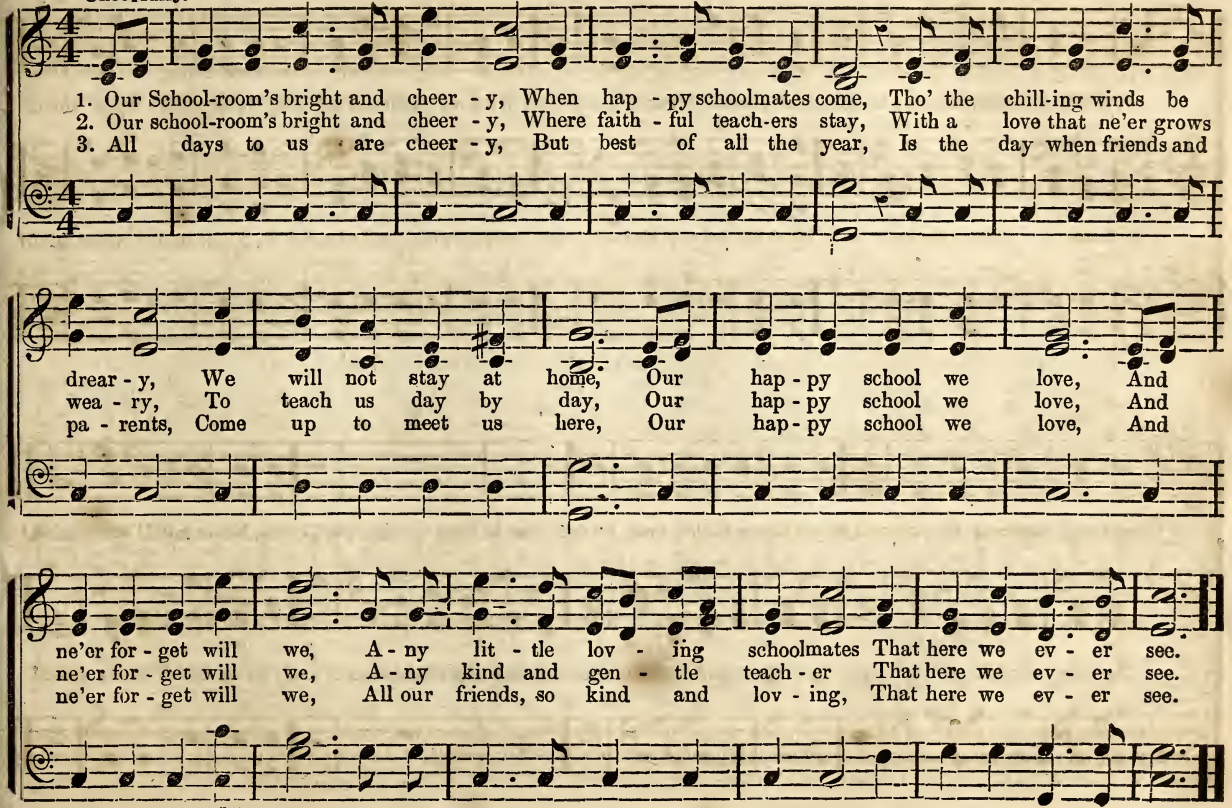
Words by F. M. TUPPER.


1. Soul, be strong, whate'er be-tide, God himself is guard and guide; With my Father at my side, Never mind! Never mind!
2. Stand in patient courage still, Working out thy Master's will; Compass good, and conquer ill, Never mind! Never mind!
Clouds and darkness hov-er near, Men's hearts failing them for fear; But be thou of right good cheer, Never mind! never mind!
Be thou tranquil as a dove; Thro' the thunder clouds above, Shines afar the heaven of love; Never mind! Never mind!

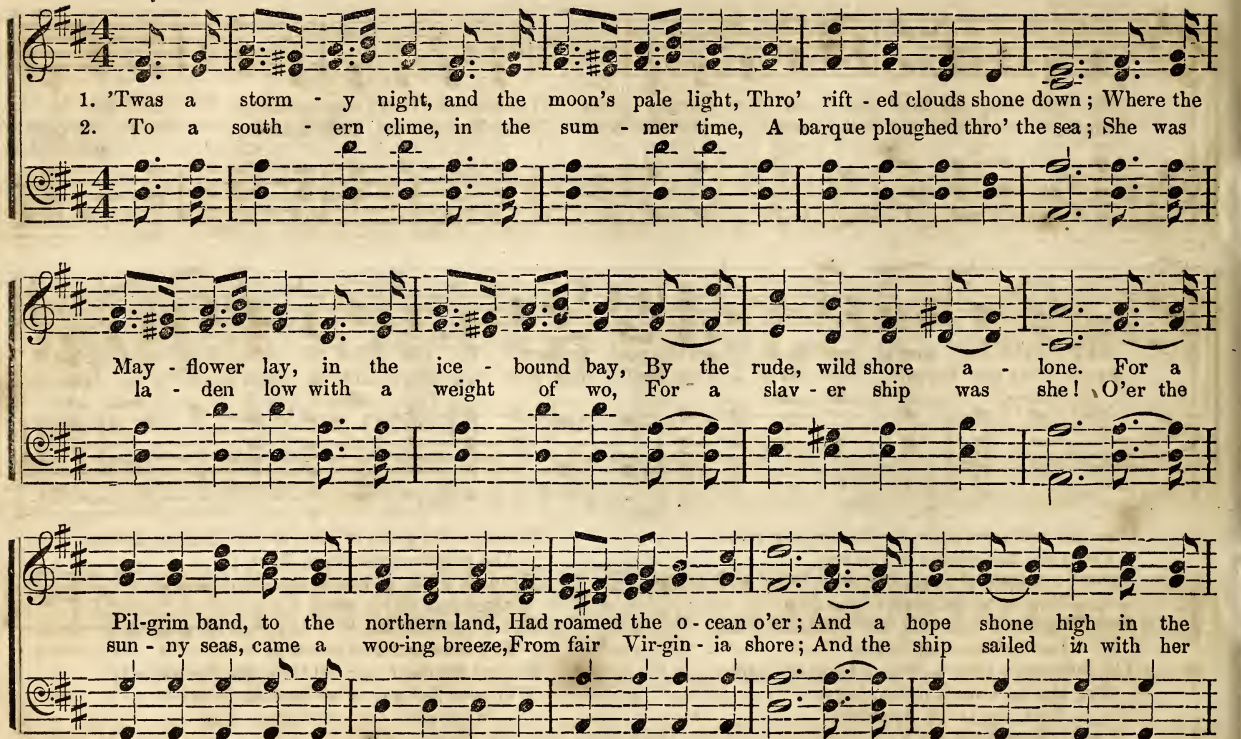
BRIGHT AND CHEERY.

Words by M. B. C. S.

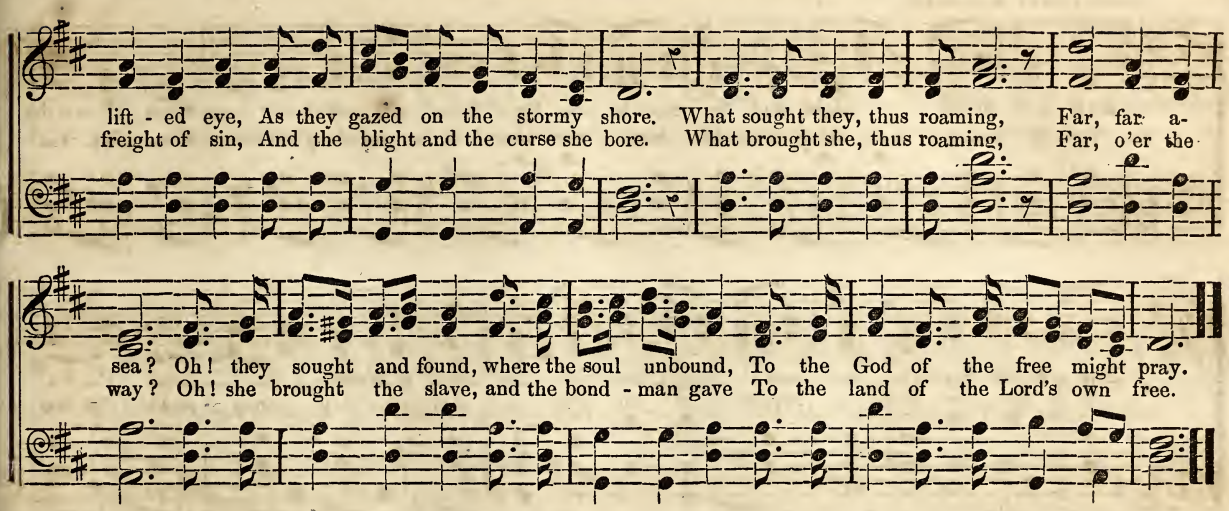
Cheerfully.


1. Our School-room's bright and cheer - y, When hap - py schoolmates come, Tho' the chill-ing winds be
2. Our school-room's bright and cheer - y, Where faith - ful teach-ers stay, With a love that ne'er grows
3. All days to us are cheer - y, But best of all the year, Is the day when friends and
drear - y, We will not stay at home, Our hap - py school we love, And
wea - ry, To teach us day by day, Our hap - py school we love, And
pa - rents, Come up to meet us here, Our hap - py school we love, And
ne'er for - get will we, A - ny lit - tle lov - ing schoolmates That here we ev - er see.
ne'er for - get will we, A - ny kind and gen - tle teach - er That here we ev - er see.
ne'er for - get will we, All our friends, so kind and lov - ing, That here we ev - er see.

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.


1. 'Twas a storm - y night, and the moon's pale light, Thro' rift - ed clouds shone down; Where the
2. To a south - ern clime, in the sum - mer time, A barque ploughed thro' the sea; She was
May - flower lay, in the ice - bound bay, By the rude, wild shore a - lone. For a
la - den low with a weight of wo, For a slav - er ship was she! O'er the
Pil-grim band, to the northern land, Had roamed the o - cean o'er; And a hope shone high in the
sun - ny seas, came a woo-ing breeze, From fair Vir-gin - ia shore; And the ship sailed in with her

* The Mayflower brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth, Mass., in Dec. 1620. In August of the same year, a Dutch slave-ship sailed up James River, with the first cargo of slaves ever brought to the American Colonies.—*Lossing's U. S. History.*

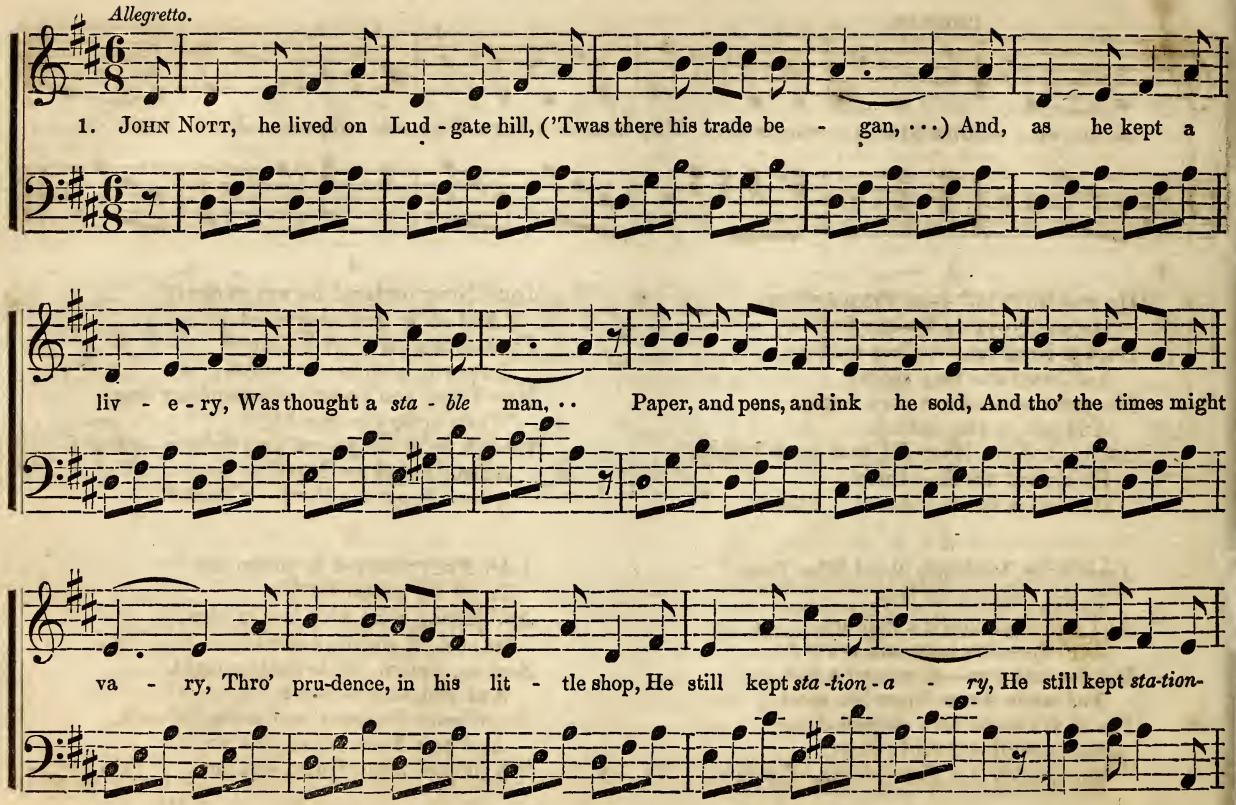

lift - ed eye, As they gazed on the stormy shore. What sought they, thus roaming, Far, far a-
freight of sin, And the blight and the curse she bore. What brought she, thus roaming, Far, o'er the
sea? Oh! they sought and found, where the soul unbound, To the God of the free might pray.
way? Oh! she brought the slave, and the bond - man gave To the land of the Lord's own free.

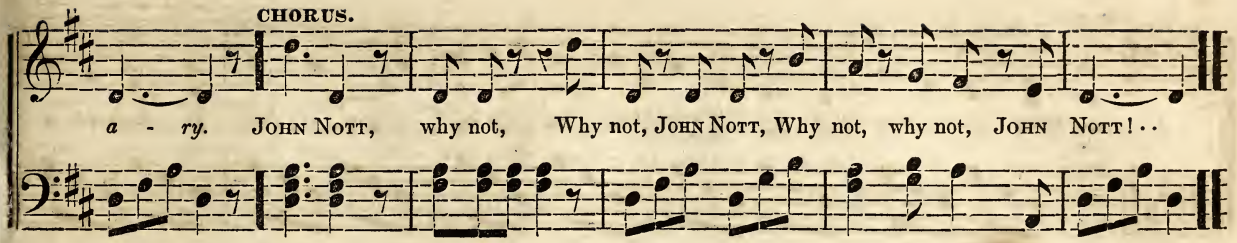
3

O'er the northern hills, by the singing rills,
From the mountains to the sea,
Spread a mighty throng, brave and true and strong,
And they sang the song of the free.
And Virginia's soil, with the bondman's toil,
Fair as a garden grew;
Till Jehovah's breath, with a blast of death,
O'er the sin cursed nation blew.
What seeks he, Jehovah,
Lord over all?
Oh! he'll bring out free, through the war's red sea,
His oppressed from oppression's thrall!

4

Through the gates of love, to the Heaven above,
The pilgrim souls have flown;
Through a life of wo, to the grave below,
Virginia's slaves went down.
Oh! Plymouth Rock, of thy free born stock,
Thy sons and daughters go
To lead by the hand, all the poor slave band,
Where the waters of freedom flow!
What seek they, thus roaming,
Far, far away?
Oh! they'll find, and keep, all the Lord's lost sheep,
In the good Shepherd's fold, alway.


Allegretto.
1. John Nott, he lived on Lud - gate hill, ('Twas there his trade be - gan, ···) And, as he kept a
liv - e - ry, Was thought a *sta - ble* man, ·· Paper, and pens, and ink he sold, And tho' the times might
va - ry, Thro' pru-dence, in his lit - tle shop, He still kept *sta-tion - a - ry*, He still kept *sta-tion-*



2

He was NOTT tall,—he was not short;
He was NOTT dark—nor fair;
He was NOTT fat,—he was not lean,
Yet NOTT was very spare;
His *gross* amount was very large,
And people said indeed,
Although JOHN NOTT did bear much weight,
He always was *in—kneed.*
He always was *in—kneed.* CHORUS.

3

JOHN NOTT, he dearly loved Miss Twist,
So did *untwist* his love,
And vowed although a milliner,
Her *cap*—tive he would prove:
But she was *cap*—tious, and a flirt,
And made JOHN NOTT her sport,
For as she could love no man *Long*,
She quickly cut NOTT *short*,
She quickly cut NOTT *short;* CHORUS.

4

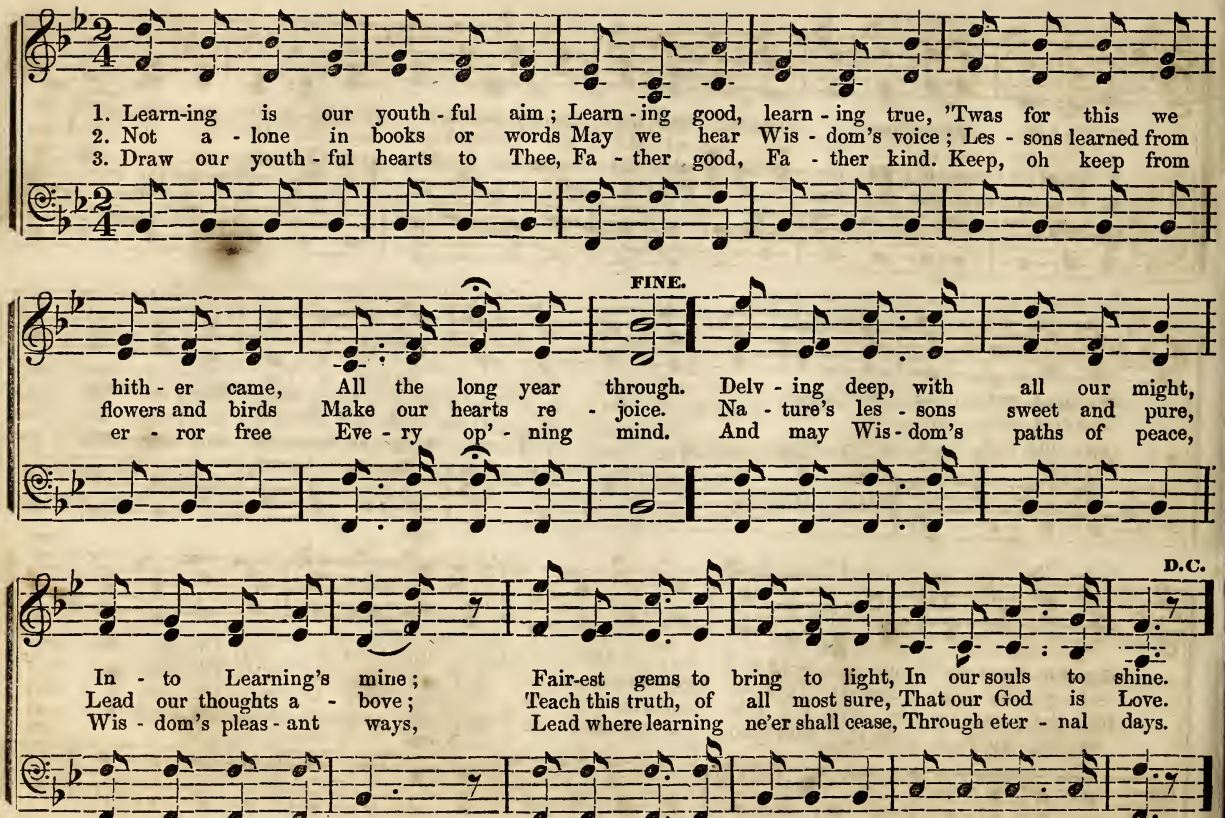
JOHN NOTT declared he was *undone*,
(And so he wrote her word,)
For a connubial NOTT he hoped
To prove, with her ac—*cord;*
Miss Twist, you're *twined* around my heart,
Whate'er may be my lot,
Though we'er not *joined* yet, we're a—part,
Adieu, forget me NOTT,
Adieu, forget me NOTT. CHORUS.

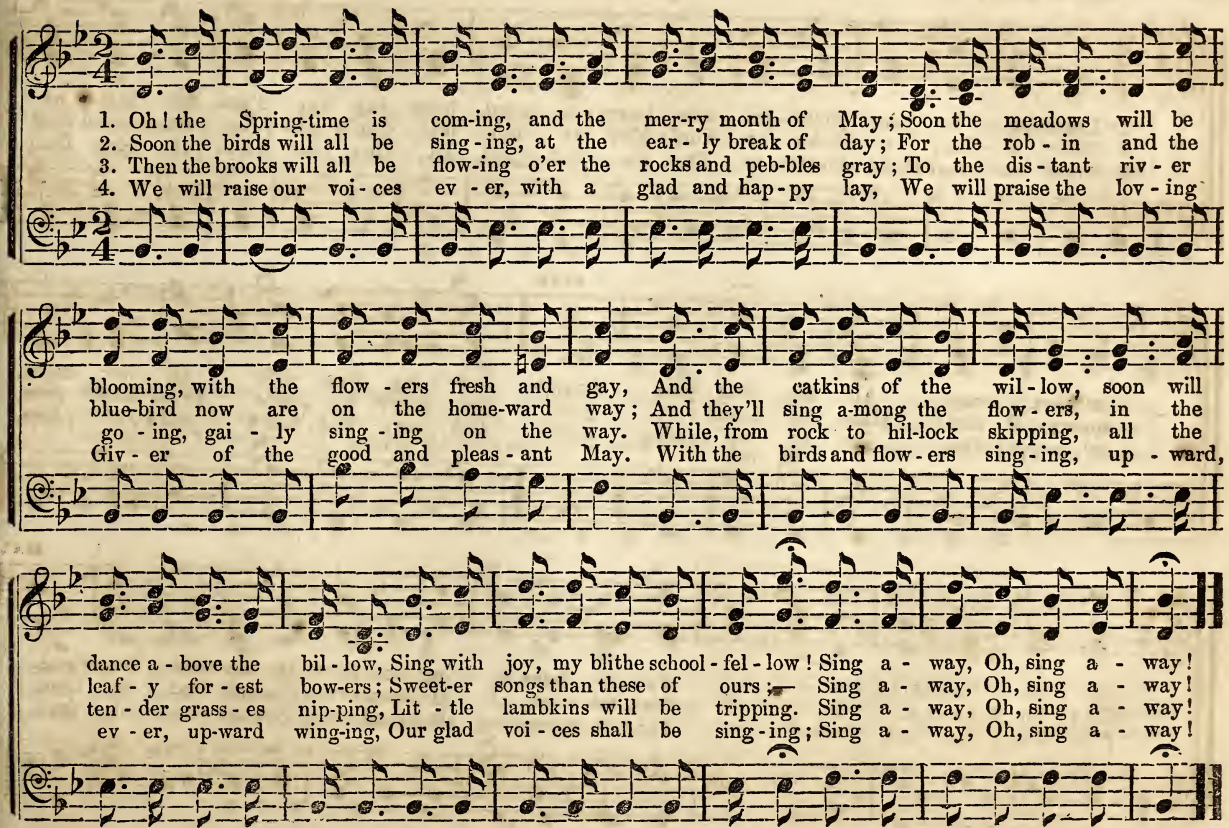
5

John NOTT resolved to put an end
To all his mortal battles,
And having none with him to *chat*,
He sold off all his *chattels;*
And so, forlorn, his home he sought,
And tied a little *knot;*
Twist broke his heart, and *twine* his neck,
And poor JOHN NOTT, was not,
And poor JOHN NOTT, was not.

Words by M. B. C. S.

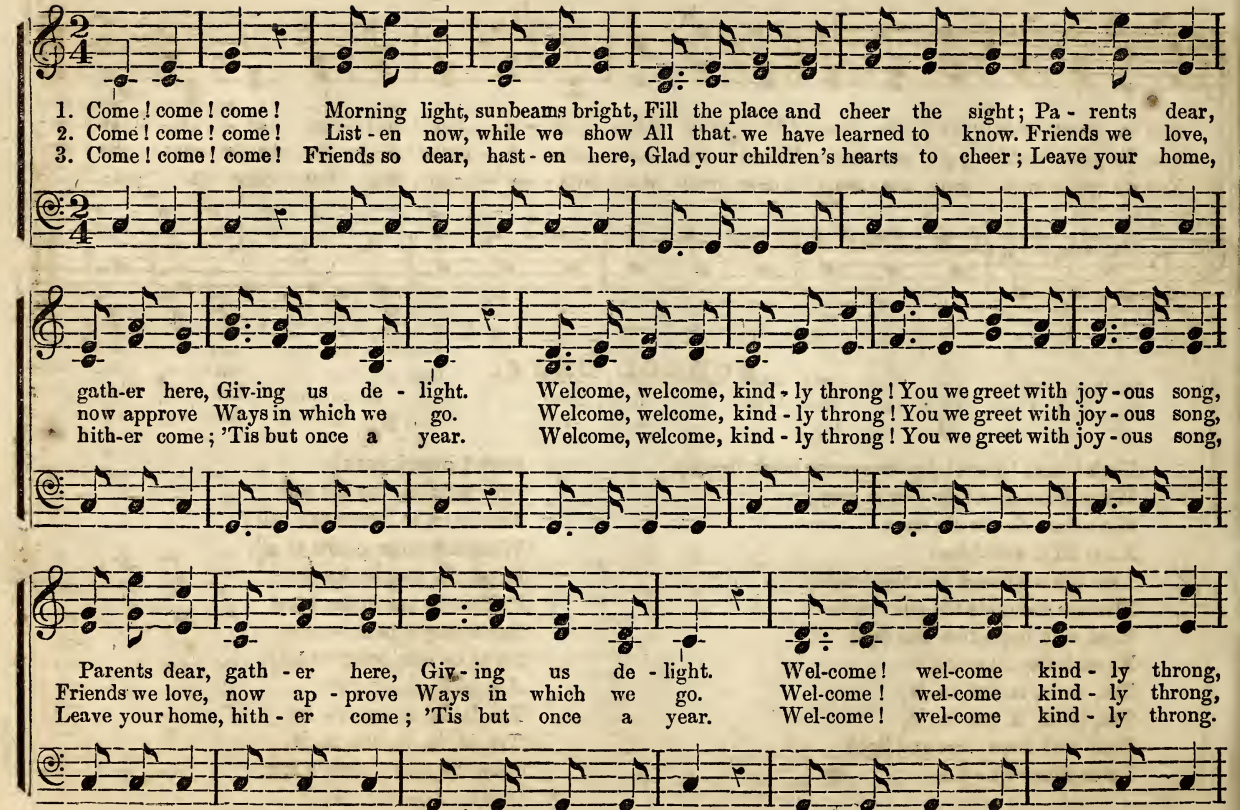
LEARNING IS OUR YOUTHFUL AIM.

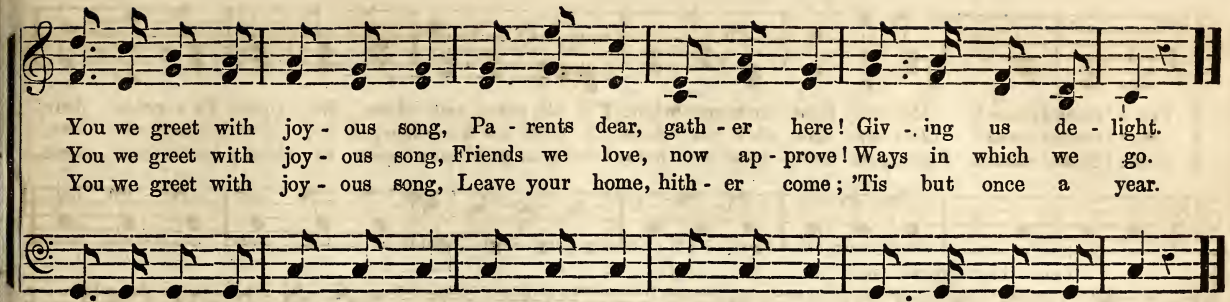

1. Learn-ing is our youth - ful aim; Learn - ing good, learn - ing true, 'Twas for this we
2. Not a - lone in books or words May we hear Wis - dom's voice; Les - sons learned from
3. Draw our youth - ful hearts to Thee, Fa - ther good, Fa - ther kind. Keep, oh keep from
FINE.
hith - er came, All the long year through. Delv - ing deep, with all our might,
flowers and birds Make our hearts re - joice. Na - ture's les - sons sweet and pure,
er - ror free Eve - ry op' - ning mind. And may Wis - dom's paths of peace,
D.C.
In - to Learning's mine; Fair-est gems to bring to light, In our souls to shine.
Lead our thoughts a - bove; Teach this truth, of all most sure, That our God is Love.
Wis - dom's pleas - ant ways, Lead where learning ne'er shall cease, Through eter - nal days.


1. Oh! the Spring-time is com-ing, and the mer-ry month of May; Soon the meadows will be
2. Soon the birds will all be sing-ing, at the ear-ly break of day; For the rob-in and the
3. Then the brooks will all be flow-ing o'er the rocks and peb-bles gray; To the dis-tant riv-er
4. We will raise our voi-ces ev-er, with a glad and hap-py lay, We will praise the lov-ing
blooming, with the flow-ers fresh and gay, And the catkins of the wil-low, soon will
blue-bird now are on the home-ward way; And they'll sing a-mong the flow-ers, in the
go-ing, gai-ly sing-ing on the way. While, from rock to hil-lock skipping, all the
Giv-er of the good and pleas-ant May. With the birds and flow-ers sing-ing, up-ward,
dance a-bove the bil-low, Sing with joy, my blithe school-fel-low! Sing a-way, Oh, sing a-way!
leaf-y for-est bow-ers; Sweet-er songs than these of ours;— Sing a-way, Oh, sing a-way!
ten-der grass-es nip-ping, Lit-tle lambkins will be tripping. Sing a-way, Oh, sing a-way!
ev-er, up-ward wing-ing, Our glad voi-ces shall be sing-ing; Sing a-way, Oh, sing a-way!

WELCOME ONCE A YEAR.

RAINERS.


1. Come! come! come! Morning light, sunbeams bright, Fill the place and cheer the sight; Pa - rents dear,
2. Come! come! come! List - en now, while we show All that we have learned to know. Friends we love,
3. Come! come! come! Friends so dear, hast - en here, Glad your children's hearts to cheer; Leave your home,
gath-er here, Giv-ing us de - light. Welcome, welcome, kind - ly throng! You we greet with joy - ous song,
now approve Ways in which we go. Welcome, welcome, kind - ly throng! You we greet with joy - ous song,
hith-er come; 'Tis but once a year. Welcome, welcome, kind - ly throng! You we greet with joy - ous song,
Parents dear, gath - er here, Giv - ing us de - light. Wel-come! wel-come kind - ly throng,
Friends we love, now ap - prove Ways in which we go. Wel-come! wel-come kind - ly throng,
Leave your home, hith - er come; 'Tis but once a year. Wel-come! wel-come kind - ly throng.


You we greet with joy - ous song, Pa - rents dear, gath - er here! Giv - ing us de - light.
You we greet with joy - ous song, Friends we love, now ap - prove! Ways in which we go.
You we greet with joy - ous song, Leave your home, hith - er come; 'Tis but once a year.

SCHOOL DAYS.

1

Hark! hark! hark! joyous sounds mark the day,
When from school we join in play,
Not a care clouds our way,
All is fill'd with bliss;
Like the sunbeams fair and bright,
Pleasant thoughts the hour invite.
Blest with hope, free and light,
Be each day like this,
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
Blest with hope, free and light,
Be each day like this.

2

Hark! hark! hark!
Time rolls on, 'tis the call
Bids us on to Learning's hall;
Wisdom's voice points to all,
Hopes the dearest known.
Faithful to our duties here,
Never may a pain be near,
Ne'er be seen sorrow's tear,
Joyous days our own.
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
Ne'er be seen sorrow's tear.
Joyous days our own.

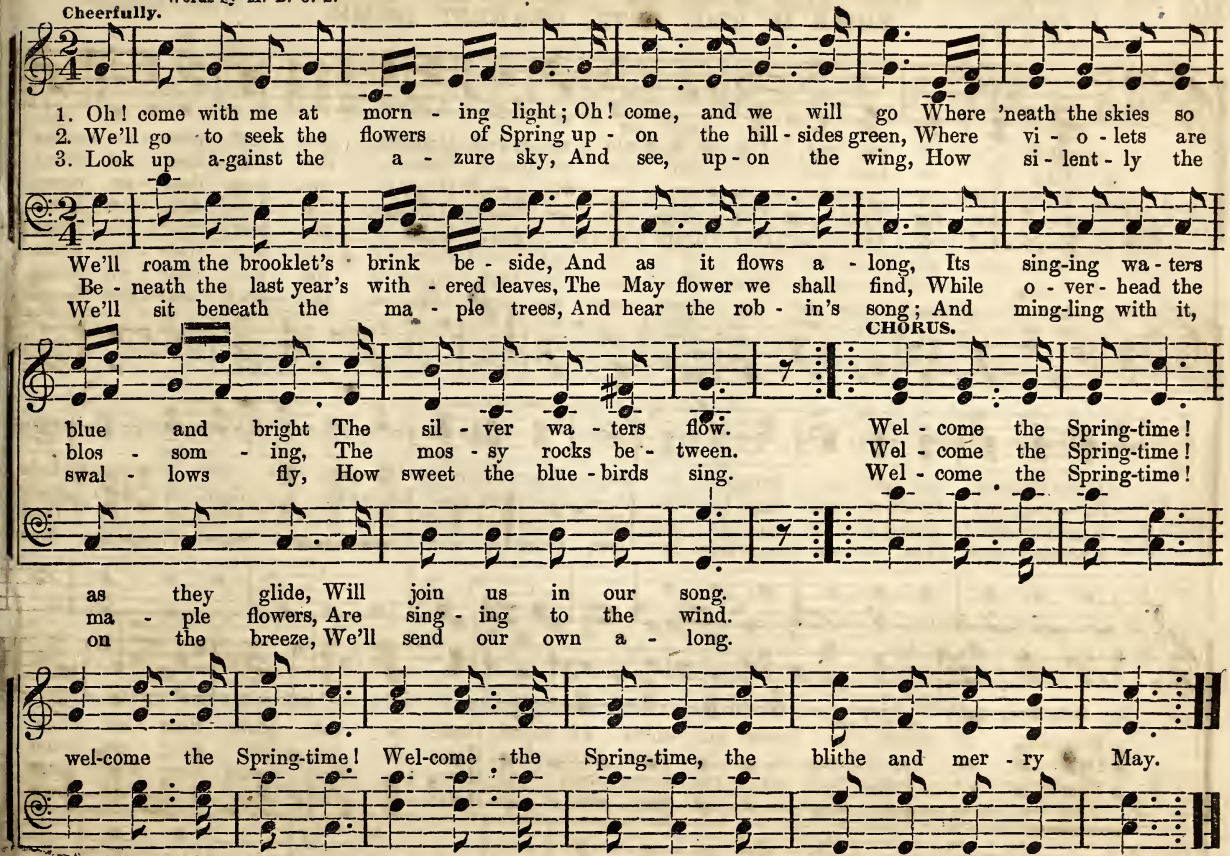
Words by M. B. C. S.

HOME IS THE BEST, DEAREST HOME.

1. Oh! of all pla - ces, the wide world a - round, Home is the best, dear - est home.
Hap - pi - er spot have our feet nev - er found: Home is the best, dear - est home.
2. Friends kind - ly greet us where - ev - er we go, Home is the best, dear - est home.
None like the loved home com - pan - ions we know; Home is the best, dear - est home.
3. How shall we ren - der this dear place more dear, Home is the best, dear - est home.
What can we bring for an of - fer - ing here? Home is the best, dear - est home.
4. Smile on our homes, Oh! thou Fa - ther on high! Home is the best, dear - est home.
Let thy good spir - it be there ev - er nigh! Home is the best, dear - est home.
There shineth sun-light that bringeth no shade; There bloom the blos-soms that nev - er shall fade;
Fa - ther and moth-er make ho - ly the place; Sis - ters and broth - ers a - dorn it with grace;
Hearts in which pleasure with du - ty shall blend; Lips that shall nev - er, Oh! nev - er of - fend;
And may our lives, in our homes here be - low, Calm-ly, and pure - ly, and peace - ful - ly flow;
Blossoms of truth in love's sun - shine ar - rayed, Home is the best, dear - est home.
Gen - tle af - fec - tions il - lu - mine each face, Home is the best, dear - est home.
Hands that all kind - ly as - sist - ance shall lend, Home is the best, dear - est home.
That we may sing, un - til up - ward we go, Home is the best, dear - est home.

Words by M. B. C. S.

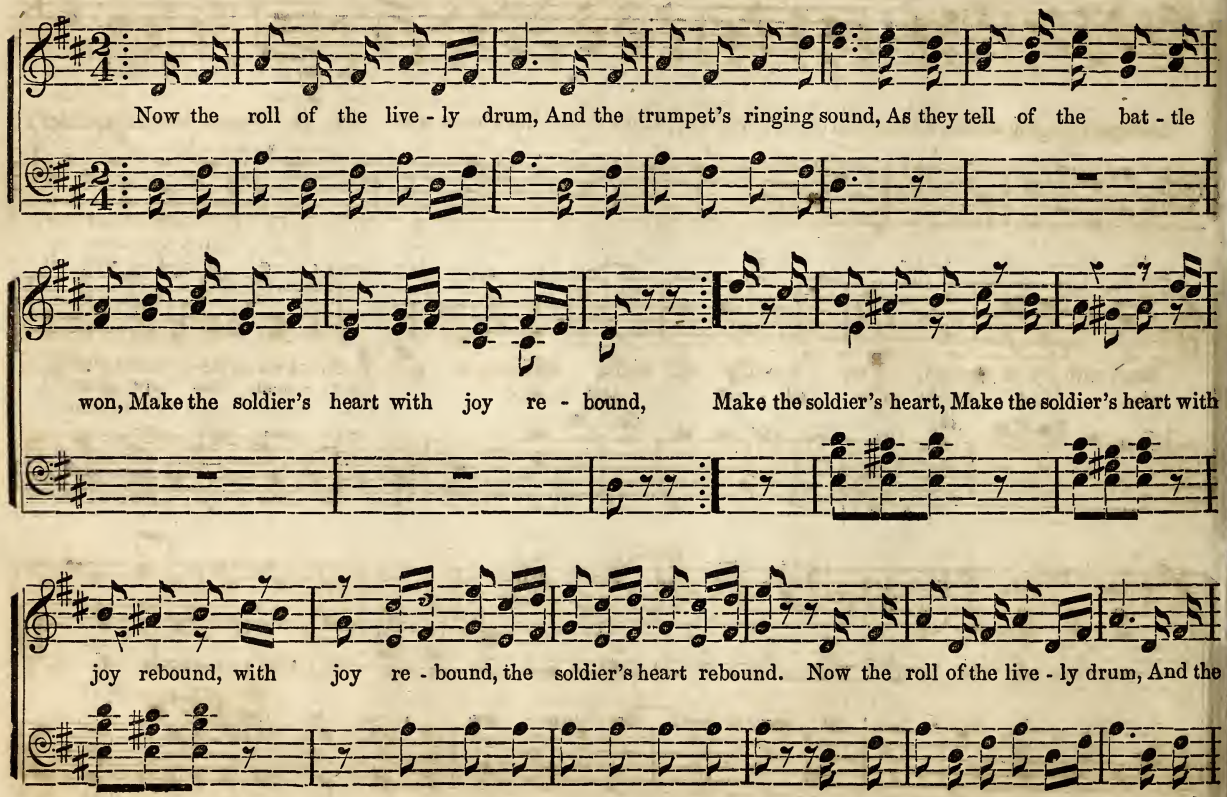
Cheerfully.

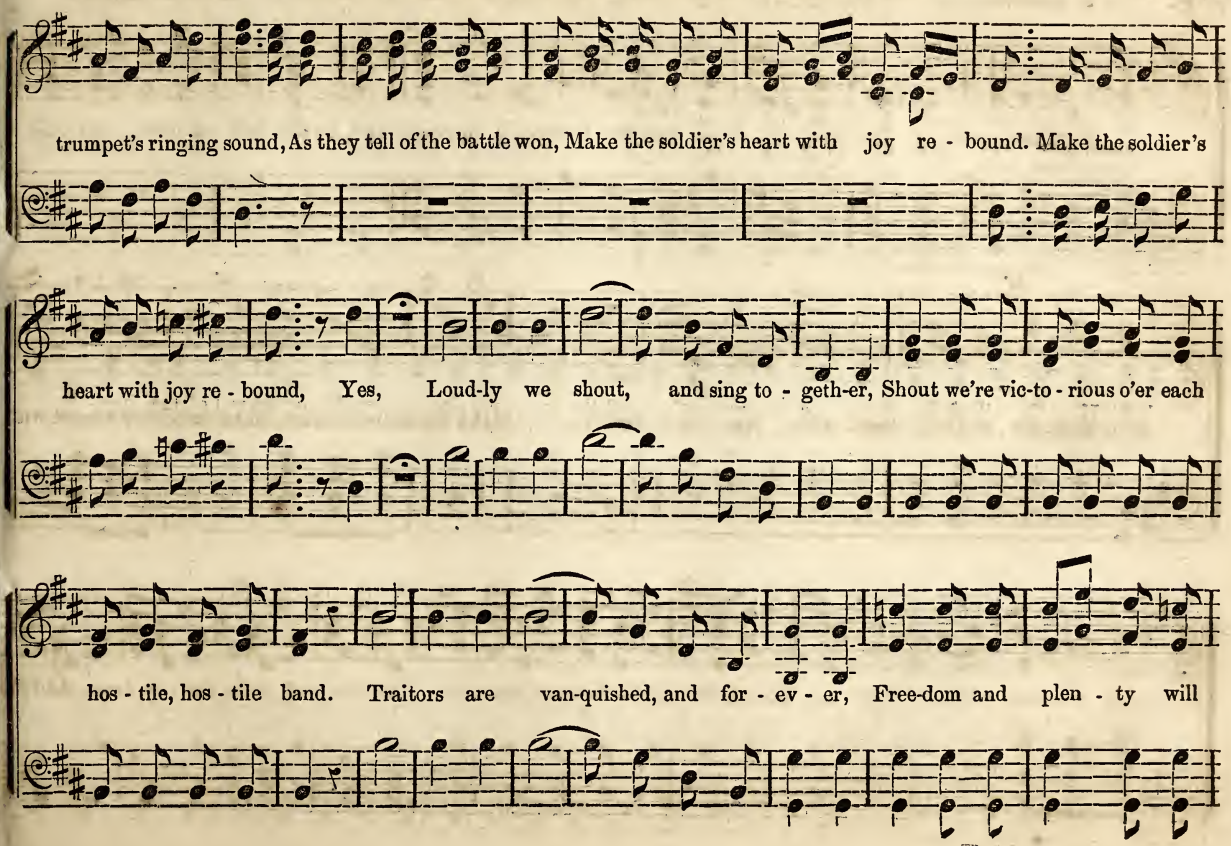

1. Oh! come with me at morn - ing light; Oh! come, and we will go Where 'neath the skies so
2. We'll go to seek the flowers of Spring up - on the hill - sides green, Where vi - o - lets are
3. Look up a-gainst the a - zure sky, And see, up - on the wing, How si - lent - ly the
We'll roam the brooklet's brink be - side, And as it flows a - long, Its sing-ing wa - ters
Be - neath the last year's with - ered leaves, The May flower we shall find, While o - ver - head the
We'll sit beneath the ma - ple trees, And hear the rob - in's song; And ming-ling with it,
CHORUS.
blue and bright The sil - ver wa - ters flow.
blos - som - ing, The mos - sy rocks be - tween.
swal - lows fly, How sweet the blue - birds sing.
Wel - come the Spring-time!
Wel - come the Spring-time!
Wel - come the Spring-time!
as they glide, Will join us in our song.
ma - ple flowers, Are sing - ing to the wind.
on the breeze, We'll send our own a - long.
wel-come the Spring-time! Wel-come the Spring-time, the blithe and mer - ry May.

From "Operatic Boquet," by permission.

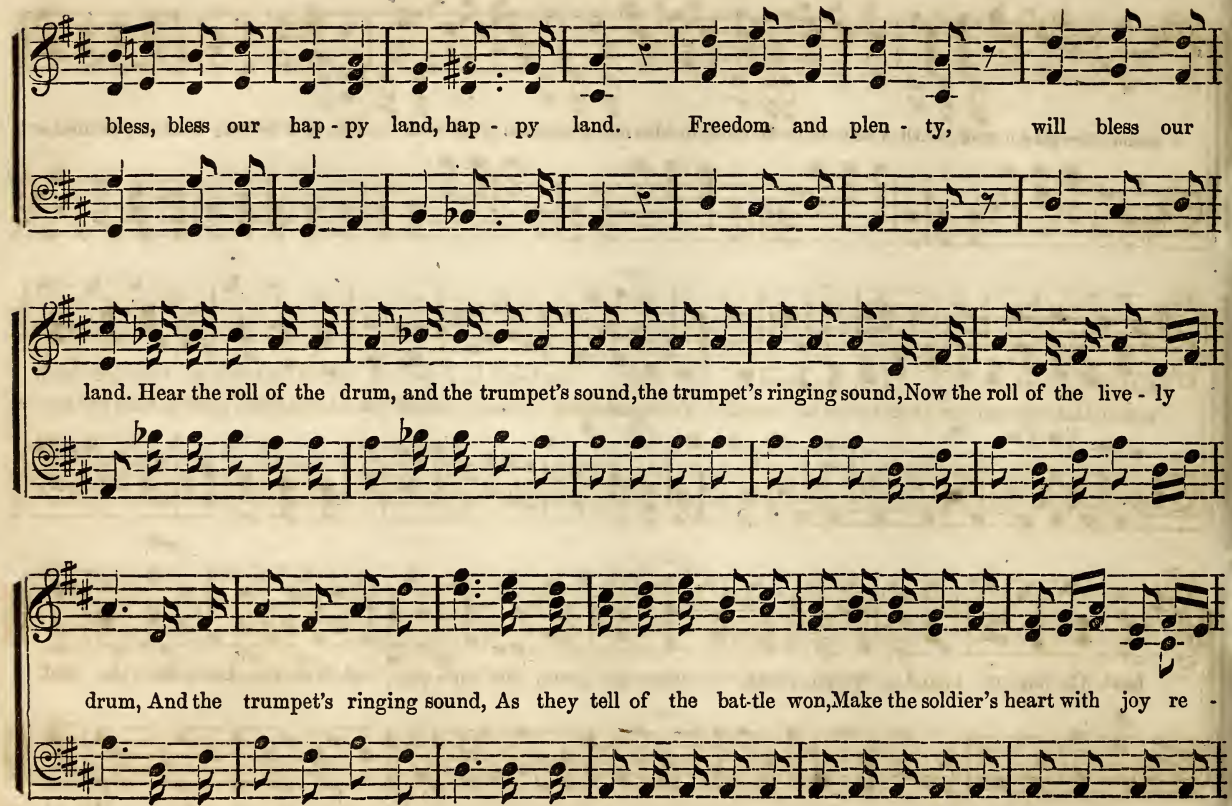
NOW THE ROLL OF THE LIVELY DRUM.

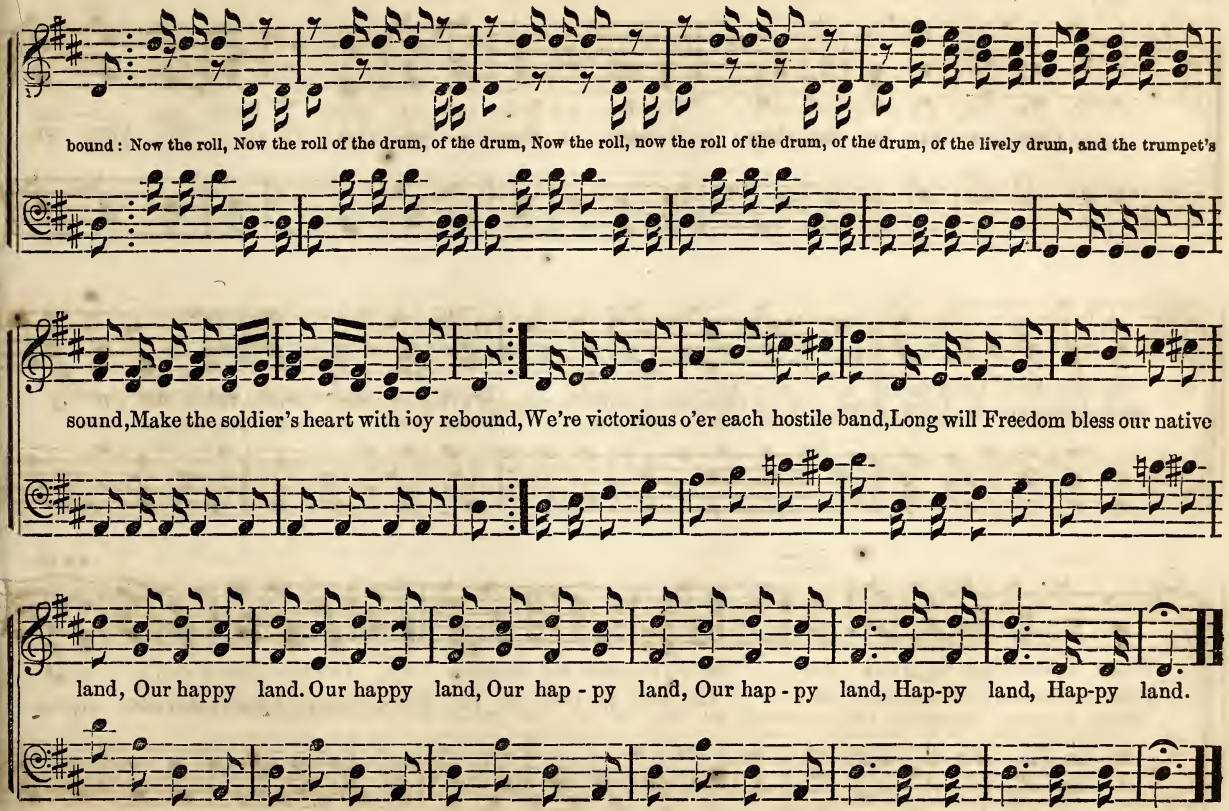
La Fille Du Regiment.


Now the roll of the live - ly drum, And the trumpet's ringing sound, As they tell of the bat - tle
won, Make the soldier's heart with joy re - bound, Make the soldier's heart, Make the soldier's heart with
joy rebound, with joy re - bound, the soldier's heart rebound. Now the roll of the live - ly drum, And the


trumpet's ringing sound, As they tell of the battle won, Make the soldier's heart with joy re - bound. Make the soldier's
heart with joy re - bound, Yes, Loud-ly we shout, and sing to - geth-er, Shout we're vic-to - rious o'er each
hos - tile, hos - tile band. Traitors are van-quished, and for - ev - er, Free-dom and plen - ty will

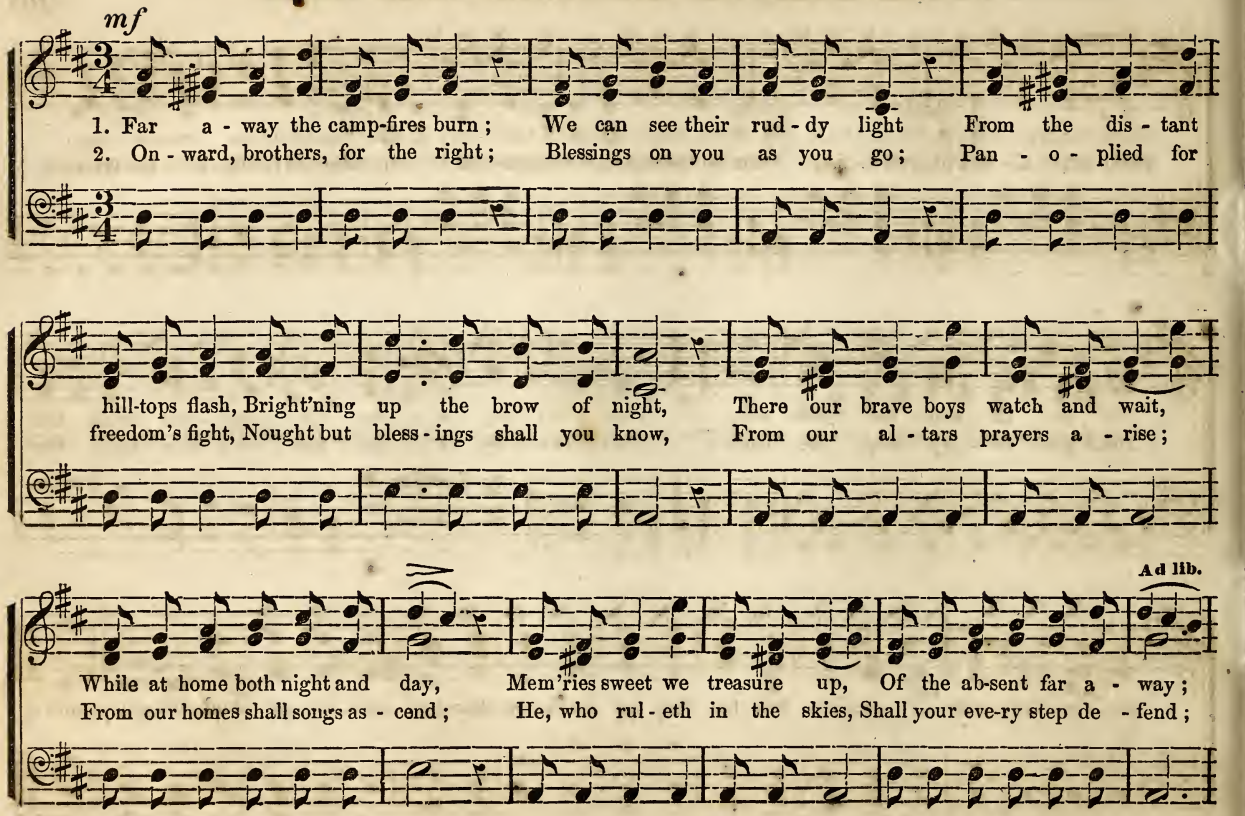
NOW THE ROLL OF THE LIVELY DRUM. Continued.

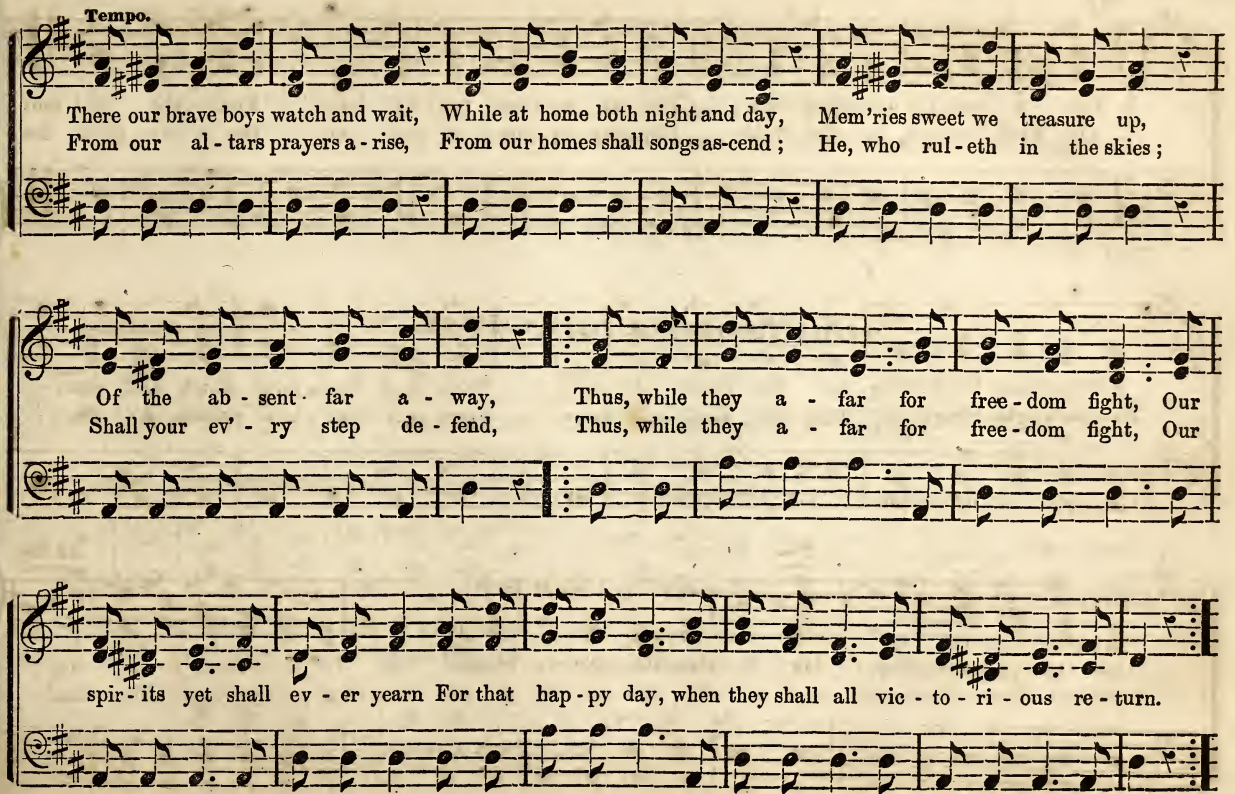

bless, bless our hap - py land, hap - py land. Freedom and plen - ty, will bless our
land. Hear the roll of the drum, and the trumpet's sound, the trumpet's ringing sound, Now the roll of the live - ly
drum, And the trumpet's ringing sound, As they tell of the bat-tle won, Make the soldier's heart with joy re -

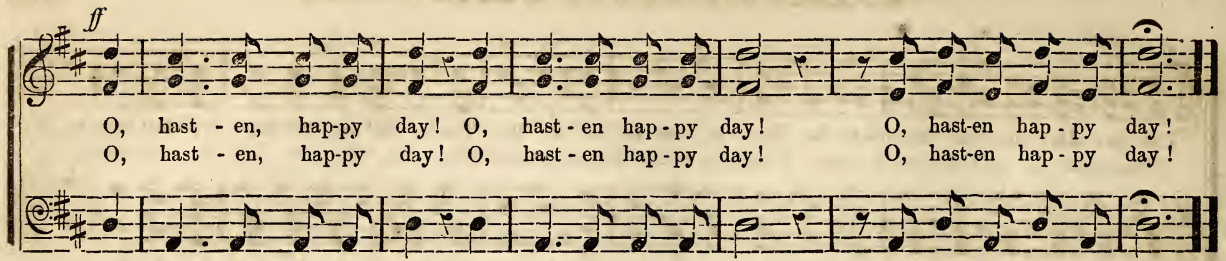

bound : Now the roll, Now the roll of the drum, of the drum, Now the roll, now the roll of the drum, of the drum, of the lively drum, and the trumpet's
sound, Make the soldier's heart with joy rebound, We're victorious o'er each hostile band, Long will Freedom bless our native
land, Our happy land. Our happy land, Our hap - py land, Our hap - py land, Hap-py land, Hap-py land.

FAR AWAY THE CAMP FIRES BURN

Arr. from MERCADANTE.

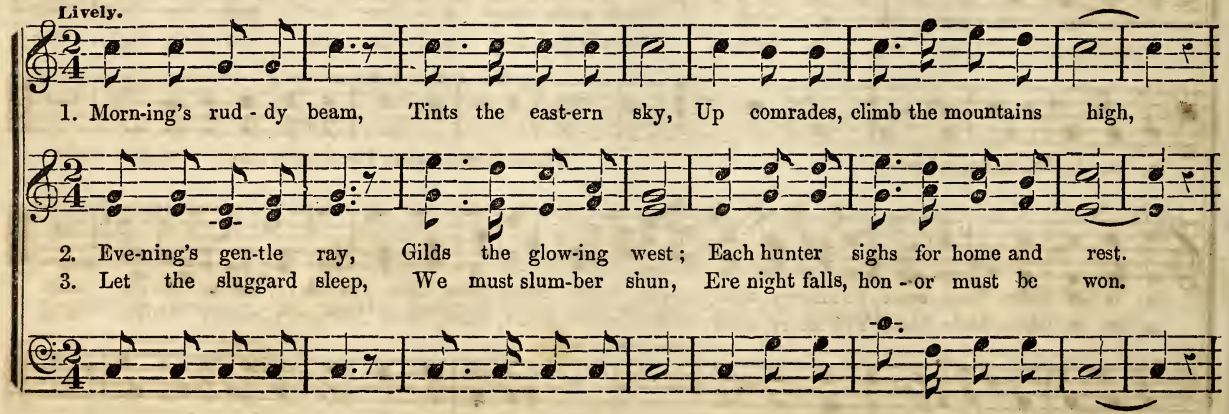

mf
1. Far a - way the camp-fires burn; We can see their rud - dy light From the dis - tant
2. On - ward, brothers, for the right; Blessings on you as you go; Pan - o - plied for
hill-tops flash, Bright'ning up the brow of night, There our brave boys watch and wait,
freedom's fight, Nought but bless - ings shall you know, From our al - tars prayers a - rise;
Ad lib.
While at home both night and day, Mem'ries sweet we treasure up, Of the ab-sent far a - way;
From our homes shall songs as - cend; He, who rul - eth in the skies, Shall your eve-ry step de - fend;


Tempo.
There our brave boys watch and wait, While at home both night and day, Mem'ries sweet we treasure up,
From our al - tars prayers a - rise, From our homes shall songs as-cend ; He, who rul - eth in the skies ;
Of the ab - sent far a - way, Thus, while they a - far for free - dom fight, Our
Shall your ev' - ry step de - fend, Thus, while they a - far for free - dom fight, Our
spir - its yet shall ev - er yearn For that hap - py day, when they shall all vic - to - ri - ous re - turn.



MORNING'S RUDDY BEAM.

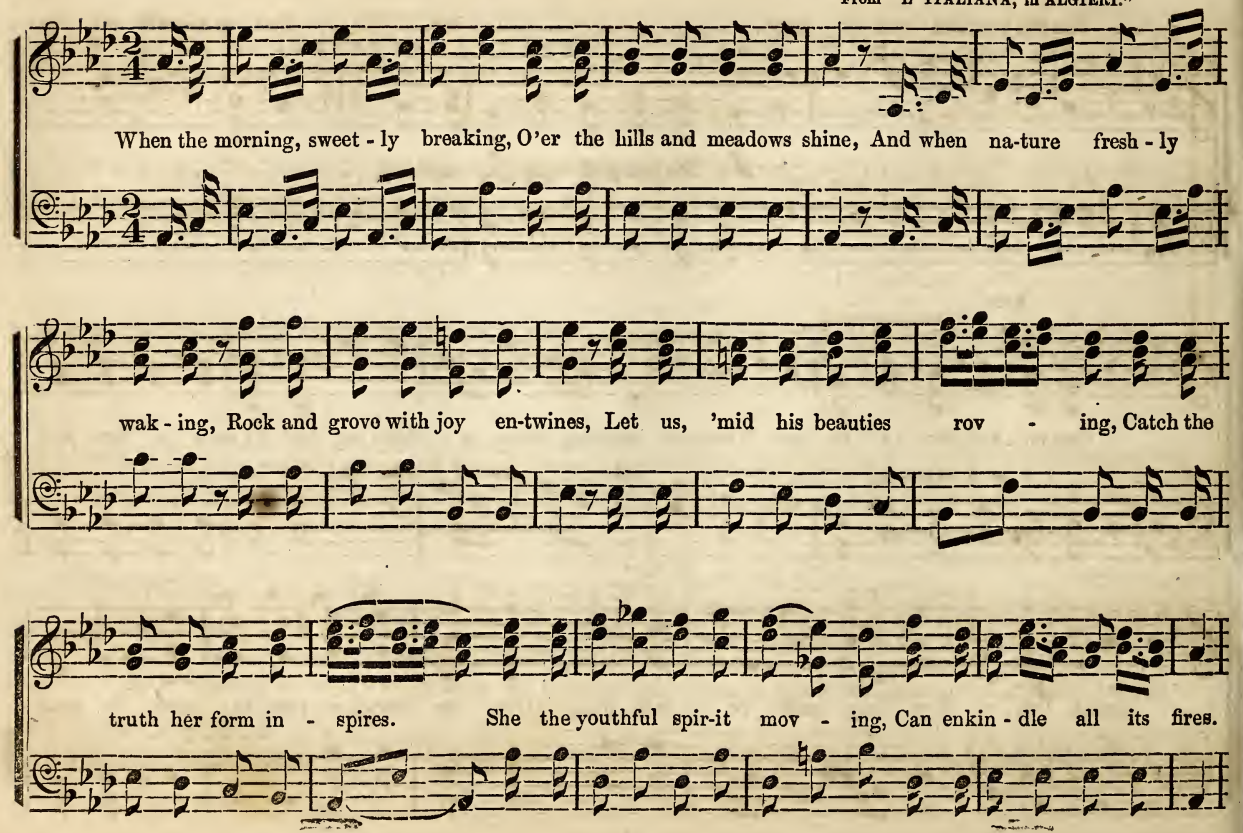
L. O. EMERSON.


Lively.
1. Morn-ing's rud - dy beam, Tints the east-ern sky, Up comrades, climb the mountains high,
2. Eve-ning's gen-tle ray, Gilds the glow-ing west; Each hunter sighs for home and rest.
3. Let the sluggard sleep, We must slum-ber shun, Ere night falls, hon - or must be won.

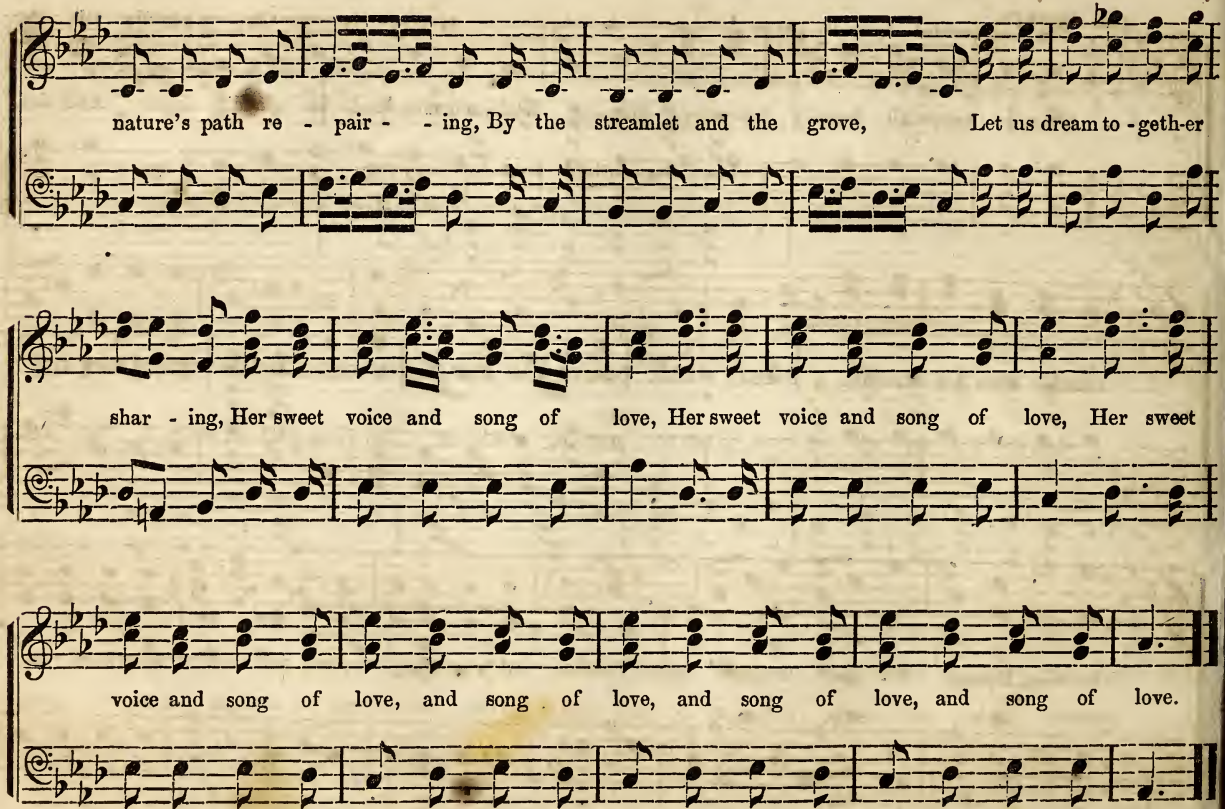
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, Haste, haste, haste, Haste, haste, haste, The merry, mer-ry bu-gle calls.
la, la, la, Haste, haste, haste, The merry, merry bu-gle calls ; Haste, haste, haste, The merry, mer-ry bu-gle calls.
la, la, la, Haste, haste, haste, The merry, merry bu-gle calls ; Haste, haste, haste, The merry, mer-ry bu-gle calls.

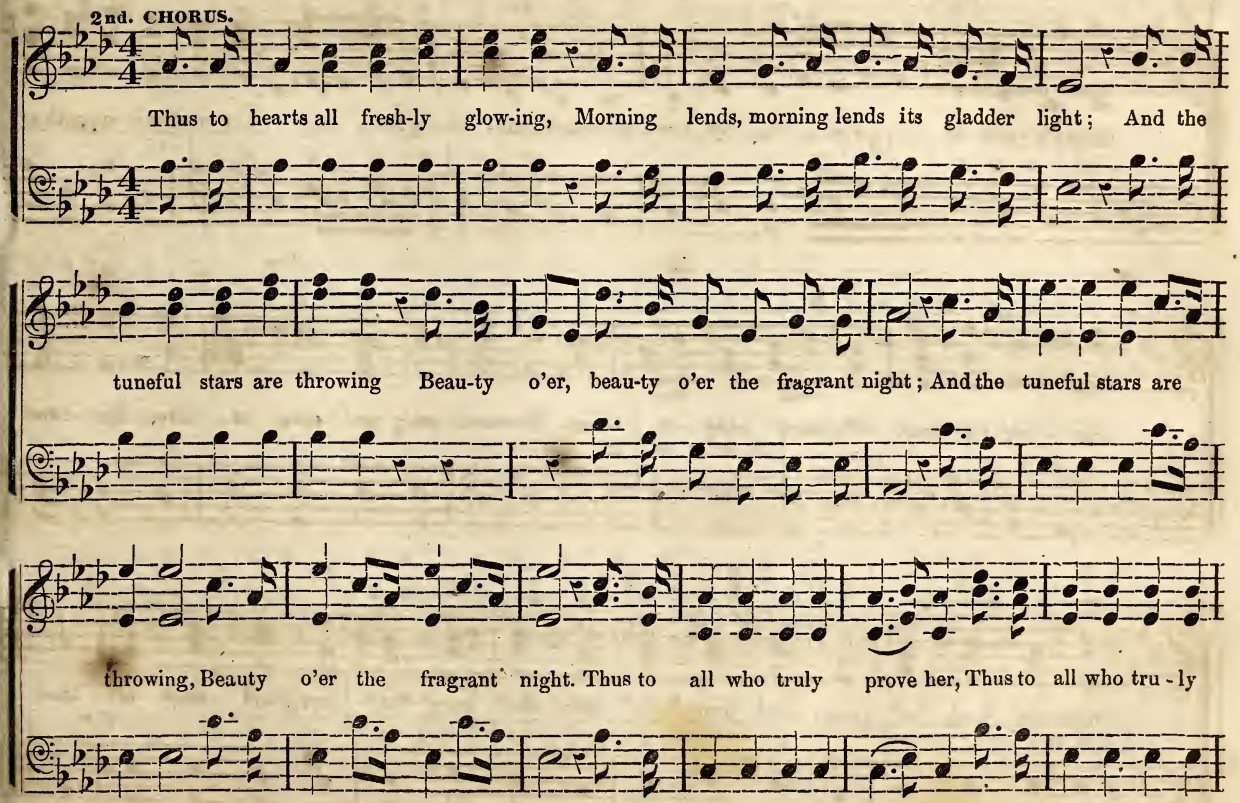
WHEN THE MORNING SWEETLY BREAKING.

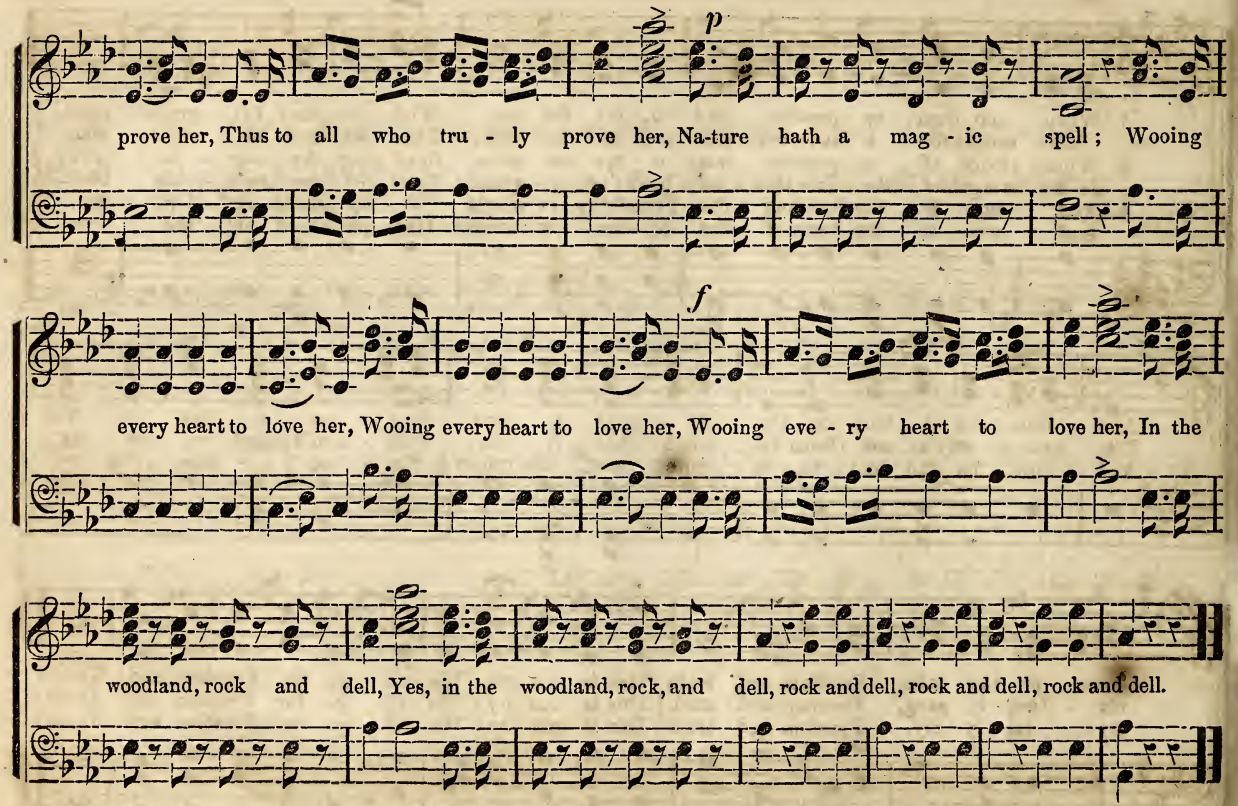
From "L' ITALIANA, in ALGIERI."


When the morning, sweet - ly breaking, O'er the hills and meadows shine, And when na-ture fresh - ly
wak - ing, Rock and grove with joy en-twines, Let us, 'mid his beauties rov - ing, Catch the
truth her form in - spires. She the youthful spir-it mov - ing, Can enkin - dle all its fires.

She the youthful spir - it mov - - - - ing, Can en-kin-dle all its
She the youthful spir - it mov-ing,
fires, - - - - - -
Can en - kin - dle all its fires. When the even-ing shade is fall - ing, And its voice is low and
sweet, Oth - er days long past re - call - ing, Oth - er scenes we love to meet, To glad


nature's path re - pair - - ing, By the streamlet and the grove, Let us dream to - geth-er
shar - ing, Her sweet voice and song of love, Her sweet voice and song of love, Her sweet
voice and song of love, and song of love, and song of love, and song of love.


2nd. CHORUS.
Thus to hearts all fresh-ly glow-ing, Morning lends, morning lends its gladder light; And the
tuneful stars are throwing Beau-ty o'er, beau-ty o'er the fragrant night; And the tuneful stars are
throwing, Beauty o'er the fragrant night. Thus to all who truly prove her, Thus to all who tru-ly

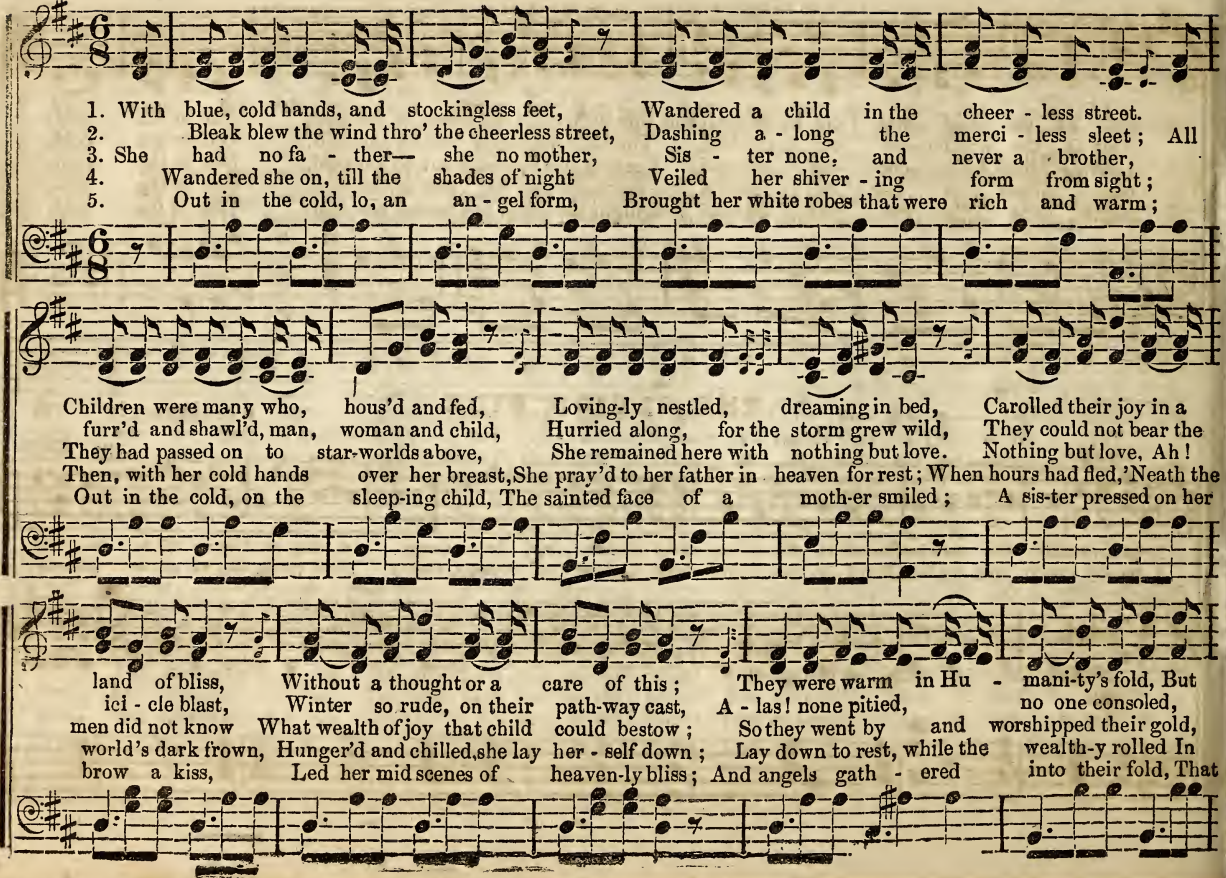

p
prove her, Thus to all who tru - ly prove her, Na-ture hath a mag - ic spell; Wooing
f
every heart to love her, Wooing every heart to love her, Wooing eve - ry heart to love her, In the
woodland, rock and dell, Yes, in the woodland, rock, and dell, rock and dell, rock and dell, rock and dell.

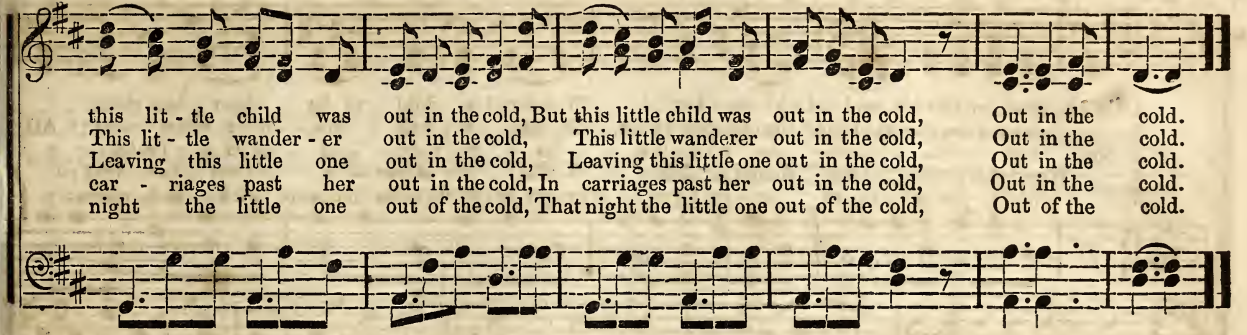
1. When out from op - pression and o - ver the sea, With - er the Pil - grims came,
They sought for a land where the soul shall be free; This was their glo - rious aim.
2. When clouds of op - pression came o - ver the main, Shad - ing the peace - ful land;
In the strength of the Fa - ther in heav - en a - gain, Trust - ed the fee - ble band.
3. And ours is the free-dom the Fore-fath - ers sought O - ver the storm - y sea,
And ours is the home of the fet - ter - less thought; Hap - piest land of the free!
And lean - ing a - lone on the Al - migh - ty arm; Sing - ing a - like in the
Till vic - tory's an - thems tri - umph - ant - ly rise; Free - dom's glad voi - ces ex -
And ours be the mot - to, so pure and so bright! Ev - er a - new will we
storm or the calm, Freedom and truth! This is our cry; We all go for Freedom and Truth!
ult - ing - ly sang, Freedom and truth! This is our cry; We all go for Freedom and Truth!
joy - ful - ly cry, Freedom and truth! This is our cry; We all go for Freedom and Truth!

Words by JOHN S. ADAMS.

OUT IN THE COLD.

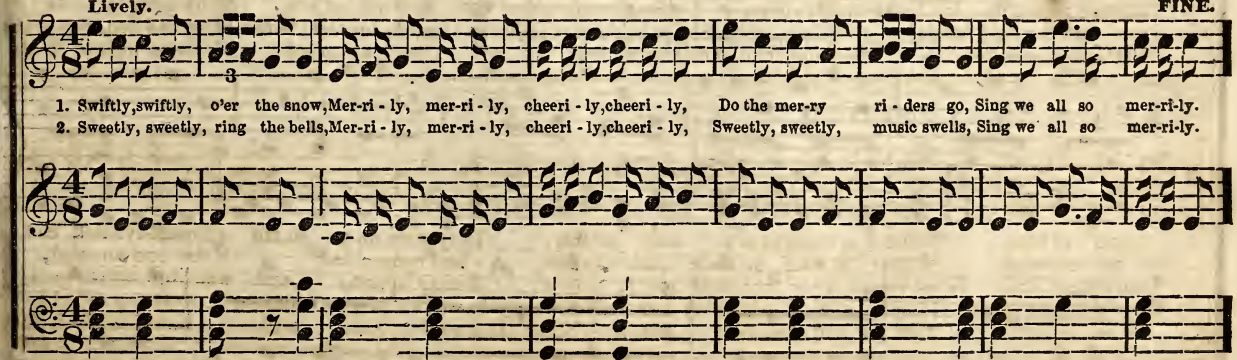
L. O. EMERSON.

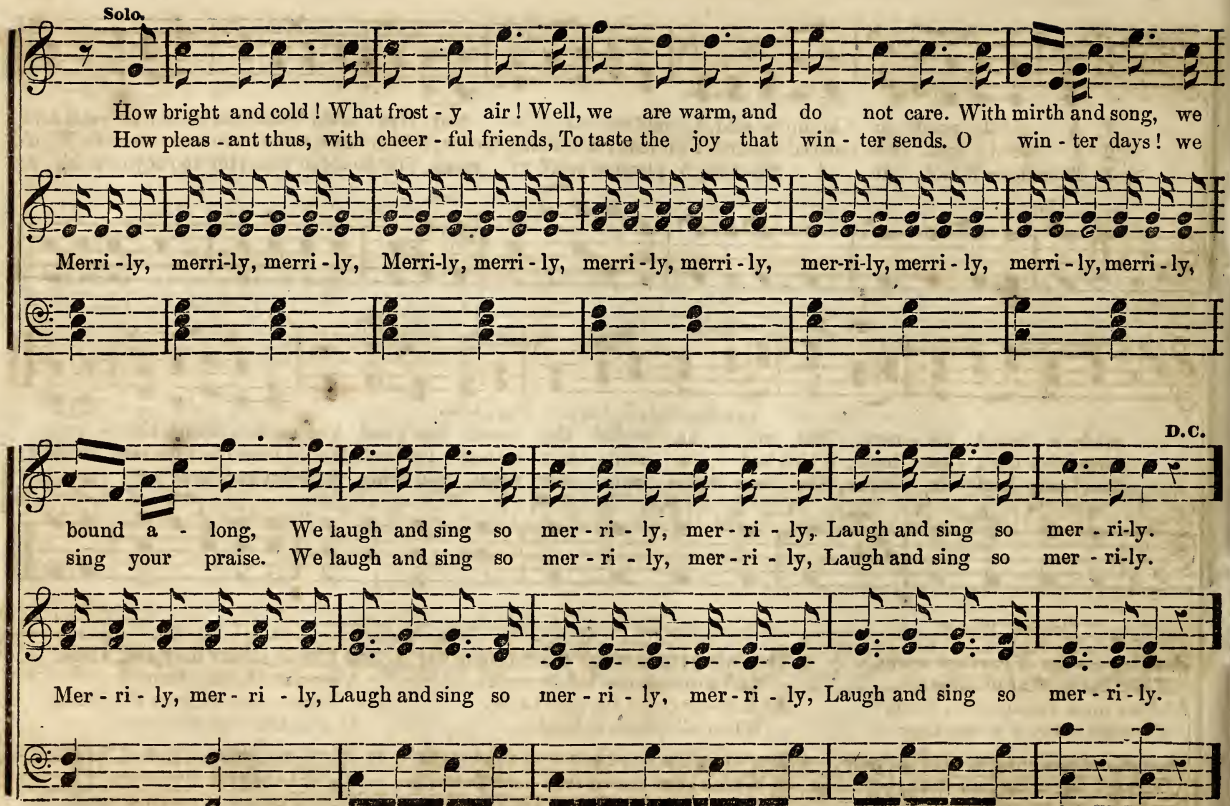

1. With blue, cold hands, and stockingless feet, Wandered a child in the cheer - less street.
2. Bleak blew the wind thro' the cheerless street, Dashing a - long the merci - less sleet; All
3. She had no fa - ther— she no mother, Sis - ter none, and never a brother,
4. Wandered she on, till the shades of night Veiled her shiver - ing form from sight;
5. Out in the cold, lo, an an - gel form, Brought her white robes that were rich and warm;
Children were many who, hous'd and fed, Loving-ly nestled, dreaming in bed, Carolled their joy in a
furr'd and shawl'd, man, woman and child, Hurried along, for the storm grew wild, They could not bear the
They had passed on to star-worlds above, She remained here with nothing but love. Nothing but love, Ah!
Then, with her cold hands over her breast, She pray'd to her father in heaven for rest; When hours had fled, 'Neath the
Out in the cold, on the sleep-ing child, The sainted face of a moth-er smiled; A sis-ter pressed on her
land of bliss, Without a thought or a care of this; They were warm in Hu - mani-ty's fold, But
ici - cle blast, Winter so rude, on their path-way cast, A - las! none pitied, no one consoled,
men did not know What wealth of joy that child could bestow; So they went by and worshipped their gold,
world's dark frown, Hunger'd and chilled, she lay her - self down; Lay down to rest, while the wealth-y rolled In
brow a kiss, Led her mid scenes of heaven-ly bliss; And angels gath - ered into their fold, That

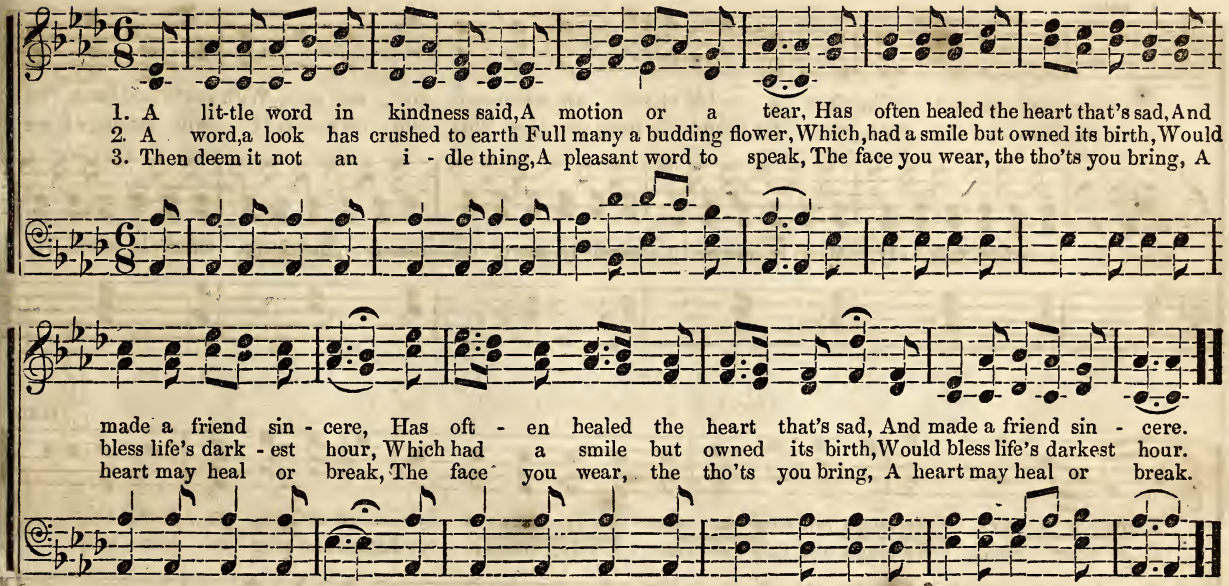

this lit - tle child was out in the cold, But this little child was out in the cold, Out in the cold.
This lit - tle wander - er out in the cold, This little wanderer out in the cold, Out in the cold.
Leaving this little one out in the cold, Leaving this little one out in the cold, Out in the cold.
car - riages past her out in the cold, In carriages past her out in the cold, Out in the cold.
night the little one out of the cold, That night the little one out of the cold, Out of the cold.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

J. C. JOHNSON.


Lively.
FINE.
1. Swiftly, swiftly, o'er the snow, Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, cheeri - ly, cheeri - ly, Do the mer-ry ri - ders go, Sing we all so mer-ri-ly.
2. Sweetly, sweetly, ring the bells, Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, cheeri - ly, cheeri - ly, Sweetly, sweetly, music swells, Sing we all so mer-ri-ly.


Solo.
How bright and cold! What frost - y air! Well, we are warm, and do not care. With mirth and song, we
How pleas - ant thus, with cheer - ful friends, To taste the joy that win - ter sends. O win - ter days! we
Merri - ly, merri-ly, merri - ly, Merri-ly, merri - ly, merri - ly, merri - ly, mer-ri-ly, merri - ly, merri - ly, merri - ly,
D.C.
bound a - long, We laugh and sing so mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Laugh and sing so mer - ri-ly.
sing your praise. We laugh and sing so mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Laugh and sing so mer - ri-ly.
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Laugh and sing so mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Laugh and sing so mer - ri - ly.


1. A lit-tle word in kindness said, A motion or a tear, Has often healed the heart that's sad, And
2. A word, a look has crushed to earth Full many a budding flower, Which, had a smile but owned its birth, Would
3. Then deem it not an i - dle thing, A pleasant word to speak, The face you wear, the tho'ts you bring, A
made a friend sin - cere, Has oft - en healed the heart that's sad, And made a friend sin - cere.
bless life's dark - est hour, Which had a smile but owned its birth, Would bless life's darkest hour.
heart may heal or break, The face you wear, the tho'ts you bring, A heart may heal or break.

Careless Words.

1 Beware, beware of careless words,
They have a fearful power,
And jar upon the spirit's chords
Through many a weary hour.

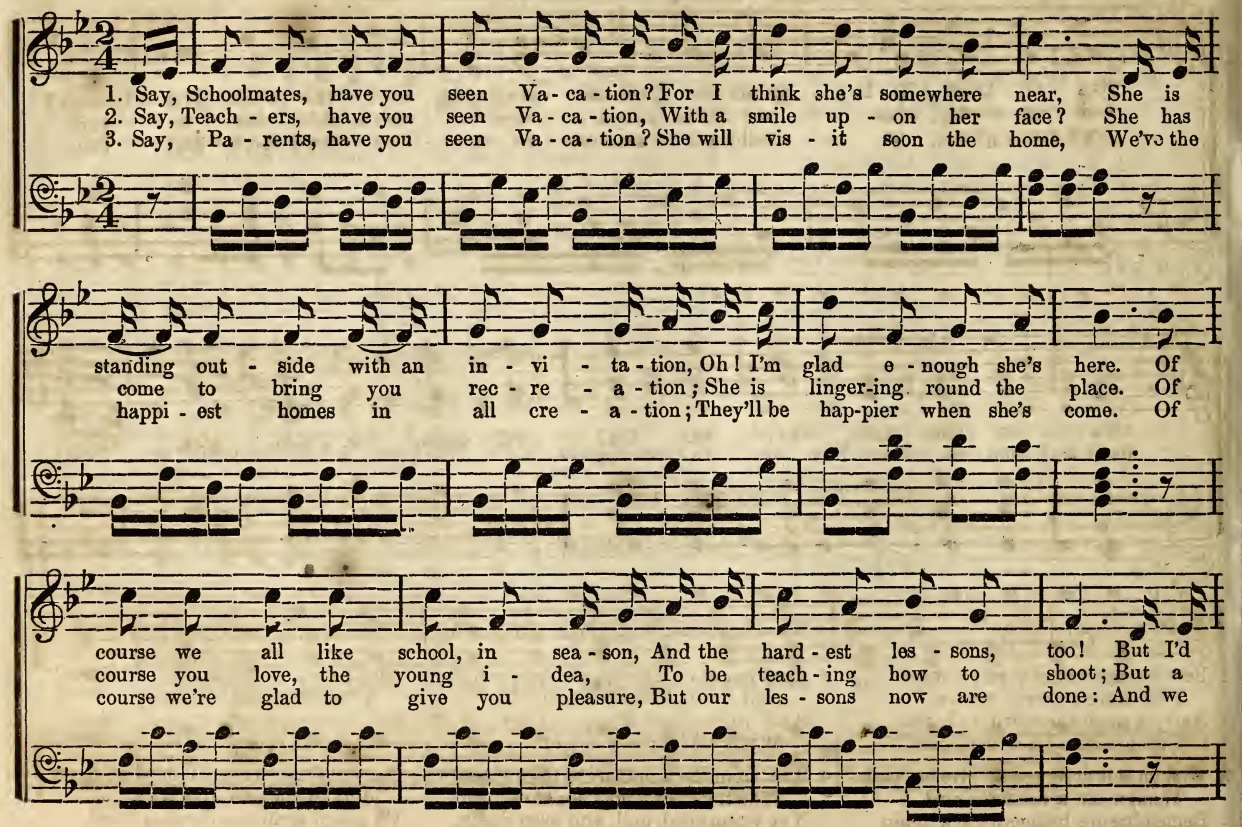
2 Though not designed to give us pain,
Though but a random word,
Remembrance bringeth back again
What once our bosoms stirr'd.

3 They haunt us through the toilsome day,
And through the lonely night,
And rise to cloud the spirit's ray
When all beside is bright.

4 Tho' from the mind and with the breath
Which gave them, they have flown,
Yet wormwood, gall, and even death,
May dwell in every tone.

5 And burning tears may well attest
A sentence lightly framed
May linger, cankering in the breast,
At which it first was aimed.

6 O, could my prayers indeed be heard,—
Might I the past live o'er,
I'd guard against a careless word,
E'en though I spoke no more.

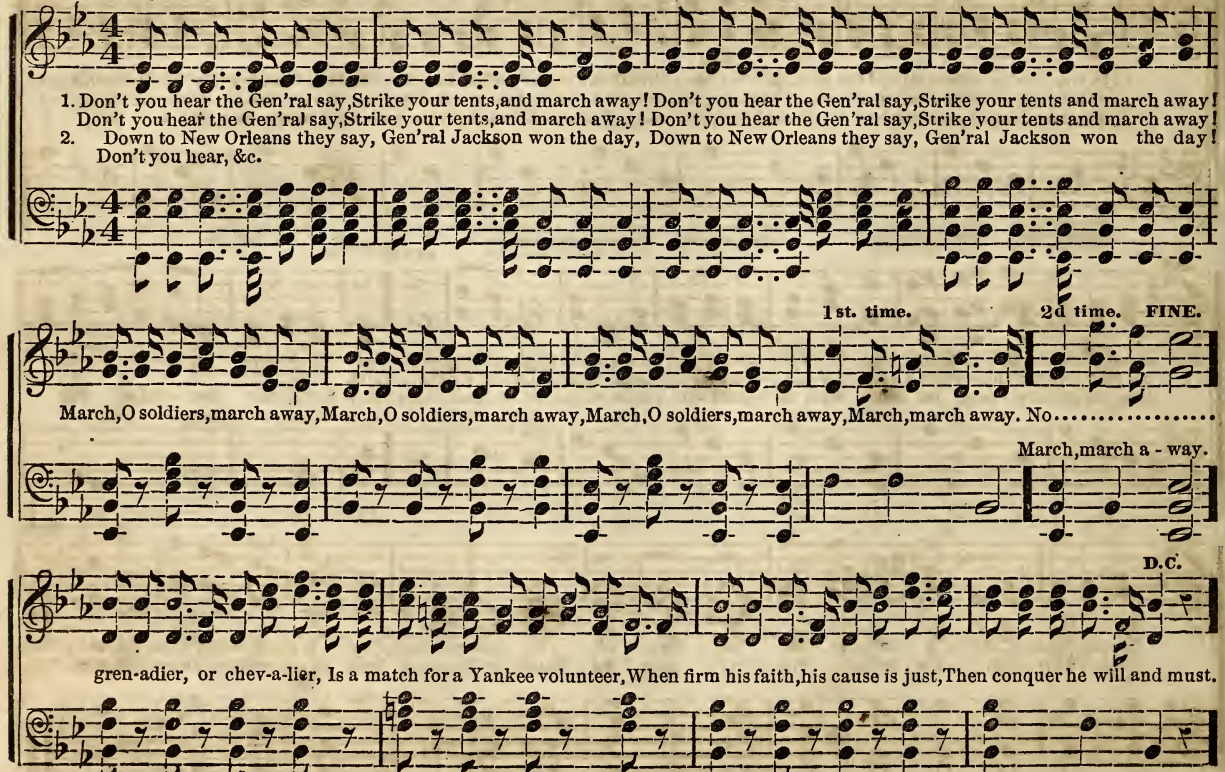

1. Say, Schoolmates, have you seen Va - ca - tion? For I think she's somewhere near, She is
2. Say, Teach - ers, have you seen Va - ca - tion, With a smile up - on her face? She has
3. Say, Pa - rents, have you seen Va - ca - tion? She will vis - it soon the home, We've the
standing out - side with an in - vi - ta - tion, Oh! I'm glad e - nough she's here. Of
come to bring you rec - re - a - tion; She is linger-ing round the place. Of
happi - est homes in all cre - a - tion; They'll be hap-pier when she's come. Of
course we all like school, in sea - son, And the hard - est les - sons, too! But I'd
course you love, the young i - dea, To be teach - ing how to shoot; But a
course we're glad to give you pleasure, But our les - sons now are done: And we

like to know if it stands to reason We should, work the whole year through?
look you wear, when she draws near, Says that's th' i - dea to suit.
hope you'll give us full - est measure Of va - ca - tion's sport and fun,
Va - ca - tion calls, ha! ha! Oh! wel - come her with glee, Hur -
ra! Hur - ra! for va - ca - tion's com - ing, And the week of Ju - bi - lee!

THE GENERALE.

J. C. JOHNSON.

When the drummers pass through a camp, beating the *Generale*, all make ready to strike their tents. At its conclusion, every tent sinks to the earth. This may be sung with a drum accompaniment.

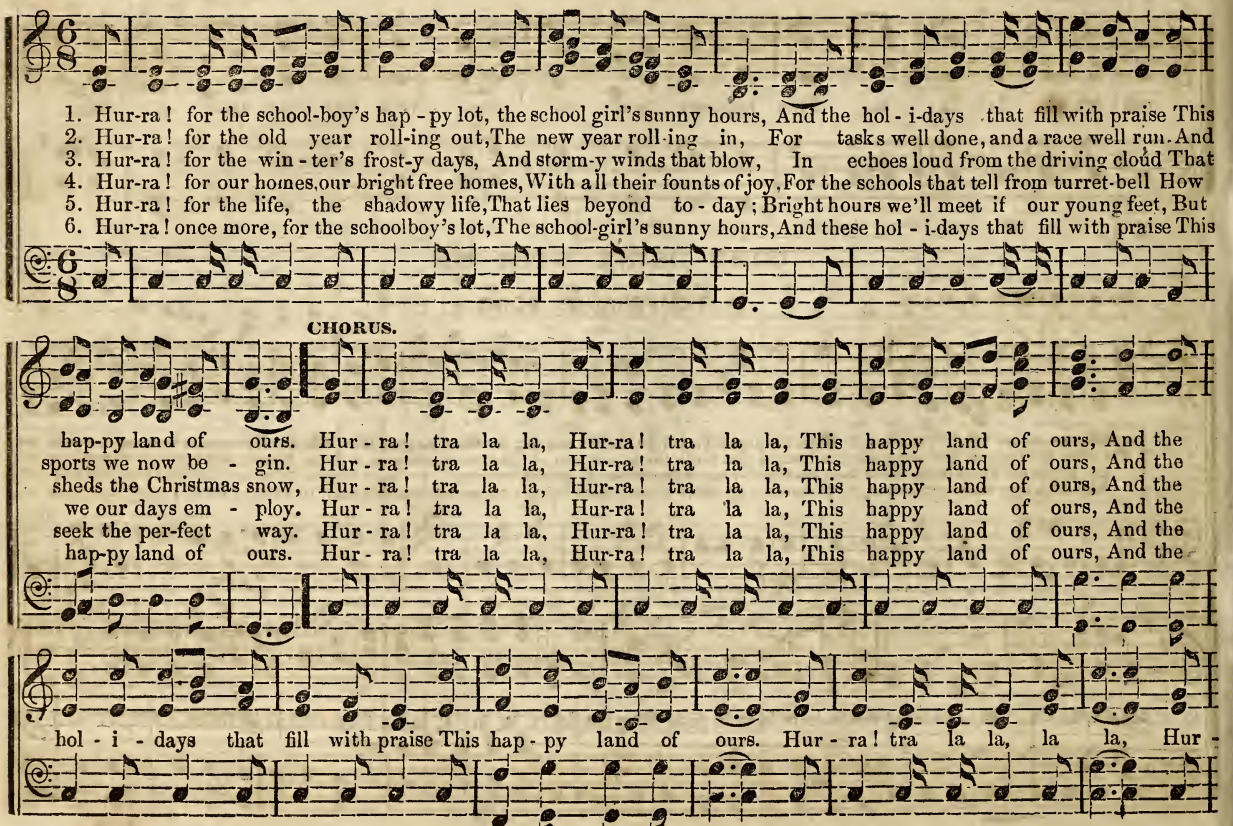

1. Don't you hear the Gen'ral say, Strike your tents, and march away! Don't you hear the Gen'ral say, Strike your tents and march away!
Don't you hear the Gen'ral say, Strike your tents, and march away! Don't you hear the Gen'ral say, Strike your tents and march away!
2. Down to New Orleans they say, Gen'ral Jackson won the day, Down to New Orleans they say, Gen'ral Jackson won the day!
Don't you hear, &c.
1st. time.
2d time.
FINE.
March, O soldiers, march away, March, O soldiers, march away, March, O soldiers, march away, March, march away. No.....
March, march a - way.
D.C.
gren-adier, or chev-a-lier, Is a match for a Yankee volunteer, When firm his faith, his cause is just, Then conquer he will and must.

Words by J. C. JOHNSON.

ISLES OF THE SUMMER SEA.

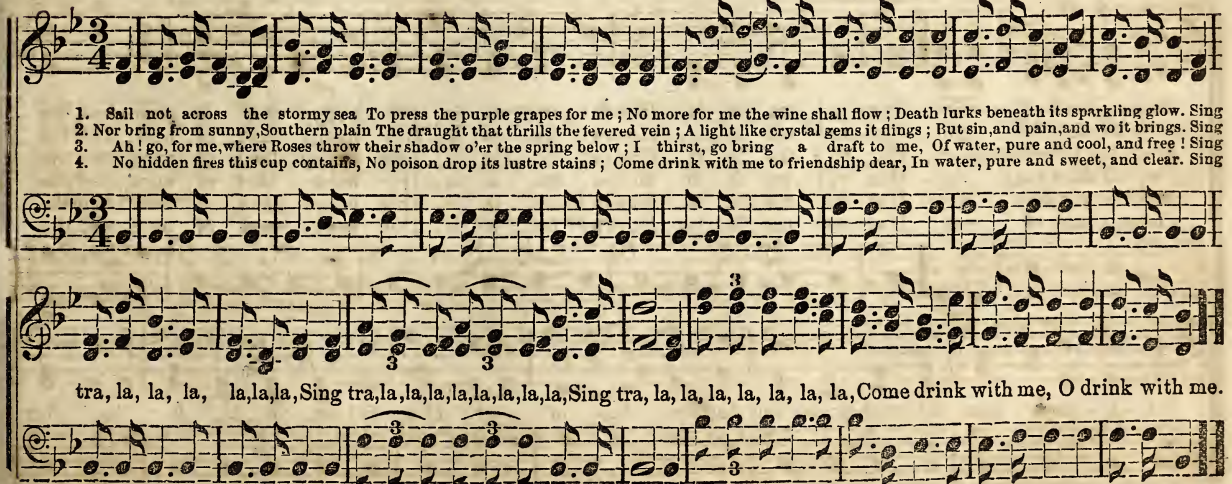
BEETHOVEN.

1. In the calm clear night of the trop - ic I rove, 'Neath the palm tree's shade, near the dark orange grove, While the fair young
O how fair the isles of the bright sum-mer sea, Where no chill, cold winds, where no winter can be, And sweet songs of
2. You may sing of realms where the Frost king holds sway, You may boast of joys in your cold winter day, But I love, I
FINE.
moon leads the star host on high. She's the beauti - ful queen of the mild evening sky. Her sil - ver-y light doth the
evening, sweet hymns shall a - rise, Giv-ing thanks for our home 'neath the soft southern skies.
love our green is - land far more, With its beauti - ful palms on the white coral shore; How fair is the eve - ning, yon
D.C.
o-cean illume, While a - far o'er the wa ters, all rich with perfume, Stray - breezes coolly from for - est gloom.
planet how bright, That a - far o'er the o - cean dif - fuseth its light, O long en - dure, thou sweet summer night!

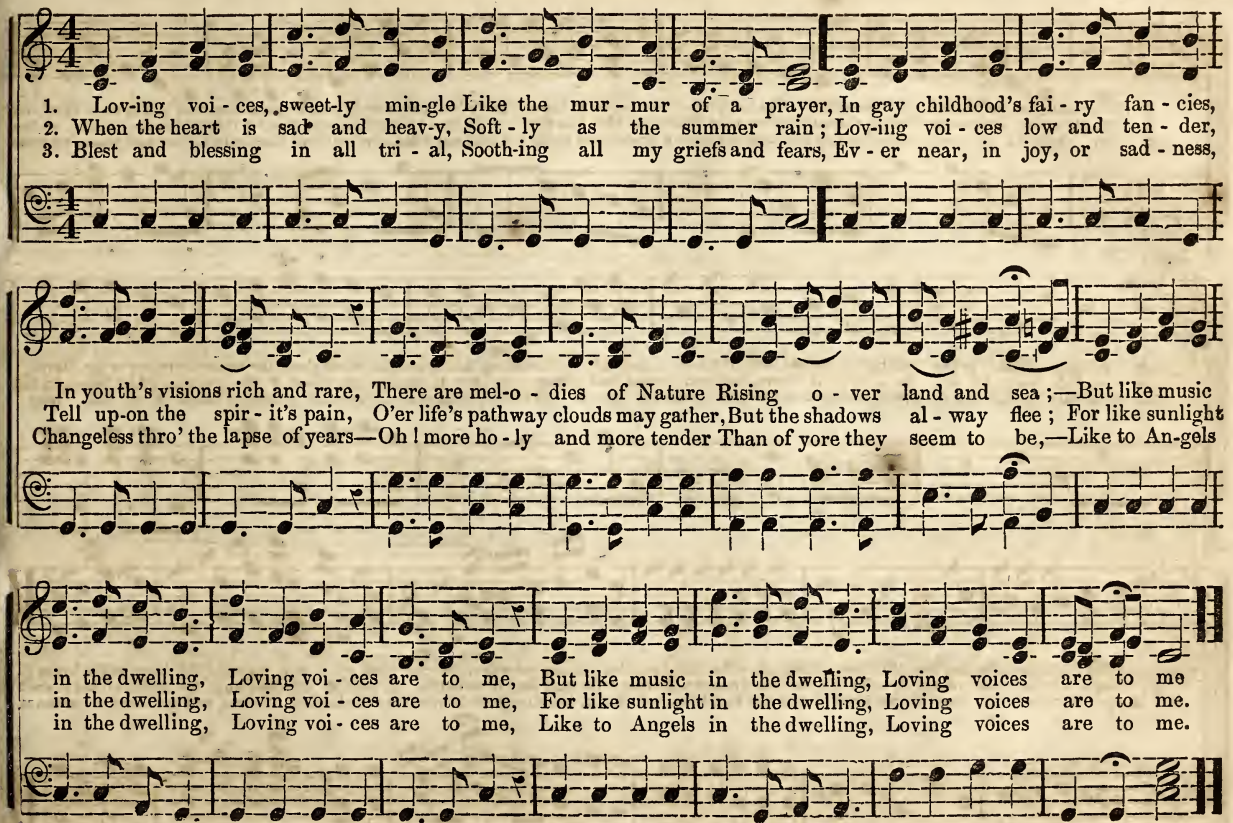

1. Hur-ra! for the school-boy's hap - py lot, the school girl's sunny hours, And the hol - i-days that fill with praise This
2. Hur-ra! for the old year roll-ing out, The new year roll-ing in, For tasks well done, and a race well run. And
3. Hur-ra! for the win - ter's frost-y days, And storm-y winds that blow, In echoes loud from the driving cloud That
4. Hur-ra! for our homes, our bright free homes, With all their founts of joy, For the schools that tell from turret-bell How
5. Hur-ra! for the life, the shadowy life, That lies beyond to - day; Bright hours we'll meet if our young feet, But
6. Hur-ra! once more, for the schoolboy's lot, The school-girl's sunny hours, And these hol - i-days that fill with praise This
CHORUS.
hap-py land of ours. Hur - ra! tra la la, Hur-ra! tra la la, This happy land of ours, And the
sports we now be - gin. Hur - ra! tra la la, Hur-ra! tra la la, This happy land of ours, And the
sheds the Christmas snow, Hur - ra! tra la la, Hur-ra! tra la la, This happy land of ours, And the
we our days em - ploy. Hur - ra! tra la la, Hur-ra! tra la la, This happy land of ours, And the
seek the per-fect way. Hur - ra! tra la la, Hur-ra! tra la la, This happy land of ours, And the
hap-py land of ours. Hur - ra! tra la la, Hur-ra! tra la la, This happy land of ours, And the
hol - i - days that fill with praise This hap - py land of ours. Hur - ra! tra la la, la la, Hur -

COME DRINK WITH ME.

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE. A TEMPERANCE SONG.


1. Sail not across the stormy sea To press the purple grapes for me ; No more for me the wine shall flow ; Death lurks beneath its sparkling glow. Sing
2. Nor bring from sunny, Southern plain The draught that thrills the fevered vein ; A light like crystal gems it flings ; But sin, and pain, and wo it brings. Sing
3. Ah! go, for me, where Roses throw their shadow o'er the spring below ; I thirst, go bring a draft to me, Of water, pure and cool, and free ! Sing
4. No hidden fires this cup contains, No poison drop its lustre stains ; Come drink with me to friendship dear, In water, pure and sweet, and clear. Sing
tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Come drink with me, O drink with me.

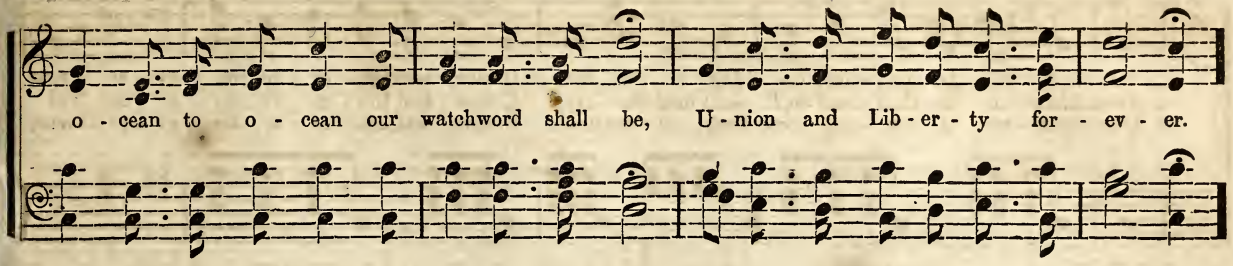
1. Oh say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
2. On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze o'er the
3. Oh thus be it ev-er, when freemen shall stand Between their loved home and foul war's des - o - lation; Blest with vic'try and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, Were so gallant - ly streaming, And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half disclos - es; Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
Heav'n res-cued land Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a na - tion; Then conquer we must, when our Cause is so just, And
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there; Oh say, does the Star-Spangled Banner yet wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
glo-ry reflected now shines on the stream! 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; Oh long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
this be our motto,—"In God is our trust;" And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!


1. Lov-ing voi - ces, sweet-ly min-gle Like the mur - mur of a prayer, In gay childhood's fai - ry fan - cies,
2. When the heart is sad and heav-y, Soft - ly as the summer rain; Lov-ing voi - ces low and ten - der,
3. Blest and blessing in all tri - al, Sooth-ing all my griefs and fears, Ev - er near, in joy, or sad - ness,
In youth's visions rich and rare, There are mel-o - dies of Nature Rising o - ver land and sea;—But like music
Tell up-on the spir - it's pain, O'er life's pathway clouds may gather, But the shadows al - way flee; For like sunlight
Changeless thro' the lapse of years—Oh! more ho - ly and more tender Than of yore they seem to be,—Like to An-gels
in the dwelling, Loving voi - ces are to me, But like music in the dwelling, Loving voices are to me
in the dwelling, Loving voi - ces are to me, For like sunlight in the dwelling, Loving voices are to me.
in the dwelling, Loving voi - ces are to me, Like to Angels in the dwelling, Loving voices are to me.

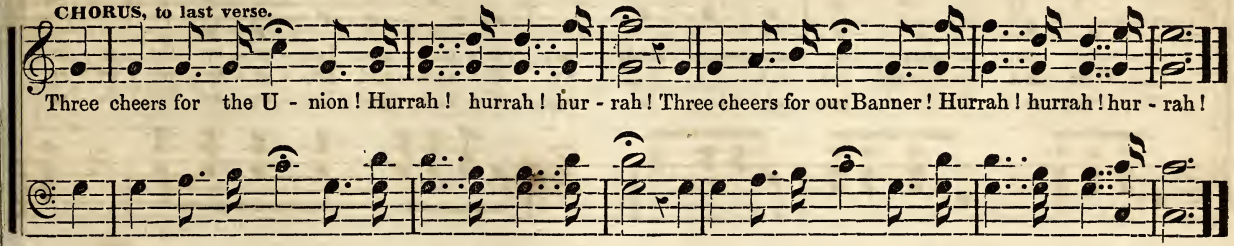
UNION AND LIBERTY FOREVER.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Un - furl wide the ban - ner, the flag of the free, U-nion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er; From
2. From Lake to the Gulf - land we'll send forth the cry, U-nion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er; Till
3. Our Coun - try is call - ing, come forth, all ye brave, U-nion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er; Come,
o - cean to o - cean our watchword shall be, U - nion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er;
East, West and Southward the ech - o shall fly, U - nion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er;
Pat - riots and Broth-ers, the na - tion to save, U - nion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er;
CHORUS. with spirit.
Hur - rah, for the U - nion, the Stripes and the Stars! Down with se - ces-sion, the Stars and the Bars! From



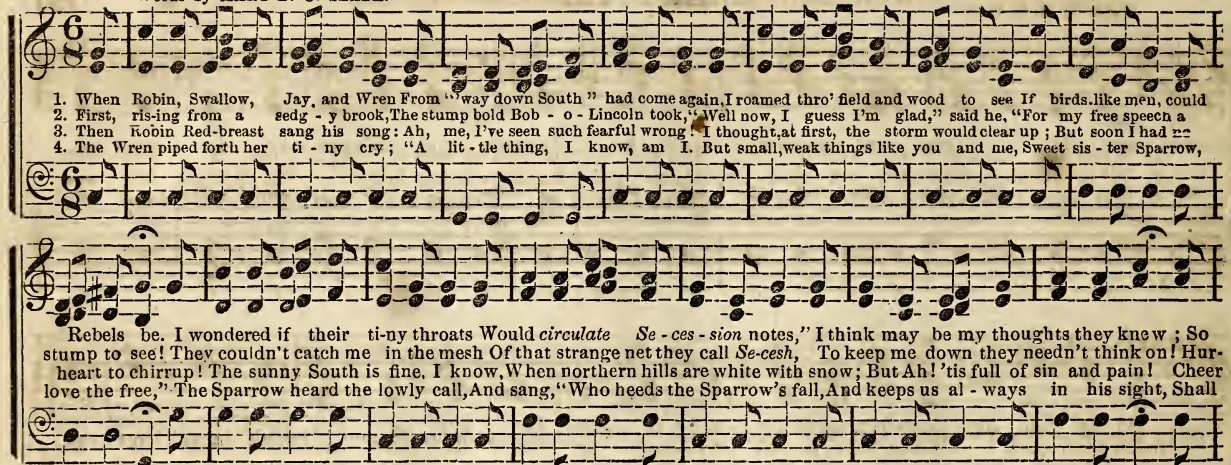
CHORUS, to last verse.



4 Come, foes of oppresssion, stand forth in your might,
Union and Liberty forever;
And battle for Freedom, for God, and the right,
Union and Liberty forever;
CHORUS.—Hurrah, for the Union, the Stripes and the Stars,
Down with secession, the Stars and the Bars!
From ocean to ocean our watchword shall be,
Union and Liberty forever.

5 We'll crush out the traitors, the loyal shall reign,
Union and Liberty forever;
Then shout forth the triumph o'er ocean and main,
Union and Liberty forever;
CHORUS.—Three cheers for the Union!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Three cheers for our Banner!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

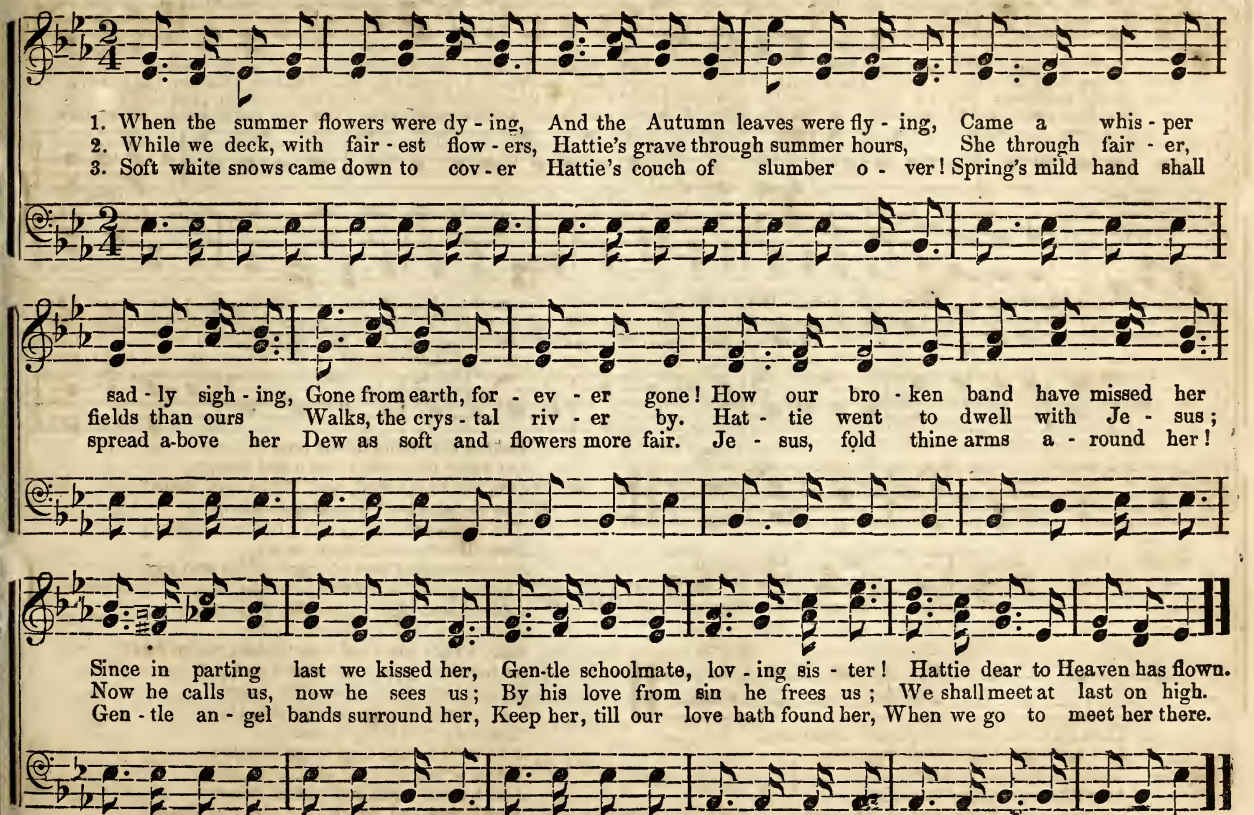
Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.


1. When Robin, Swallow, Jay, and Wren From "way down South" had come again, I roamed thro' field and wood to see If birds like men, could
2. First, ris-ing from a sedg-y brook, The stump bold Bob-o-Lincoln took, "Well now, I guess I'm glad," said he. "For my free speech a
3. Then Robin Red-breast sang his song: Ah, me, I've seen such fearful wrong! I thought, at first, the storm would clear up; But soon I had no
4. The Wren piped forth her ti-ny cry; "A lit-tle thing, I know, am I. But small, weak things like you and me, Sweet sis-ter Sparrow,
Rebels be. I wondered if their ti-ny throats Would *circulate Se-ces-sion* notes," I think may be my thoughts they knew; So
stump to see! They couldn't catch me in the mesh Of that strange net they call *Se-cesh*, To keep me down they needn't think on! Hur-
heart to chirrup! The sunny South is fine, I know, When northern hills are white with snow; But Ah! 'tis full of sin and pain! Cheer
love the free," The Sparrow heard the lowly call, And sang, "Who heeds the Sparrow's fall, And keeps us al-ways in his sight, Shall
what they sang, I'll sing to you.
rah for Bob-and-A-bram-Lin-coln!"
up! cheer up! we're home a-gain!
hear me sing, "God speed the right."

5 Then Jay the *Blue*-bird joined the throng,
And bade the *White*-dove fly along,
And Oriole with throat of *red*;
And then exultingly he said,
"Come loyal birds, and as we stand,
Behold the colors of our land!
Let every bird that's brave and true,
Sing, cheer the Red, and White and Blue!"

6 The sky o'erhead was blue and bright,
The north wind sang o'er plain and height;
The rill went singing on its way,
And leaves and flowers were bright and gay.
The rock and wood and meadow rang
As loud and clear and sweet they sang;
And every bird, it seemed to me,
Said, Praise the Lord! we're free, we're free!

7 As homeward then my way I took,
By fragrant wood or marshy brook,
I wondered why in God's great plan,
The only *rebel* thing is man!
And then I said, God speed the day
When wrong and sin shall pass away,
And human strife and tumult cease,
And North and South sing songs of Peace!


1. When the summer flowers were dy - ing, And the Autumn leaves were fly - ing, Came a whis - per
2. While we deck, with fair - est flow - ers, Hattie's grave through summer hours, She through fair - er,
3. Soft white snows came down to cov - er Hattie's couch of slumber o - ver! Spring's mild hand shall
sad - ly sigh - ing, Gone from earth, for - ev - er gone! How our bro - ken band have missed her
fields than ours Walks, the crys - tal riv - er by. Hat - tie went to dwell with Je - sus;
spread a-bove her Dew as soft and flowers more fair. Je - sus, fold thine arms a - round her!
Since in parting last we kissed her, Gen-tle schoolmate, lov - ing sis - ter! Hattie dear to Heaven has flown.
Now he calls us, now he sees us; By his love from sin he frees us; We shall meet at last on high.
Gen - tle an - gel bands surround her, Keep her, till our love hath found her, When we go to meet her there.

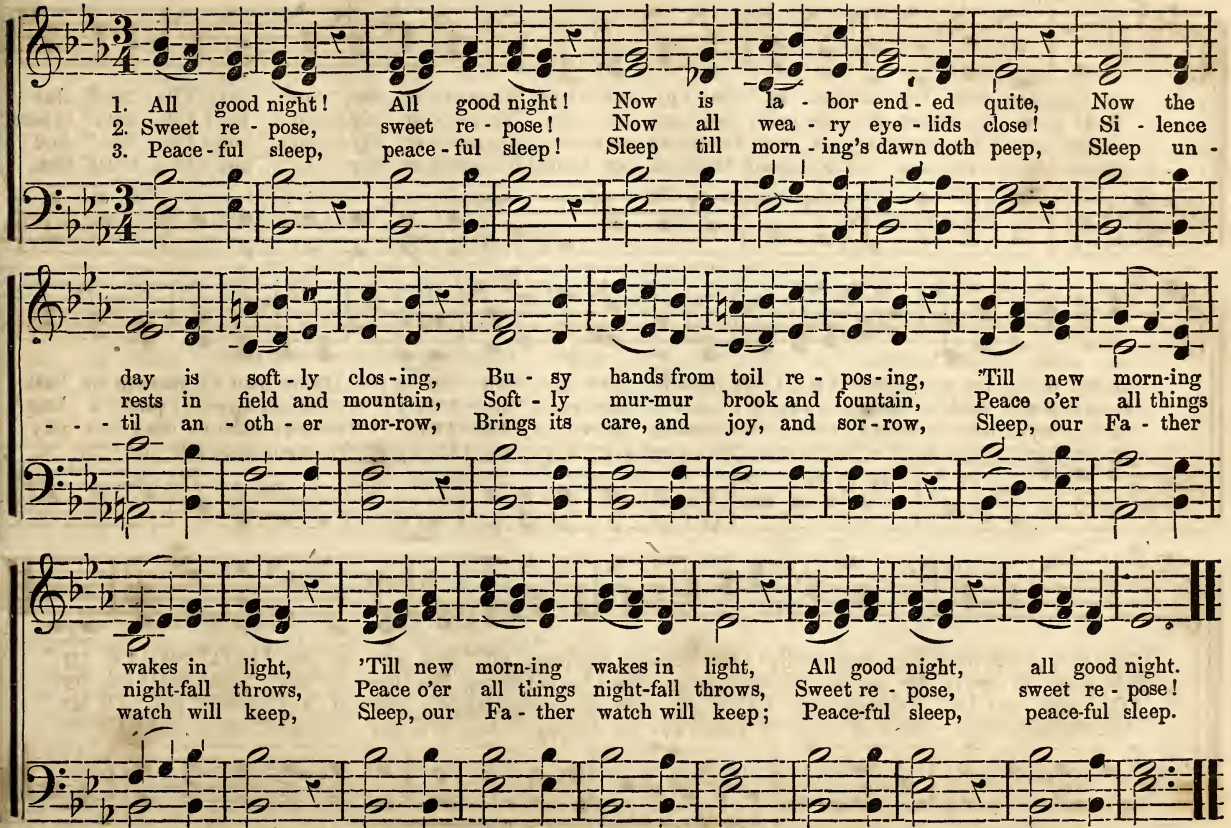
THE TRY COMPANY.

Words by NANCY L. COULTER. Arr. by W. O. PERKINS.

Allegretto.

1. We are the Try children, so hap - py and bright; We nev - er say "can't," but "I'll try;" Our
2. If we have long, dif - fi - cult les - sons to say, We nev - er say "can't," but "I'll try;" Where
3. On each Sab - bath day at our school we convene We nev - er say "can't," but "I'll try;" And
4. And when we are told to make heav - en our home, We nev - er say "can't," but "I'll try;" But
motto it is, and we know it is right, We nev - er say "can't," but "I'll try;" Ma-ny men whom great we call
there is a will, there is always a way, We nev - er say "can't," but "I'll try;" "Onward, upward, push a - long,"
be the day cloudy, or calm and serene, We nev - er say, "can't," but "I'll try;" There we learn to sing and pray,
to our dear Saviour we'll willingly come, We never say "can't," but "I'll try;" Then our lives will use - ful be,
Chose this phrase when they were small, "Perse-ver-ance conquers all," We nev - er say "can't" but "I'll try."
This shall al - ways be my song, Though we're neither big nor strong, We nev - er say "can't," but "I'll try."
On the ho - ly Sabbath day. Be our du - ties what they may, We nev - er say "can't," but "I'll try."
And throughout e - ter - ni - ty, We shall ev - er hap-py be, We nev - er say "can't," but "I'll try."

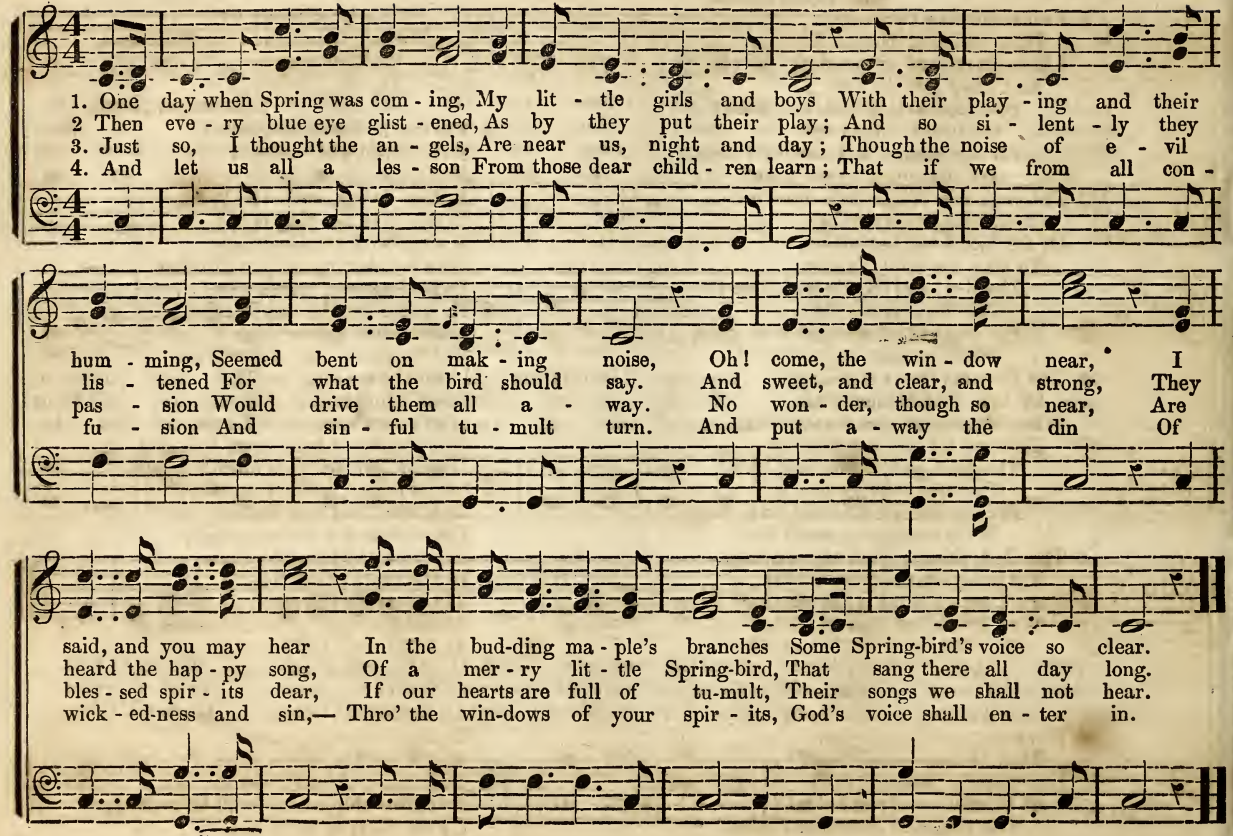
* From Sabbath School Trumpet, by permission.


1. All good night! All good night! Now is la - bor end - ed quite, Now the
2. Sweet re - pose, sweet re - pose! Now all wea - ry eye - lids close! Si - lence
3. Peace - ful sleep, peace - ful sleep! Sleep till morn - ing's dawn doth peep, Sleep un -
day is soft - ly clos - ing, Bu - sy hands from toil re - pos - ing, 'Till new morn-ing
rests in field and mountain, Soft - ly mur-mur brook and fountain, Peace o'er all things
- - - til an - oth - er mor-row, Brings its care, and joy, and sor - row, Sleep, our Fa - ther
wakes in light, 'Till new morn-ing wakes in light, All good night, all good night.
night-fall throws, Peace o'er all things night-fall throws, Sweet re - pose, sweet re - pose!
watch will keep, Sleep, our Fa - ther watch will keep; Peace-ful sleep, peace-ful sleep.

Words by M. B. C. S.

BIRDS AND ANGELS.

Tune, ANNIE LAURIE.


1. One day when Spring was com - ing, My lit - tle girls and boys With their play - ing and their
2 Then eve - ry blue eye glist - ened, As by they put their play; And so si - lent - ly they
3. Just so, I thought the an - gels, Are near us, night and day; Though the noise of e - vil
4. And let us all a les - son From those dear child - ren learn; That if we from all con -
hum - ming, Seemed bent on mak - ing noise, Oh! come, the win - dow near, I
lis - tened For what the bird should say. And sweet, and clear, and strong, They
pas - sion Would drive them all a - way. No won - der, though so near, Are
fu - sion And sin - ful tu - mult turn. And put a - way the din Of
said, and you may hear In the bud-ding ma - ple's branches Some Spring-bird's voice so clear.
heard the hap - py song, Of a mer - ry lit - tle Spring-bird, That sang there all day long.
bles - sed spir - its dear, If our hearts are full of tu-mult, Their songs we shall not hear.
wick - ed-ness and sin,— Thro' the win-dows of your spir - its, God's voice shall en - ter in.

UNFURL OUR FLAG.

Words by M. B. C. S.

Tune ANNIE LAURIE.

1 Unfurl our flag before us,
Fling wide our banner fair;
Let the stars and stripes float o'er us,
And gaily kiss the air.
The Red, and White, and Blue!
Oh! let it freely fly.
For our banner and our love, boys,
We'll conquer or we'll die!

2 The gleaming White shall mind me
Of one fair, snowy brow;
Of the face I left behind me,
To take the soldier's vow.
The Red, and White and Blue!
Oh! let it freely fly.
For our banner and our love, boys,
We'll conquer or we'll die!

3 The Blue my heart is telling,
Of that dear maiden's eye;
When the tear of love was swelling,
Through all our last good-by.
The Red, and White and Blue!
Oh! let it freely fly.
For our banner and our love, boys
We'll conquer or we'll die!

4 The Red, though tears are starting,
Yet brings it thoughts of bliss,
For we crowned the wo of parting
With love's last blushing kiss.
The Red, and White and Blue!
Oh! let it freely fly,
For our banner and our love, boys,
We'll conquer or we'll die.

5 Float on, our flag of glory,
That, in the waving folds,
Every soldier's secret story
Of blissful memories holds.
The Red, and White and Blue!
Oh! let it freely fly.
For our banner and our love, boys,
We'll conquer or we'll die.

My Soldier Brother.

Tune, ANNIE LAURIE.

1 The sun in lowest heaven,
Went sinking to his rest;
And the crimson clouds of even
Sailed, slowly, down the West;
When, o'er the purple bay,
A ship, with streamers gay,
Bore my darling Soldier Brother
To the southern wars away.

2 He knew that he was braving
The strife of stormy seas;
But the starry flag was waving
Upon the evening breeze.
I saw the tear mist rise
O'er youth's unclouded eyes,
But a smile of hope came beaming
Like the sun through Morning skies.

3 Oh! Brother, Soldier brother!
Be noble, true and brave!
Leave thou not for any other,
The work thy Country gave.
In the army of the free,
The bravest soldier be';
And the prayers of loving sisters,
At home shall rise for thee.

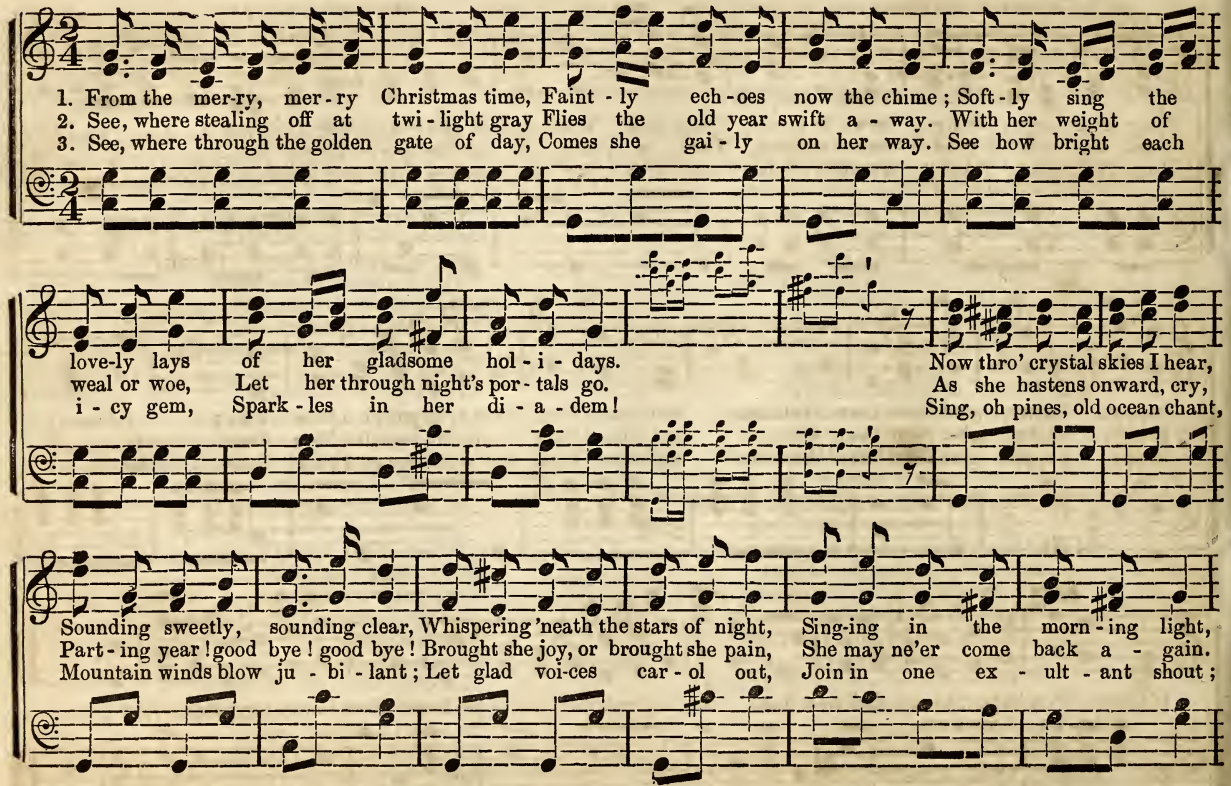
4 More near than any other,
To shelter him from harm,
All around my soldier brother,
Be God's almighty arm!
And when the war is done,
And peace, through victory, won,
Bring the ship where we'll be waiting,
Up the Bay, at set of sun.

Words by M. B. C. S.

HAPPY, HAPPY GLAD NEW YEAR.

SONG OR DUET.

Arr. from S. GLOVER.


1. From the mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas time, Faint-ly ech-oes now the chime; Soft-ly sing the
2. See, where stealing off at twi-light gray Flies the old year swift a-way. With her weight of
3. See, where through the golden gate of day, Comes she gai-ly on her way. See how bright each
love-ly lays of her gladsome hol-i-days.
weal or woe, Let her through night's por-tals go.
i-cy gem, Spark-les in her di-a-dem!
Now thro' crystal skies I hear,
As she hastens onward, cry,
Sing, oh pines, old ocean chant,
Sounding sweetly, sounding clear, Whispering 'neath the stars of night,
Part-ing year! good bye! good bye! Brought she joy, or brought she pain,
Mountain winds blow ju-bi-lant; Let glad voi-ces car-ol out,
Sing-ing in the morn-ing light,
She may ne'er come back a-gain.
Join in one ex-ult-ant shout;

Notes from harp - strings new - ly strung, Tones and ac-cents fresh and young, Tell me, what is this I hear? The
Turn we now from her a - way, Turn to where, with car - ols gay, Lightly danc-ing, draweth near The
Ring, ye bells your sweetest chime; Crown with joy the mer-ry time: For, advancing, now draws near The
happy, happy, glad New Year! Welcome! wel-come! thou happy, happy glad New Year; Welcome!
happy, happy, glad New Year! Welcome! wel-come! thou happy, happy glad New Year; Welcome!
happy, happy, glad New Year! Welcome! wel-come! thou happy, happy glad New Year; Welcome!
Welcome! thou happy, happy glad New Year! Thou happy, happy glad New Year! Thou happy, happy glad New Year!

HAIL, JOYOUS MORN.

I. S. WHITNEY.

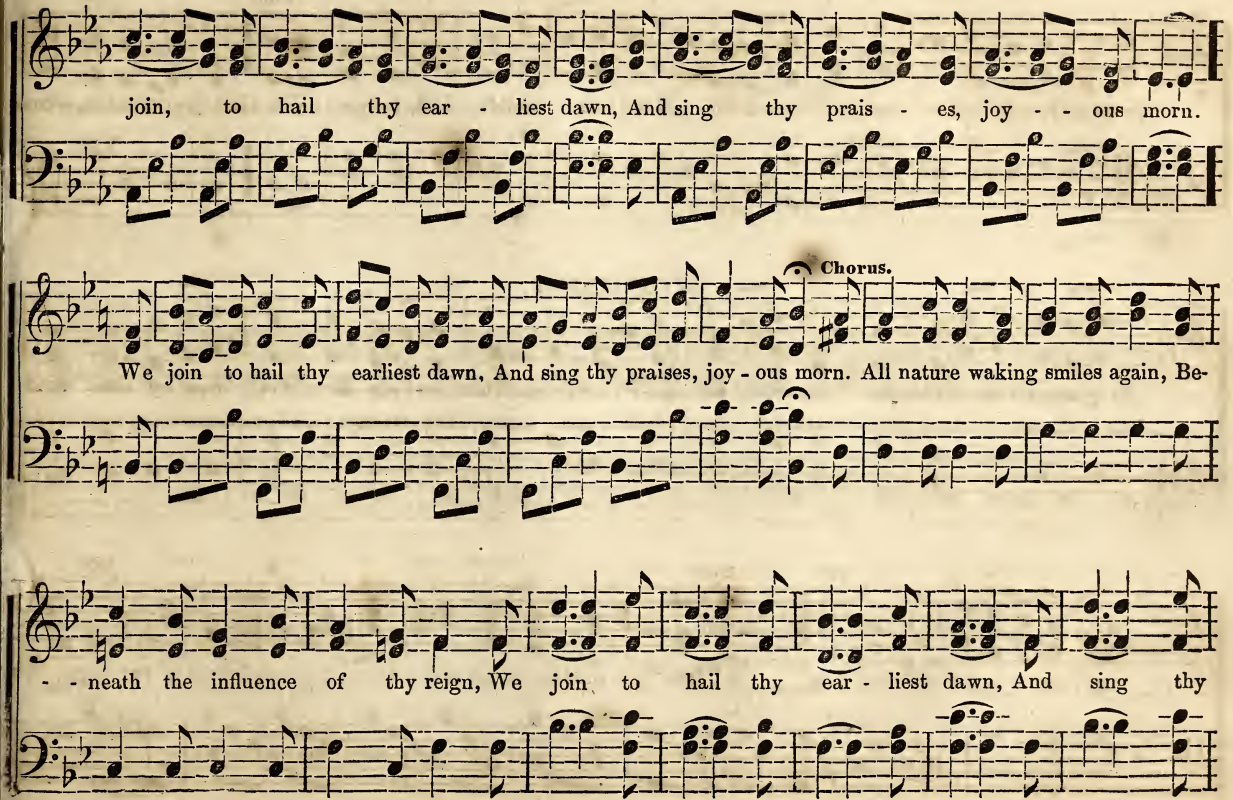
Fine.

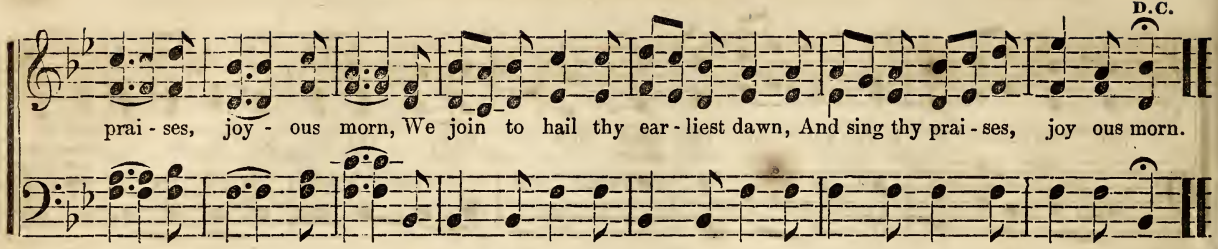
1. Hail! hail! hail! hail, joy-ous morn, Hail! hail! hail! hail, joyous morn, Hail, joyous morn, whose

glances bright, The hill-tops crown with gold-en light, While swift-ly from the ro-sy skies, And

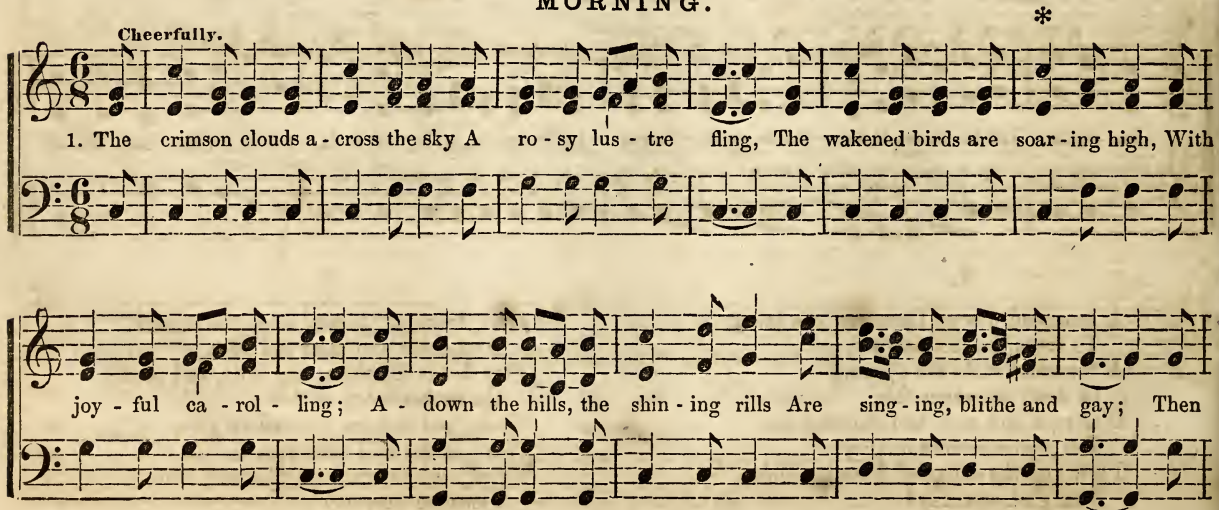
Duet.

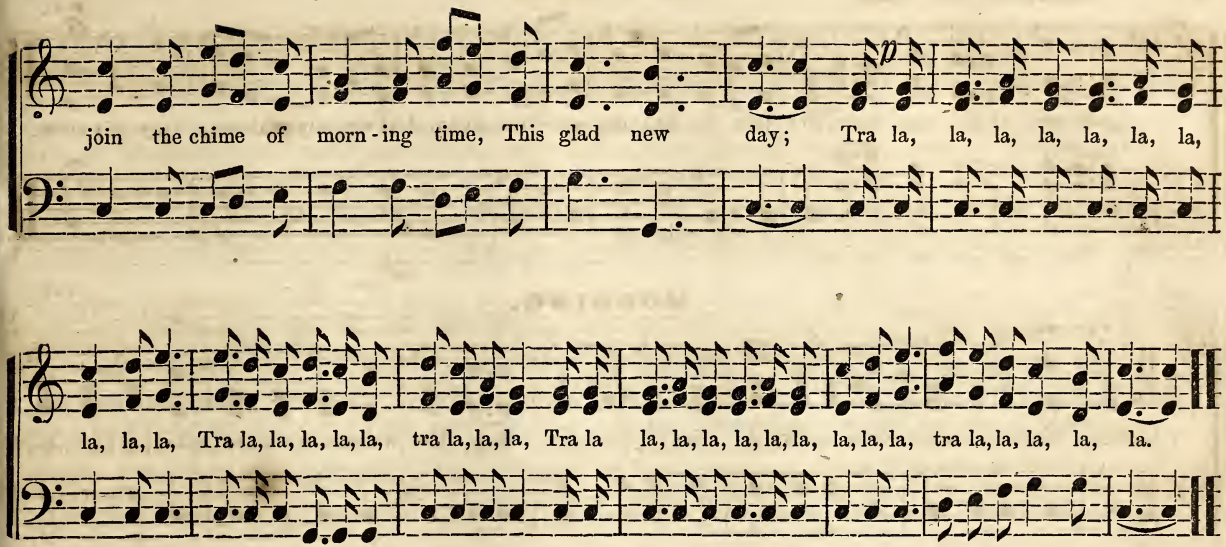
dart-ing rays, the darkness flies. All na-ture waking, smiles again, Beneath the influence of thy reign, We


join, to hail thy ear - liest dawn, And sing thy prais - es, joy - - ous morn.
Chorus.
We join to hail thy earliest dawn, And sing thy praises, joy - ous morn. All nature waking smiles again, Be-
- - neath the influence of thy reign, We join to hail thy ear - liest dawn, And sing thy


D.C.
prai - ses, joy - ous morn, We join to hail thy ear - liest dawn, And sing thy prai - ses, joy ous morn.

MORNING.


Cheerfully.
*
1. The crimson clouds a - cross the sky A ro - sy lus - tre fling, The wakened birds are soar - ing high, With
joy - ful ca - rol - ling; A - down the hills, the shin - ing rills Are sing - ing, blithe and gay; Then


join the chime of morn-ing time, This glad new day; Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
p
la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, tra la, la, la, Tra la la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra la, la, la, la, la.

2.

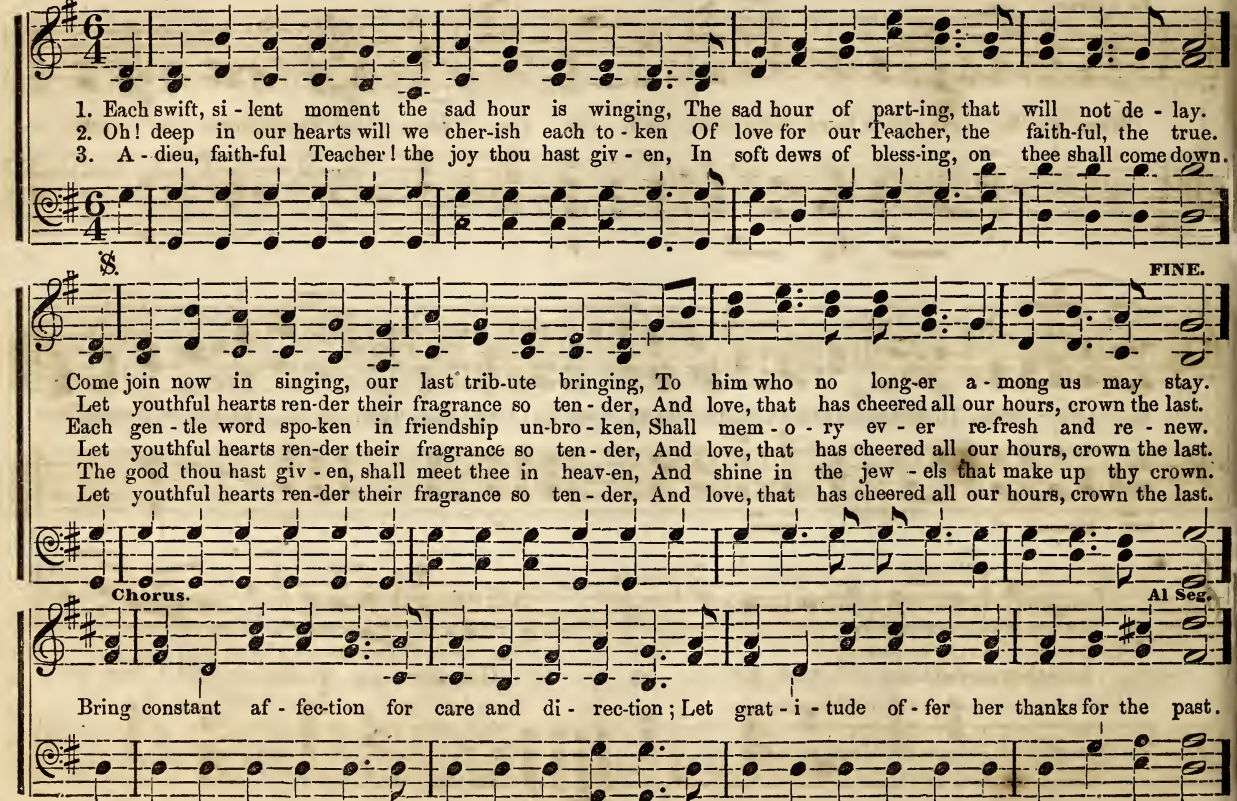
A thousand flowers their perfume bring,
To scent the morning air,
A thousand buds are opening
In dewy fragrance fair,
O'er rock and tree, and dancing sea,
The joyous sunbeams play.
Then join the chime of Morning time,
This glad new day!

3.

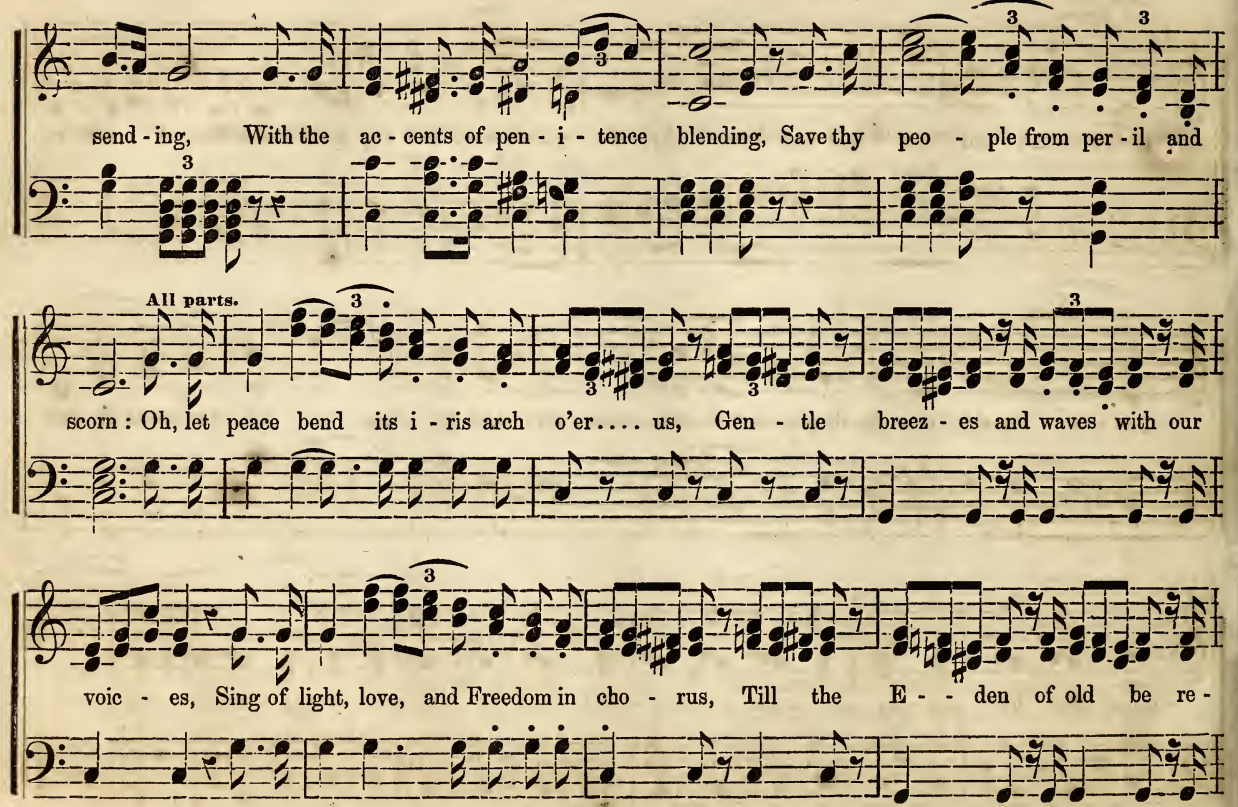
Oh! break of drowsy sleep the chains
And come and taste the bliss,
That floods the vales, and hills, and plains,
On such a morn as this.
When land and sea are full of glee,
No longer will we stay.
Then join the chime of Morning time,
This glad new day!

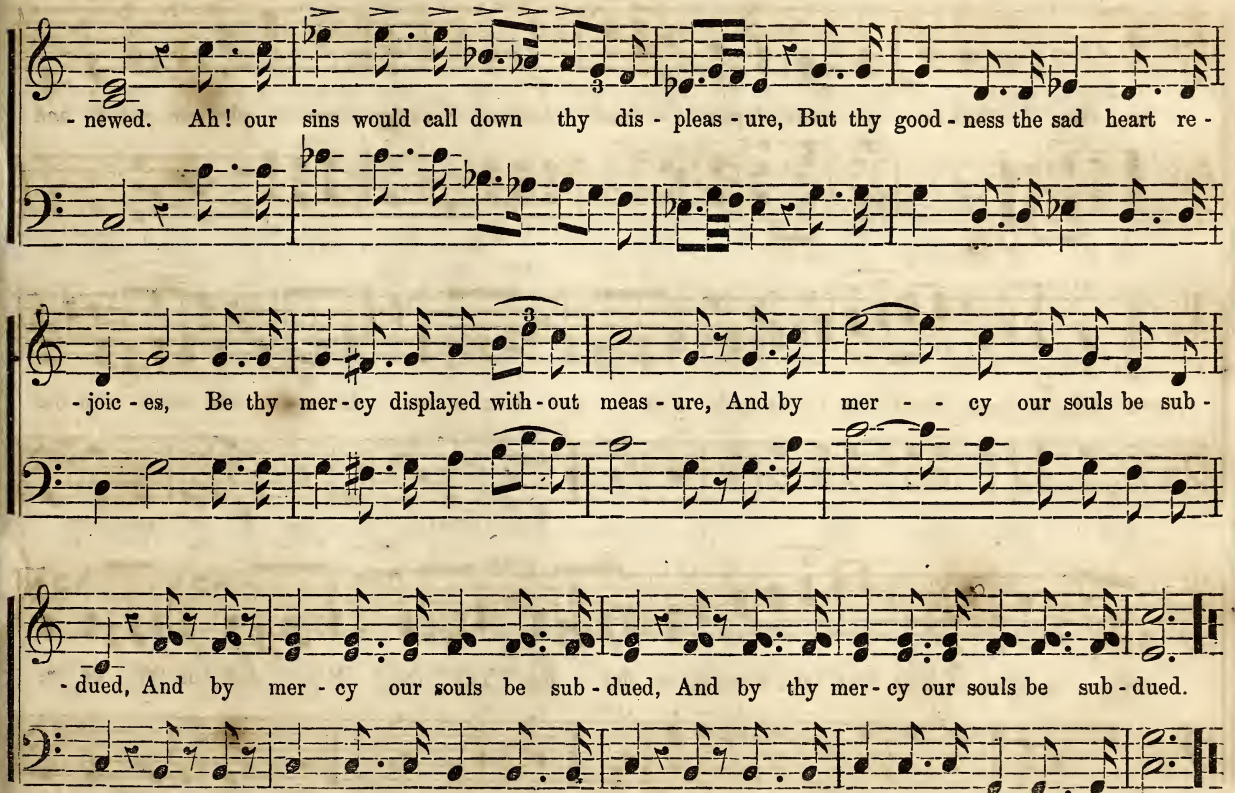
Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.

FAREWELL.


1. Each swift, si - lent moment the sad hour is winging, The sad hour of part-ing, that will not de - lay.
2. Oh! deep in our hearts will we cher-ish each to - ken Of love for our Teacher, the faith-ful, the true.
3. A - dieu, faith-ful Teacher! the joy thou hast giv - en, In soft dews of bless-ing, on thee shall come down.
D.S.
FINE.
Come join now in singing, our last trib-ute bringing, To him who no long-er a - mong us may stay.
Let youthful hearts ren-der their fragrance so ten - der, And love, that has cheered all our hours, crown the last.
Each gen - tle word spo-ken in friendship un-bro - ken, Shall mem - o - ry ev - er re-fresh and re - new.
Let youthful hearts ren-der their fragrance so ten - der, And love, that has cheered all our hours, crown the last.
The good thou hast giv - en, shall meet thee in heav-en, And shine in the jew - els that make up thy crown.
Let youthful hearts ren-der their fragrance so ten - der, And love, that has cheered all our hours, crown the last.
Chorus.
Al Seg.
Bring constant af - fec-tion for care and di - rec-tion; Let grat - i - tude of - fer her thanks for the past.

Slow.
In Unison.
From a - far, gra - cious Lord, thou didst gath - er Thy flock, on these shores of the
o - - - - cean, Thee they owned as their God and their Fa - ther; And when left.... in the wild waste for -
- lorn, Still they served thee, with stead - fast de - vo - - tion. Hear the cry which their chil - dren are

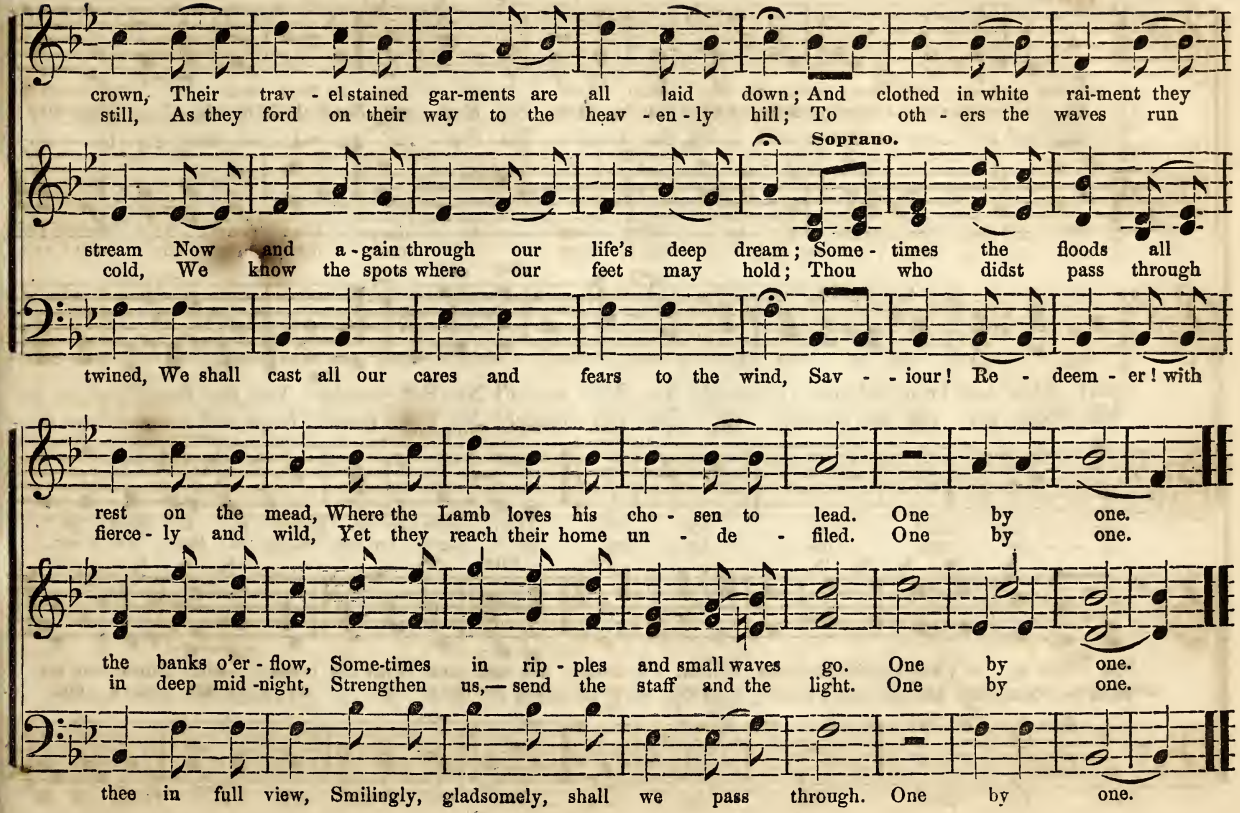

send - ing, With the ac - cents of pen - i - tence blending, Save thy peo - ple from per - il and
All parts.
scorn : Oh, let peace bend its i - ris arch o'er.... us, Gen - tle breez - es and waves with our
voic - es, Sing of light, love, and Freedom in cho - rus, Till the E - - den of old be re -


- newed. Ah! our sins would call down thy dis - pleas - ure, But thy good - ness the sad heart re -
- joic - es, Be thy mer - cy displayed with - out meas - ure, And by mer - - - cy our souls be sub -
- dued, And by mer - cy our souls be sub - dued, And by thy mer - cy our souls be sub - dued.

THE GATHERING HOME.

T. WOOD.

Lively.
One by one.
1. They're gathering homeward from ev-ery land, One by one: As their wea - ry feet touch the
2. Be - fore they rest they pass through the strife, One by one, Through the waters of death they
3. We too shall come to the riv - er side, One by one; We near its waters each
4. Je - sus, Re - deem - er! we look to thee, One by one; We lift our voic - es
One by one.
5. Plant thou thy feet be - side as we tread, One by one; On thee let us lean each
One by one.
Duet. Soprano.
shin - - ing sand, One by one, Their brows are en - closed in a gold - en
en - - ter life, One by one. To some are the floods of the riv - er
Alto.
ev - en - tide, One by one, We can hear the noise and dash of the
trem - bling - ly, One by one; The waves or the riv - er are dark and
One by one.
droop - ing head, One by one; Let thy strong arm a - round us be

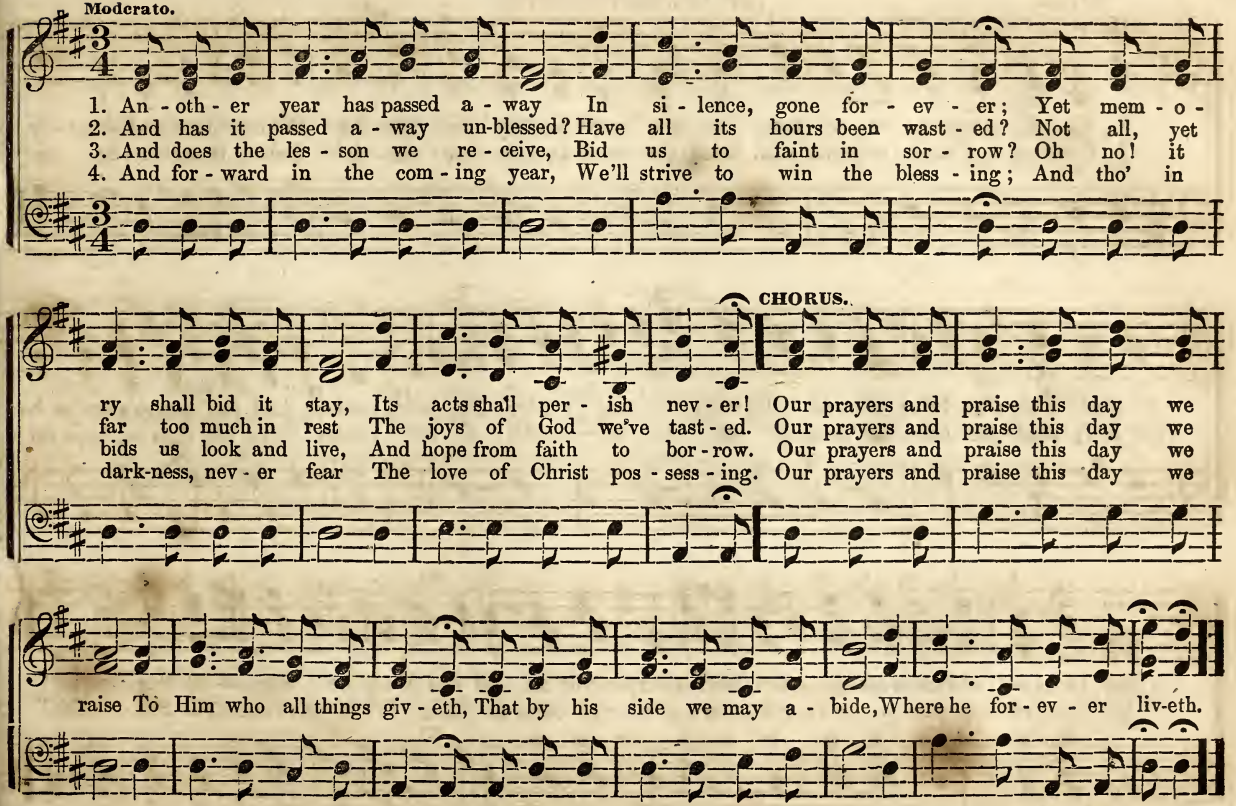

crown, Their trav - el stained gar-ments are all laid down; And clothed in white rai-ment they
still, As they ford on their way to the heav - en - ly hill; To oth - ers the waves run
Soprano.
stream Now and a - gain through our life's deep dream; Some - times the floods all
cold, We know the spots where our feet may hold; Thou who didst pass through
twined, We shall cast all our cares and fears to the wind, Sav - - iour! Re - deem - er! with
rest on the mead, Where the Lamb loves his cho - sen to lead. One by one.
fierce - ly and wild, Yet they reach their home un - de - filed. One by one.
the banks o'er - flow, Some-times in rip - ples and small waves go. One by one.
in deep mid - night, Strengthen us,— send the staff and the light. One by one.
thee in full view, Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through. One by one.

NO SURRENDER.

Words by M. F. TUPPER.

Lively.

1. Ev-er constant, ev-er true, Let the word be, No Sur-ren-der! Boldly dare, and great-ly
2. Constant and cour-a-geous still, Mind, the word is, No Sur-ren-der! Battle, though it be up
do! This shall bring us brave-ly through, No Sur-render! No Sur-render! And tho' future's smiles be
hill; Stag-ger not at seeming ill, No Sur-render! No Sur-render! Hope, and thus our hope ful-
few, Hope is al-ways springing new, Still in-spir-ing me and you, With the magic—No Sur-render!
-fil, There's a way where there's a will, And the way all cares to kill, Is to give them No Sur-render!


Moderato.
1. An - oth - er year has passed a - way In si - lence, gone for - ev - er; Yet mem - o -
2. And has it passed a - way un-blessed? Have all its hours been wast - ed? Not all, yet
3. And does the les - son we re - ceive, Bid us to faint in sor - row? Oh no! it
4. And for - ward in the com - ing year, We'll strive to win the bless - ing; And tho' in
CHORUS.
ry shall bid it stay, Its acts shall per - ish nev - er! Our prayers and praise this day we
far too much in rest The joys of God we've tast - ed. Our prayers and praise this day we
bids us look and live, And hope from faith to bor - row. Our prayers and praise this day we
dark-ness, nev - er fear The love of Christ pos - sess - ing. Our prayers and praise this day we
raise To Him who all things giv - eth, That by his side we may a - bide, Where he for - ev - er liv-eth.

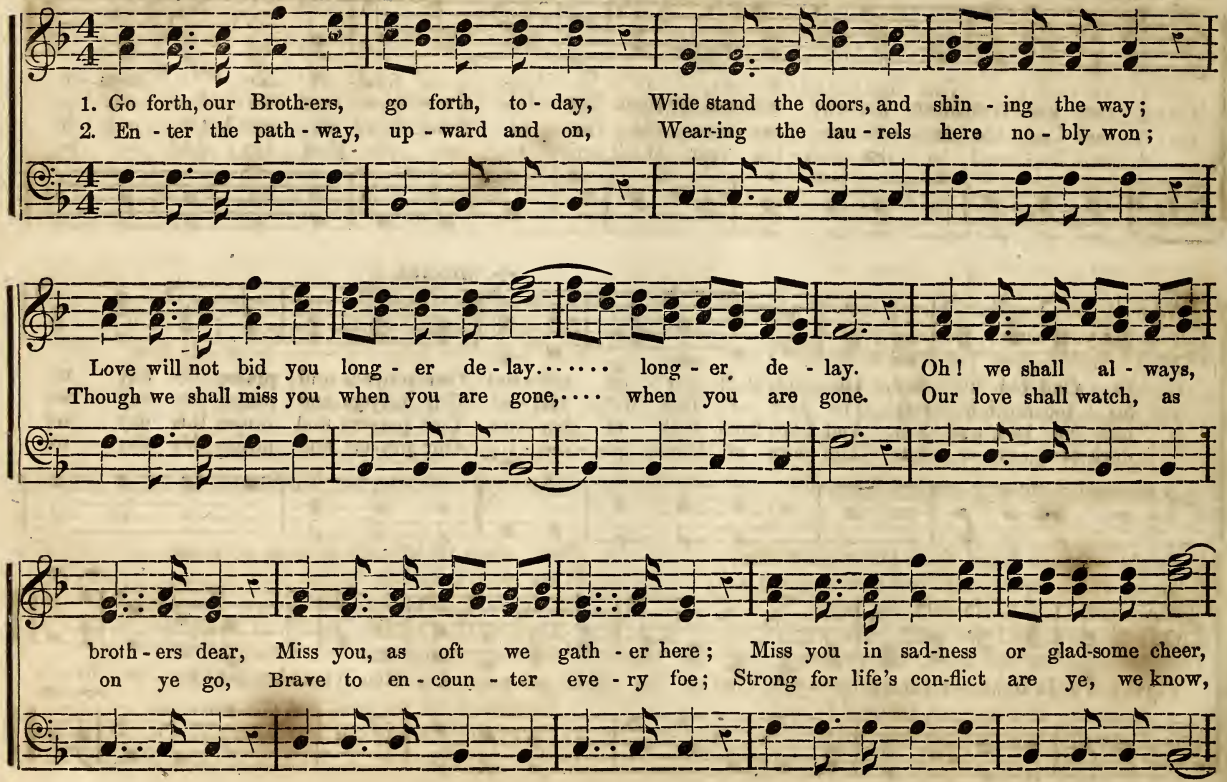
* From Sabbath School Trumpet, by permission.

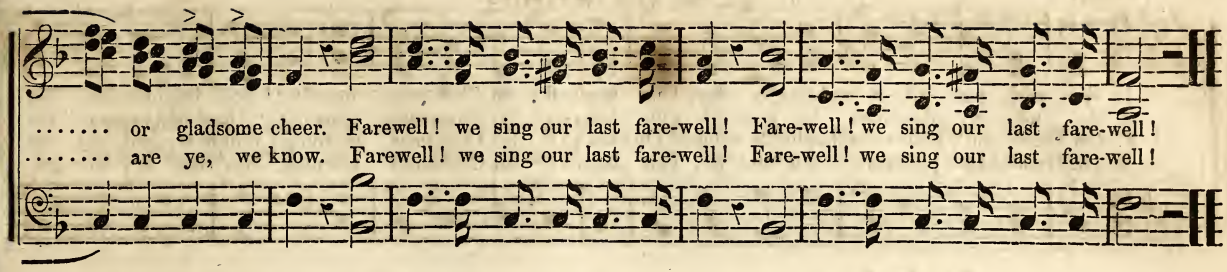
CLASS FAREWELL,

OR, THE HOUR OF PARTING.

BELLINI.

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.


1. Go forth, our Broth-ers, go forth, to - day, Wide stand the doors, and shin - ing the way;
2. En - ter the path - way, up - ward and on, Wear-ing the lau - rels here no - bly won;
Love will not bid you long - er de - lay..... long - er de - lay. Oh! we shall al - ways,
Though we shall miss you when you are gone,.... when you are gone. Our love shall watch, as
broth - ers dear, Miss you, as oft we gath - er here; Miss you in sad-ness or glad-some cheer,
on ye go, Brave to en - coun - ter eve - ry foe; Strong for life's con-flict are ye, we know,


..... or gladsome cheer. Farewell! we sing our last fare-well! Fare-well! we sing our last fare-well!
..... are ye, we know. Farewell! we sing our last fare-well! Fare-well! we sing our last fare-well!

3

Go forth, our brothers, strong in God's sight;
Truth is your armor, freedom your right;
Meet error's legions, put them to flight,
Go where Oppression binds her chain,
Bid the down-trodden rise again.
Say unto Evil, God's right shall reign!
Farewell! we sing our last farewell!
Farewell! we sing our last farewell!

4

Bright weapons found these fair walls within,
Turn, with a strong arm 'gainst wrong and sin;
Now must life's battle with you begin,
On! brothers, on! we watch your way,
Weak were the love would bid you stay.
Fight the good fight, we cheerfully say,
Farewell! it is our last farewell!
Farewell! it is our last farewell!

5

Climb up the mountains, rest not below,
Toil ye all tireless, higher yet go;
Stay not where bright streams so sweetly flow,
Fearlessly scale the heights of time,
Higher and higher, brothers, climb;
Aim for life's summit, high and sublime,
Farewell! we sing our last farewell!
Farewell! we sing our last farewell!

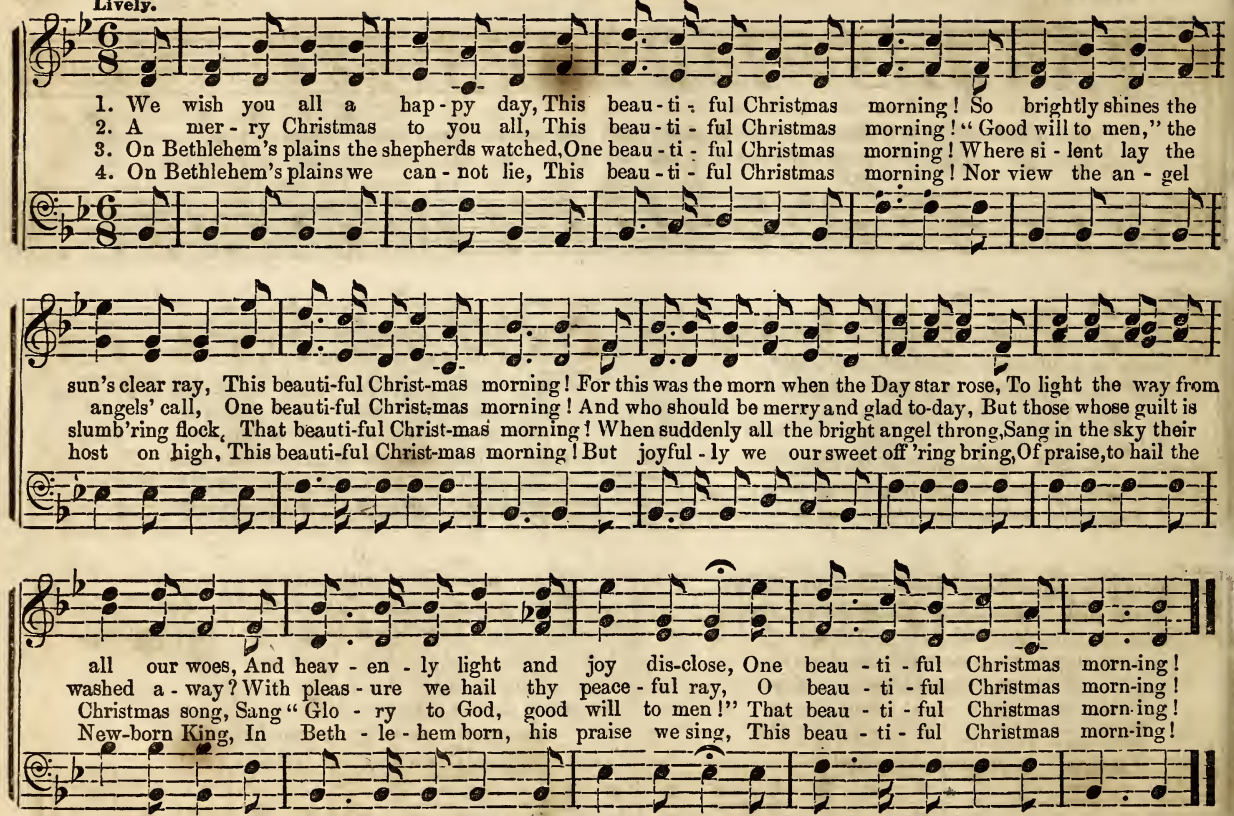
6

Then, when life's battle calls ye no more,
When error's conflict 'gainst truth is o'er,
Lay down your armor forevermore, forevermore!
Only at God's knee bend your own;
Only at his feet cast your crown;
Only by his throne your sword lay down,
Farewell! we sing our last farewell!
Farewell! we sing our last farewell!

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

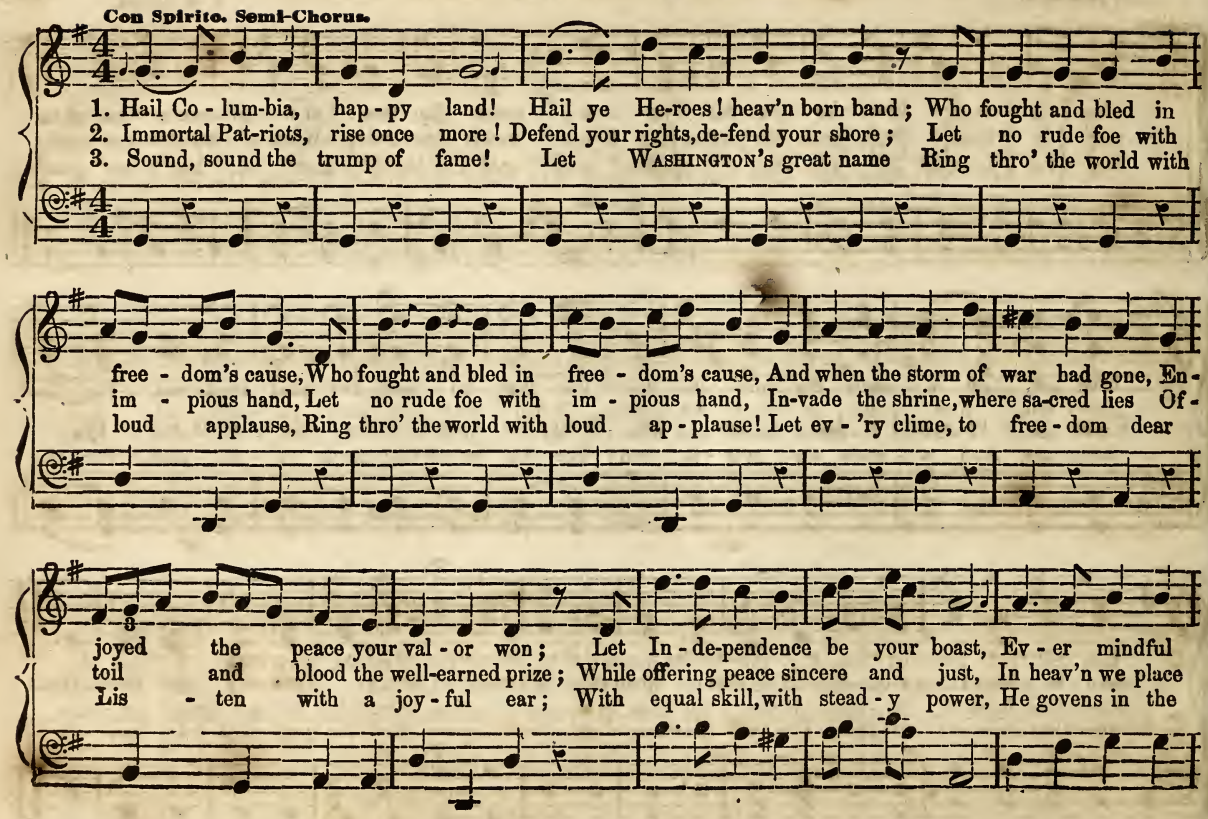
Words by J. C. JOHNSON. W. O. PERKINS.

Lively.


1. We wish you all a hap-py day, This beau-ti-ful Christmas morning! So brightly shines the
2. A mer-ry Christmas to you all, This beau-ti-ful Christmas morning! "Good will to men," the
3. On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds watched, One beau-ti-ful Christmas morning! Where si-lent lay the
4. On Bethlehem's plains we can-not lie, This beau-ti-ful Christmas morning! Nor view the an-gel
sun's clear ray, This beauti-ful Christ-mas morning! For this was the morn when the Day star rose, To light the way from
angels' call, One beauti-ful Christ-mas morning! And who should be merry and glad to-day, But those whose guilt is
slumb'ring flock, That beauti-ful Christ-mas morning! When suddenly all the bright angel throng, Sang in the sky their
host on high, This beauti-ful Christ-mas morning! But joyful-ly we our sweet off'ring bring, Of praise, to hail the
all our woes, And heav-en-ly light and joy dis-close, One beau-ti-ful Christmas morn-ing!
washed a-way? With pleas-ure we hail thy peace-ful ray, O beau-ti-ful Christmas morn-ing!
Christmas song, Sang "Glo-ry to God, good will to men!" That beau-ti-ful Christmas morn-ing!
New-born King, In Beth-le-hem born, his praise we sing, This beau-ti-ful Christmas morn-ing!

* From Sabbath School Trumpet, by permission.

1. I live for those who love me, For those I know are true; For the Heaven that smiles a-
2. I live to hail the sea - son, By gift - ed minds fore - told, When men shall rule by
3. I live to hold com - mun - ion With all that is di - vine, To feel there is a
4. I live for those who love me, For those who know me true, For the Heaven that smiles a-
bove me, And a - waits my spir - it too; For the hu - man ties that bind me, For the
rea - son, And not a - lone by gold; When man to man u - nit - ed, And
un - ion, 'Twixt Na-ture's heart and mine; To prof - it by af - flic - tion, Reap
bove me, And a - waits my spir - it too; For the wrong that needs re - sist - ance, For the
task that God assigned me, For the bright hopes left be - hind me, And the good that I can do.
eve - ry wrong thing righted, The whole world shall be light-ed, As E - den was of old.
truths from fields of fic - tion, Grow wis - er from con - vic-tion, And ful - fil each grand de - sign.
cause that lacks as - sist-ance, For the dawning in the distance, And the good that I can do.


Con Spirito. Semi-Chorus.
1. Hail Co - lum-bia, hap - py land! Hail ye He-roes! heav'n born band; Who fought and bled in
2. Immortal Pat-riots, rise once more! Defend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let no rude foe with
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let WASHINGTON's great name Ring thro' the world with
free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of war had gone, En-
im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In-vade the shrine, where sa-cred lies Of-
loud applause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Let ev - 'ry clime, to free - dom dear
joyed the peace your val - or won; Let In - de-pendence be your boast, Ev - er mindful
toil and blood the well-earned prize; While offering peace sincere and just, In heav'n we place
Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With equal skill, with stead - y power, He govens in the

what it cost, Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies;
man - ly trust, That truth and justice may pre - vail, And every scheme of bond - age fail;
fear - ful hour Of hor - rid war, or guides with ease The hap-pier time of hon - est peace;
Tutti. First time. Second time. ff
Firm u - ni - ted let us be, Rallying round our lib - - er - - - ty,
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

DUET.—ALL SMILING WITH BEAUTY.

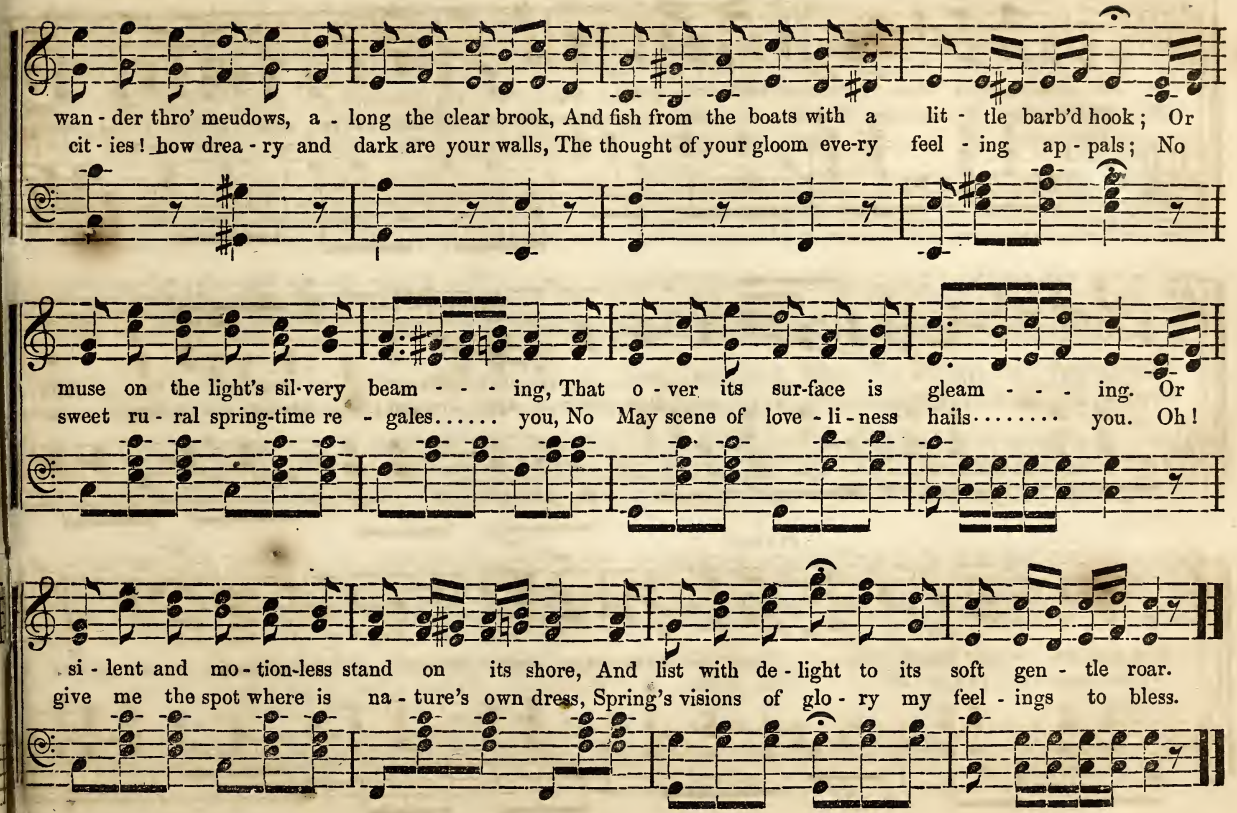
Melody by DONIZETTI.

Allegretto.

1. All smil-ing with beau-ty the spring-time has come, A-gain we are hear-ing the mer-ry bees hum; Now
2. How sweet the enchantment that eve-ry-where reigns, How mild are the breez-es that sigh o'er the plains; What

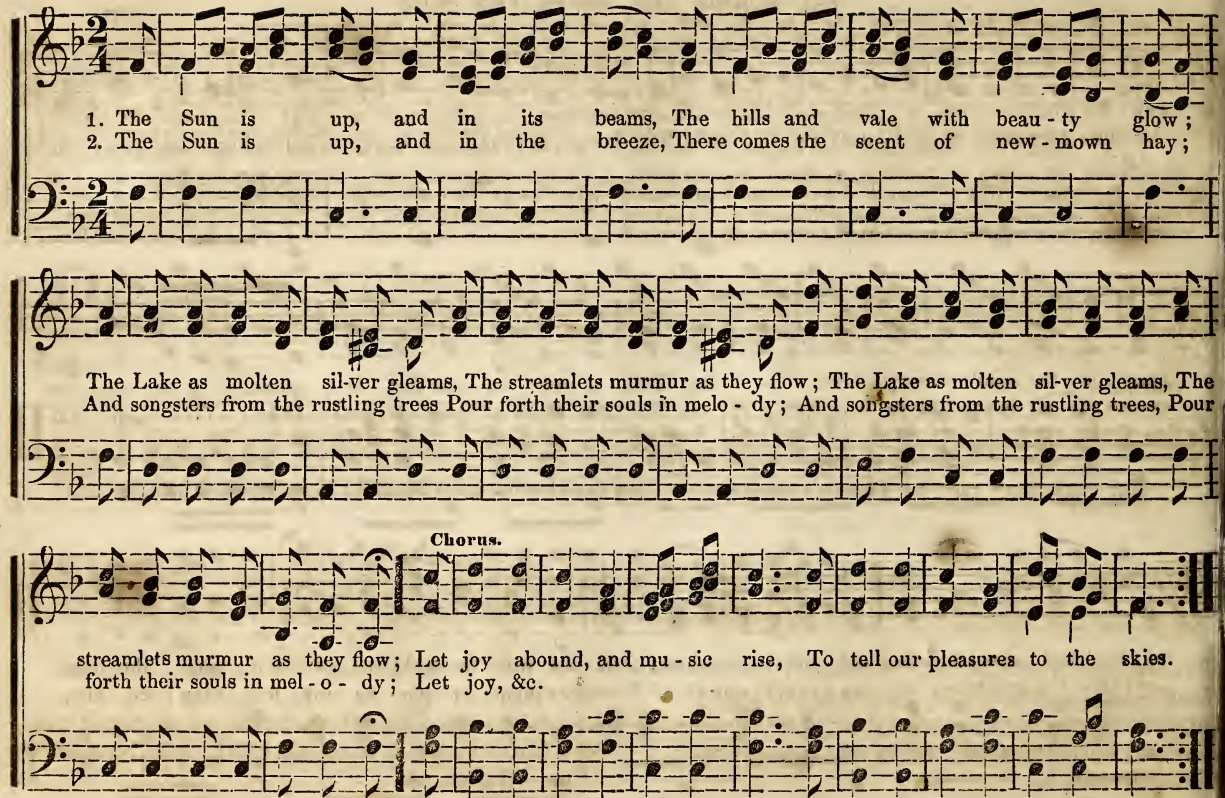
na-ture's full glo-ry is break - ing, Now ru-ral de-lights are a - wak - - - ing, The
beau-ty the flow'-ret o'er - shad - - ing, How wide-ly their fra-grance is spread - - - ing; All

hills and the val-lies are cheered with the songs That war-ble from thousands of spring's hap-py throngs. We
na-ture seems clad in her love-li-est hue, Be-decked and a-dorned to en-rav-ish our view. O


wan - der thro' meudows, a - long the clear brook, And fish from the boats with a lit - tle barb'd hook; Or
cit - ies! how drea - ry and dark are your walls, The thought of your gloom eve-ry feel - ing ap - pals; No
muse on the light's sil-very beam - - - ing, That o - ver its sur-face is gleam - - - ing. Or
sweet ru - ral spring-time re - gales..... you, No May scene of love - li - ness hails..... you. Oh!
si - lent and mo - tion-less stand on its shore, And list with de - light to its soft gen - tle roar.
give me the spot where is na - ture's own dress, Spring's visions of glo - ry my feel - ings to bless.

THE SUN IS UP.

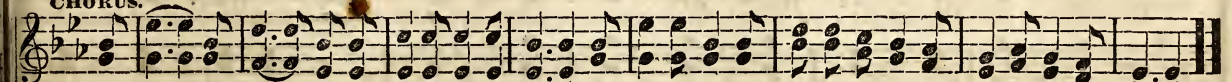
I. S. WHITNEY.


1. The Sun is up, and in its beams, The hills and vale with beau - ty glow;
2. The Sun is up, and in the breeze, There comes the scent of new - mown hay;
The Lake as molten sil-ver gleams, The streamlets murmur as they flow; The Lake as molten sil-ver gleams, The
And songsters from the rustling trees Pour forth their souls in melo - dy; And songsters from the rustling trees, Pour
Chorus.
streamlets murmur as they flow; Let joy abound, and mu - sic rise, To tell our pleasures to the skies.
forth their souls in mel - o - dy; Let joy, &c.

THE BONNIE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

1. Come, ral-ly, brothers, ral-ly, around the stripes and stars, Fighting the odious reb - el flag, that flaunts its triple bars;
   A banner foul, dishonored, no emblem for the free, For this the bonnie red, white and blue, forevermore must be.
2. We're all a band of brothers, we mourn this civil strife, Still we will smite the reb - el power, that seeks our nation's life.
   O men of sunny Georgia! brave men of Tennes-see! Ye Tex-as Rov - ers! raise again the banner of the free!
3. We never wished to harm you, we'll welcome you a-gain, When you tear down the reb - el flag, as brothers and as men.
   When Sum-ter's walls were battered, what could we freemen do, But rally round our beau-ti-ful flag of Red and White and Blue?

CHORUS.



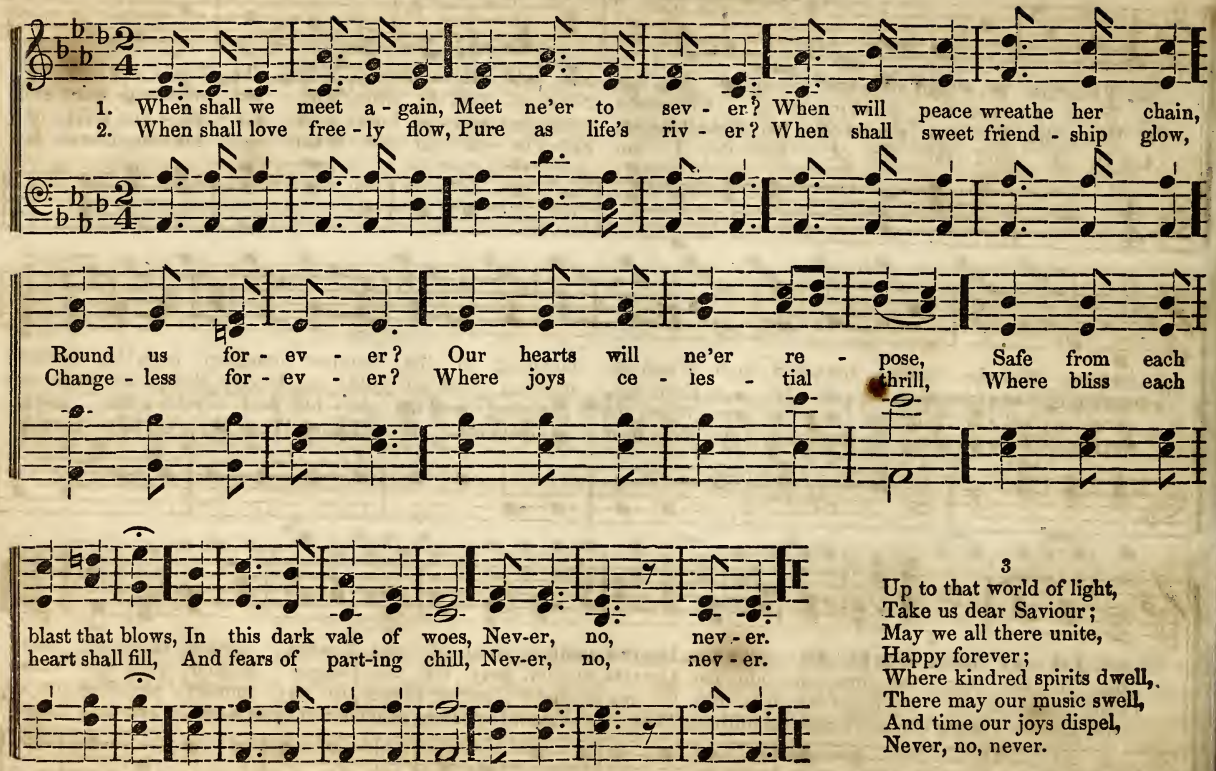
Hur - rah! hur - rah! for a nation's rights, hurrah! They shall not harm our beautiful flag, nor quench a single star!

4

But down with South Carolina, that haughty, treach'rous state!
Humble her tyrants in the dust, (forever ignobly great.)
But up with the Southern poor man! Strike off the captive's chain!
And rally around the Starry flag, to sing in loud refrain;
Cho.—Hurrah, &c.

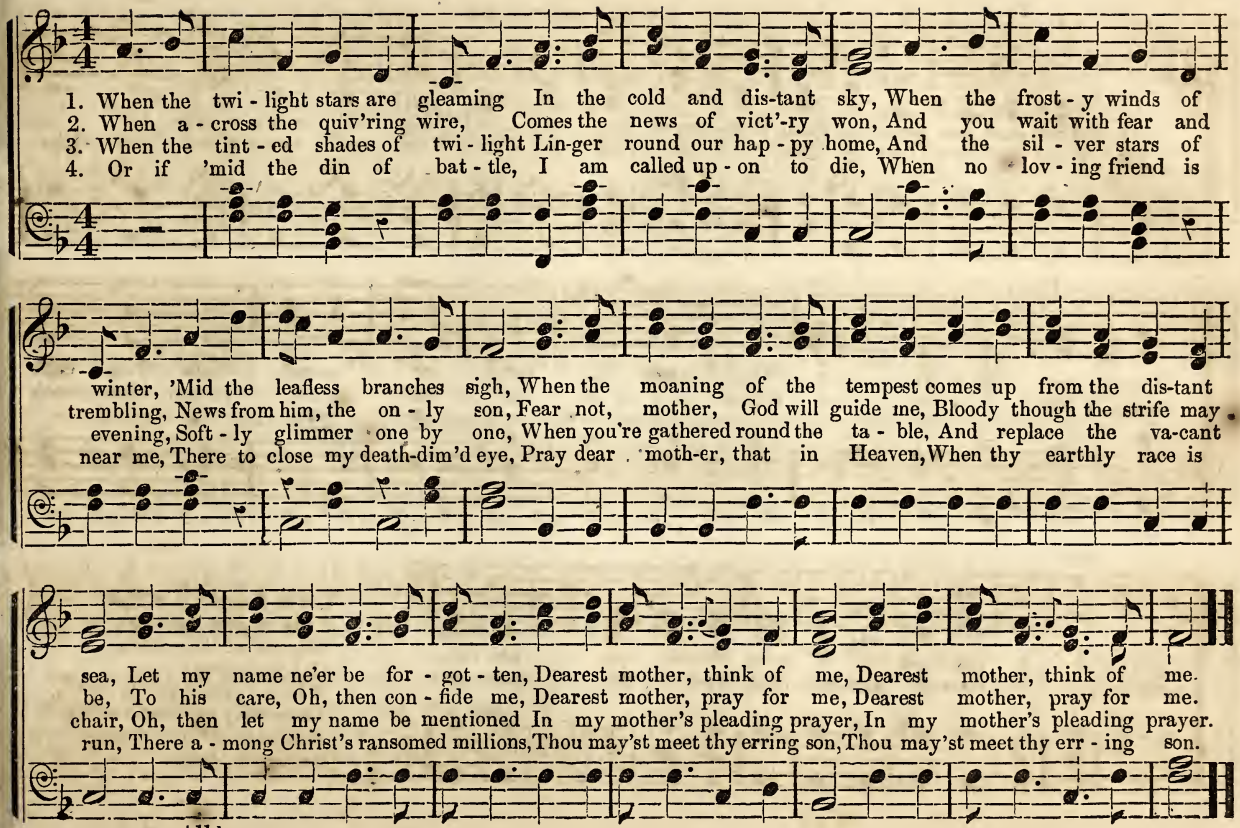
5

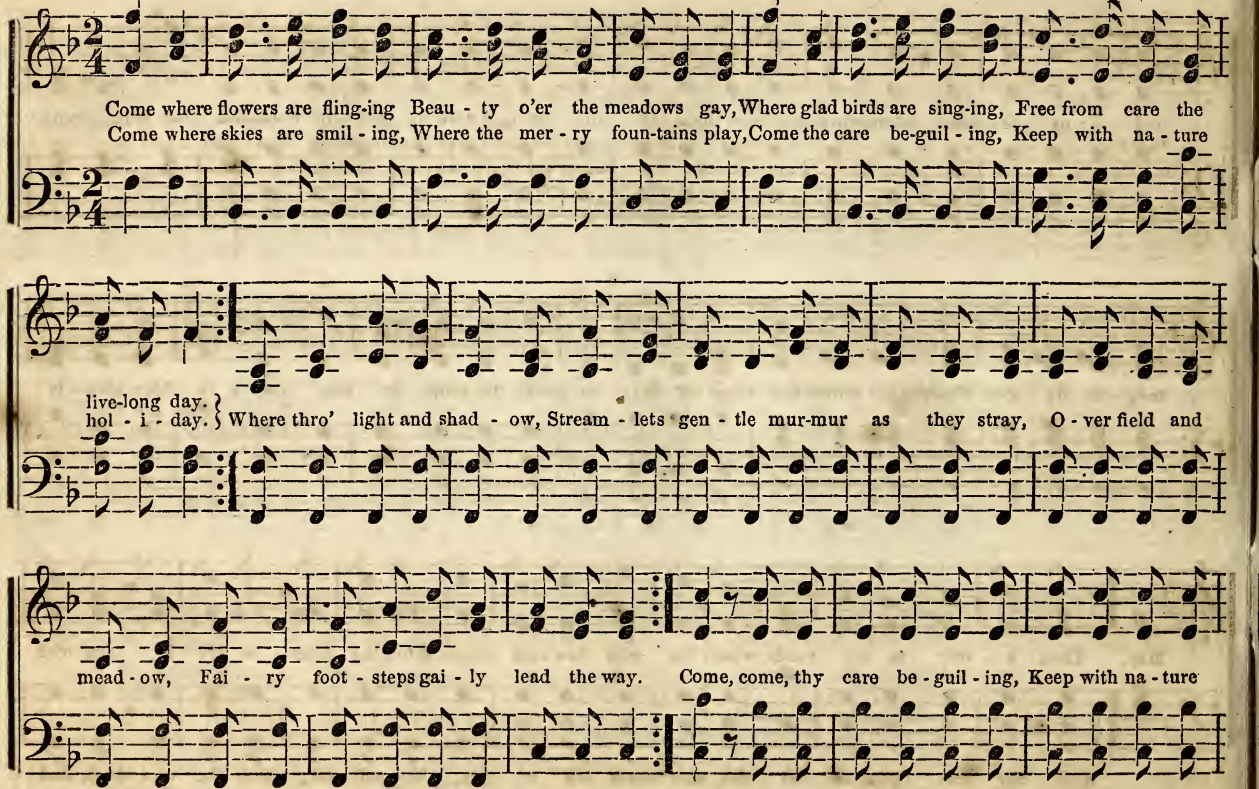
Oh, no, the "bonnie blue flag," with one white ghastly star,
Never shall float before our ranks, to lead the brave afar;
But blend the hue of sunset; the bonnie red, white and blue,
Shall fire our souls with patriot zeal, with hope and courage true.
Cho.—Hurrah, &c.


1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreathe her chain,
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friend - ship glow,
Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each
Change - less for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each
blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev - er.
heart shall fill, And fears of part-ing chill, Nev-er, no, nev - er.

3

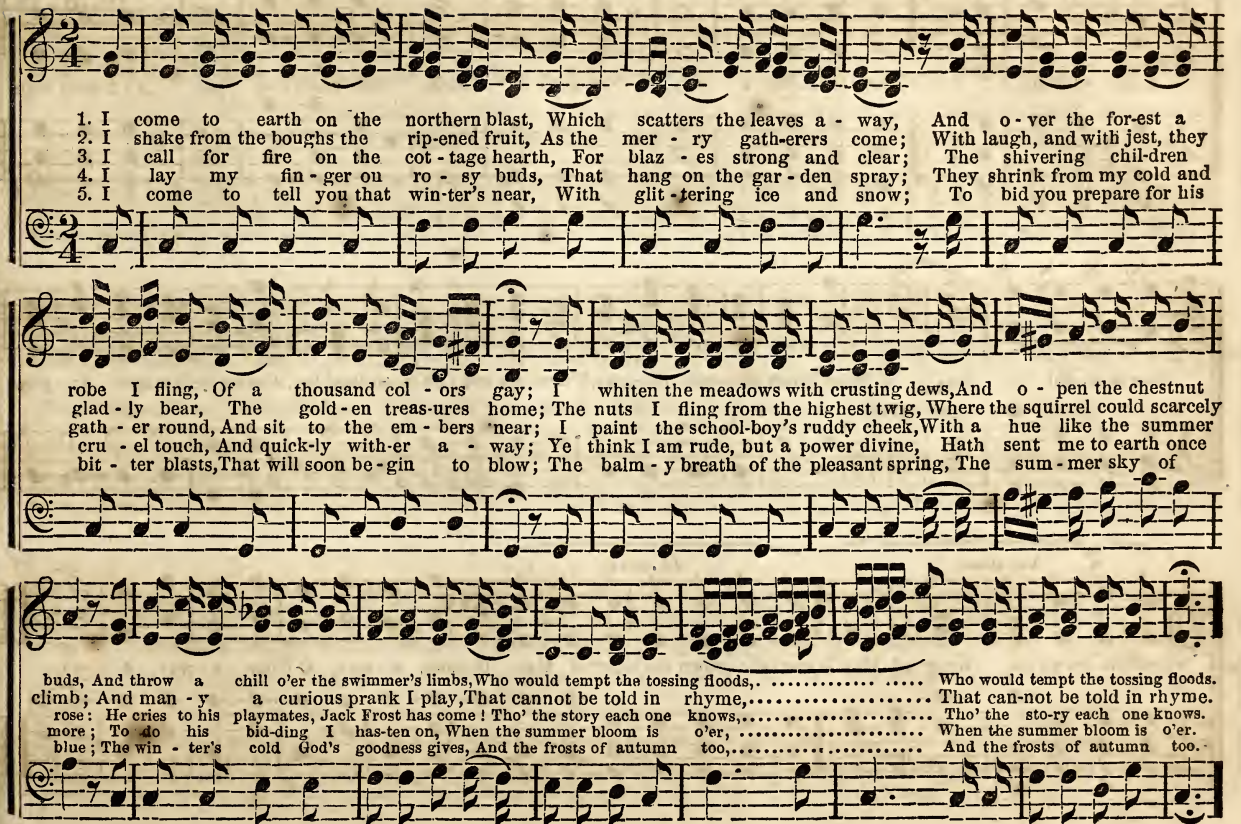
Up to that world of light,
Take us dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never.


1. When the twi - light stars are gleaming In the cold and dis-tant sky, When the frost - y winds of winter, 'Mid the leafless branches sigh, When the moaning of the tempest comes up from the dis-tant sea, Let my name ne'er be for - got - ten, Dearest mother, think of me, Dearest mother, think of me.
2. When a - cross the quiv'ring wire, Comes the news of vict'-ry won, And you wait with fear and trembling, News from him, the on - ly son, Fear not, mother, God will guide me, Bloody though the strife may be, To his care, Oh, then con - fide me, Dearest mother, pray for me, Dearest mother, pray for me.
3. When the tint - ed shades of twi - light Lin-ger round our hap - py home, And the sil - ver stars of evening, Soft - ly glimmer one by one, When you're gathered round the ta - ble, And replace the va-cant chair, Oh, then let my name be mentioned In my mother's pleading prayer, In my mother's pleading prayer.
4. Or if 'mid the din of bat - tle, I am called up - on to die, When no lov - ing friend is near me, There to close my death-dim'd eye, Pray dear moth-er, that in Heaven, When thy earthly race is run, There a - mong Christ's ransomed millions, Thou may'st meet thy erring son, Thou may'st meet thy err - ing son.


Come where flowers are fling-ing Beau - ty o'er the meadows gay, Where glad birds are sing-ing, Free from care the
Come where skies are smil - ing, Where the mer - ry foun-tains play, Come the care be-guil - ing, Keep with na - ture
live-long day.
hol - i - day.
Where thro' light and shad - ow, Stream - lets gen - tle mur-mur as they stray, O - ver field and
mead - ow, Fai - ry foot - steps gai - ly lead the way. Come, come, thy care be - guil - ing, Keep with na - ture

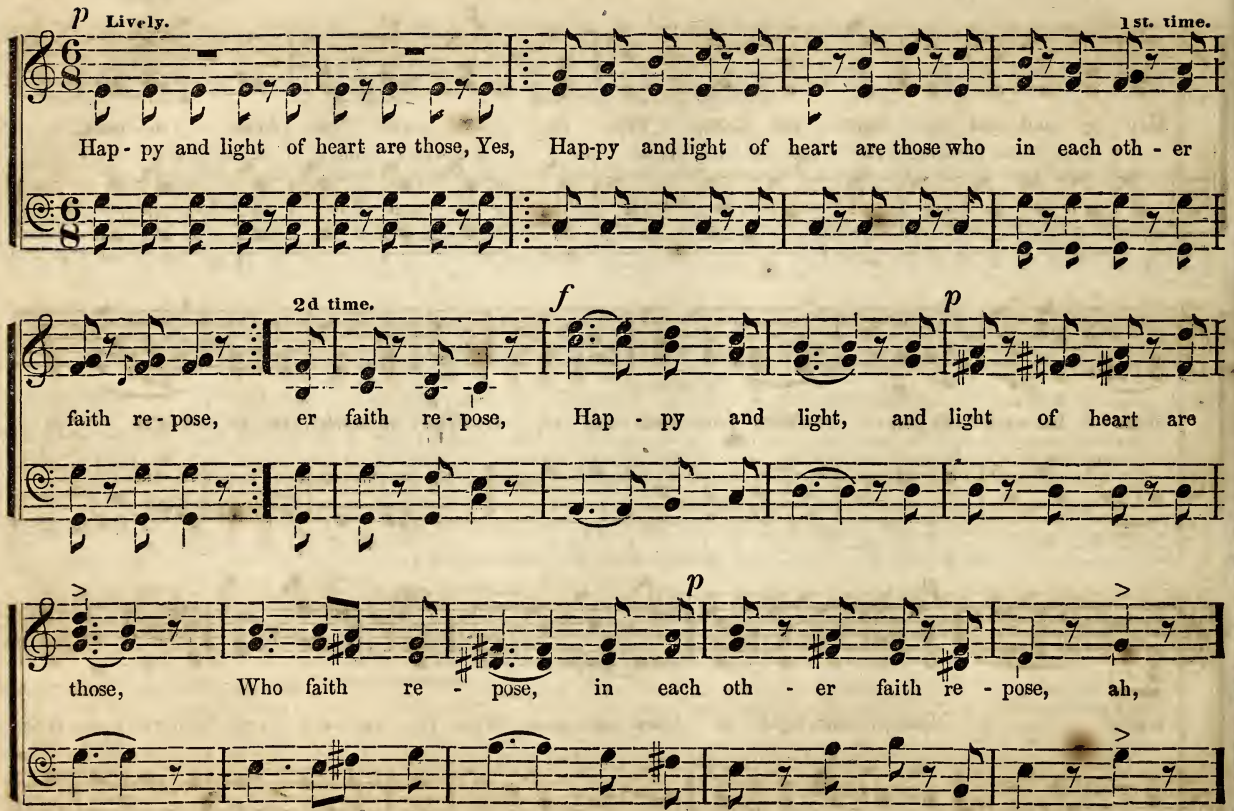
hol - i - day, O come, come where pleas-ure fond - ly lin - gers, Where the gen - tle woodland fay Weaves with
mag - ic fin - gers Wreaths to crown the brow of May, to crown the brow of May, love - ly May, love - ly
May, Then a - way to the woods, where the wild flow-ers bloom, While the breez - es are la - den with
With our feet light as fai - ries, and hearts full of glee, We will sing with the wild bird, and

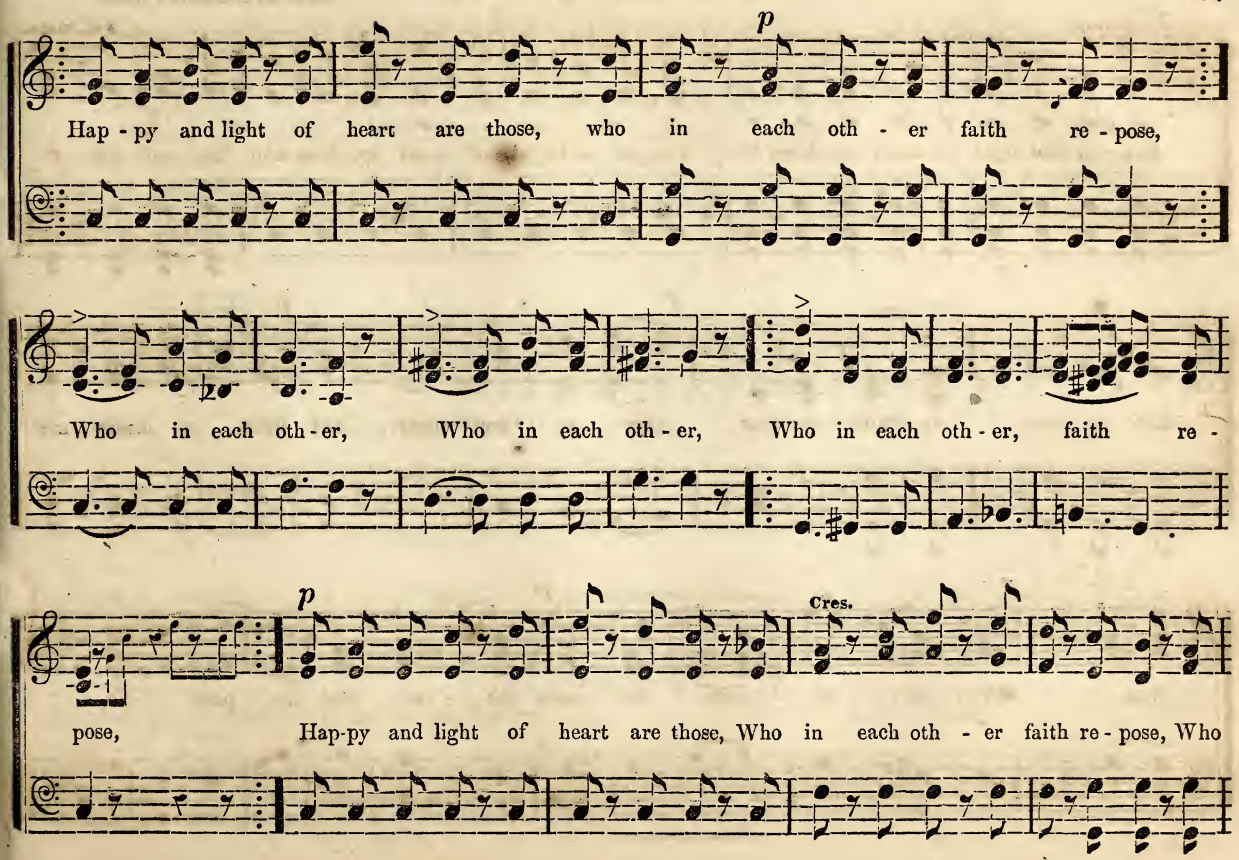
1st time.
2d time.
Sweet - est per - fume.
roam with the bee, O come a - way, O'er sun - ny bank. and mead-ows gay, And keep with
na - ture hol - i - day, Come where pleas-ure lin - gers, Where the gen - tle wood-land fay, Weaves with mag-ic fin - gers
1st time.
2d time.
wreaths to crown the brow of May. Wreaths to crown the brow of May, O come a - way, O come a - way, a - way.


1. I come to earth on the northern blast, Which scatters the leaves a - way, And o - ver the for-est a
2. I shake from the boughs the rip-ened fruit, As the mer - ry gath-erers come; With laugh, and with jest, they
3. I call for fire on the cot - tage hearth, For blaz - es strong and clear; The shivering chil-dren
4. I lay my fin - ger on ro - sy buds, That hang on the gar - den spray; They shrink from my cold and
5. I come to tell you that win-ter's near, With glit - tering ice and snow; To bid you prepare for his
robe I fling, Of a thousand col - ors gay; I whiten the meadows with crusting dews, And o - pen the chestnut
glad - ly bear, The gold - en treas-ures home; The nuts I fling from the highest twig, Where the squirrel could scarcely
gath - er round, And sit to the em - bers near; I paint the school-boy's ruddy cheek, With a hue like the summer
cru - el touch, And quick-ly with-er a - way; Ye think I am rude, but a power divine, Hath sent me to earth once
bit - ter blasts, That will soon be - gin to blow; The balm - y breath of the pleasant spring, The sum - mer sky of
buds, And throw a chill o'er the swimmer's limbs, Who would tempt the tossing floods, ... Who would tempt the tossing floods.
climb; And man - y a curious prank I play, That cannot be told in rhyme, ... That can-not be told in rhyme.
rose: He cries to his playmates, Jack Frost has come! Tho' the story each one knows, ... Tho' the sto-ry each one knows.
more; To do his bid-ding I has-ten on, When the summer bloom is o'er, ... When the summer bloom is o'er.
blue; The win - ter's cold God's goodness gives, And the frosts of autumn too, ... And the frosts of autumn too.

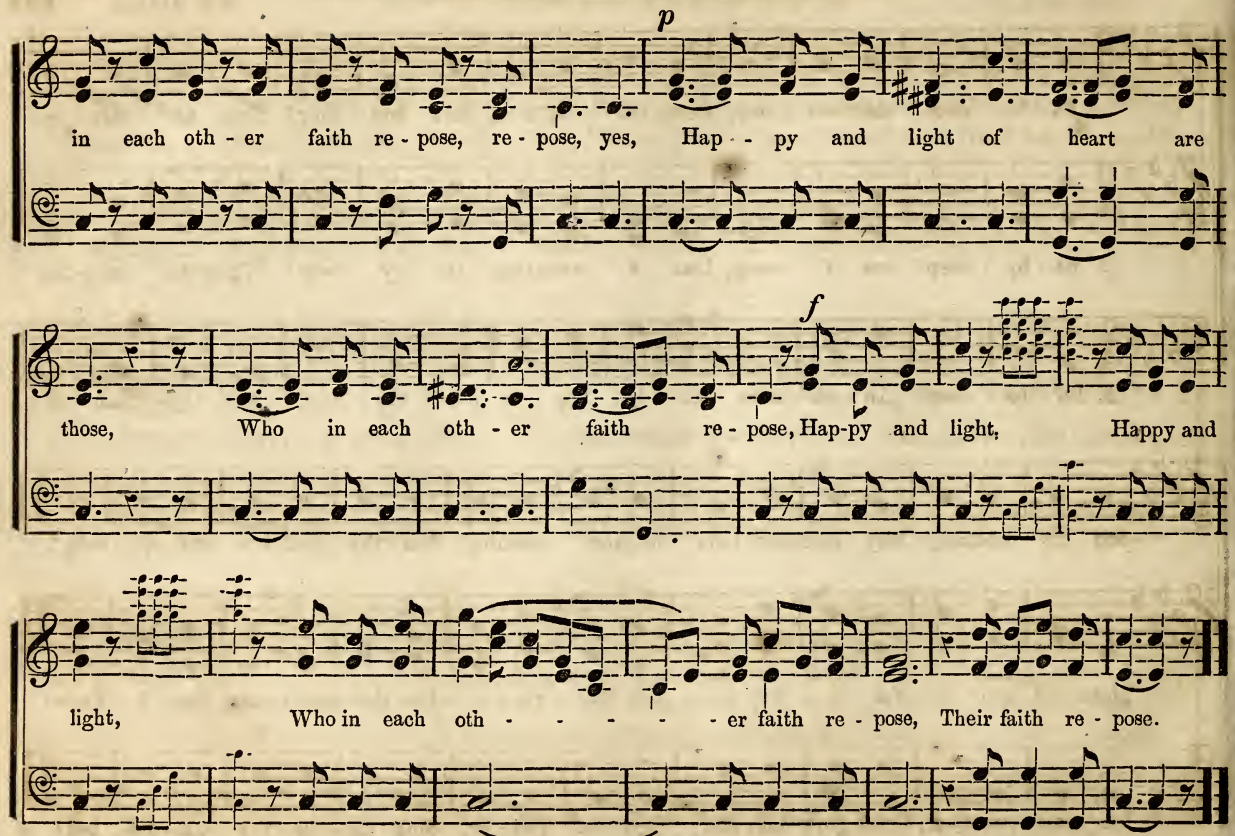
HAPPY AND LIGHT.

From the BOHEMIAN GIRL.


p Lively.
1st. time.
Hap - py and light of heart are those, Yes, Hap-py and light of heart are those who in each oth - er
2d time.
f
p
faith re - pose, er faith re - pose, Hap - py and light, and light of heart are
p
those, Who faith re - pose, in each oth - er faith re - pose, ah,


p
Hap - py and light of heart are those, who in each oth - er faith re - pose,
Who in each oth - er, Who in each oth - er, Who in each oth - er, faith re -
p
Cres.
pose, Hap-py and light of heart are those, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, Who

HAPPY AND LIGHT. Concluded.


p
in each oth - er faith re - pose, re - pose, yes, Hap - py and light of heart are
f
those, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, Hap-py and light, Happy and
light, Who in each oth - - - - - er faith re - pose, Their faith re - pose.

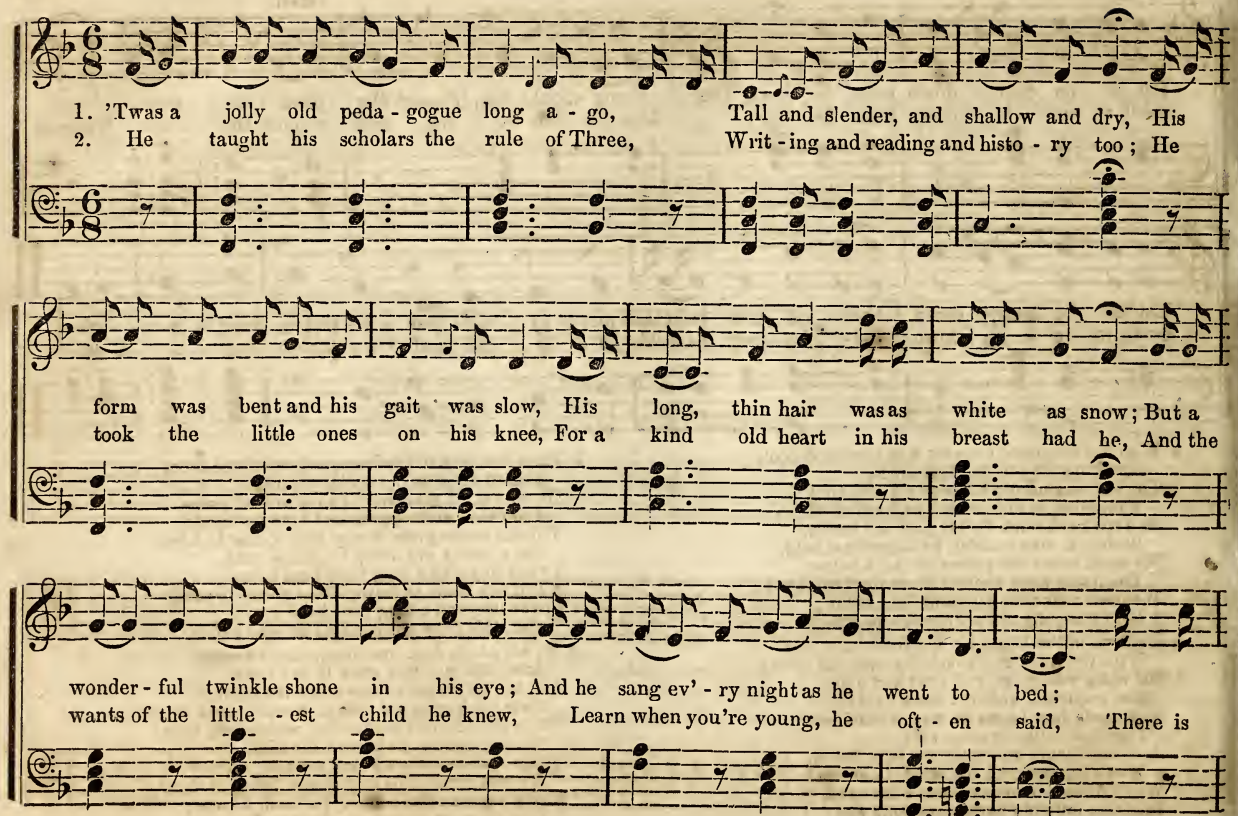
1. Ba - by sleep! shad-ows creep Down the hill-sides dark and long! Slum - ber soft - ly,
2. Ba - by sleep! low I weep, Lest I wake thee in my woe! Where the camp-fires
3. Ba - by sleep! An - gels keep Ho - ly vig - ils o'er thy head! And thy moth - er's
and thy dreaming May perchance have brighter seeming, For thy moth-er's cra - dle song!
gleam and quiv - er, Far a - way be - side the riv - er,— Fa - ther thinks of thee I know!
life seems sweet - er, Griefs grow dim, and joys com - plet - er, Sing - ing by thy cra - dle bed!

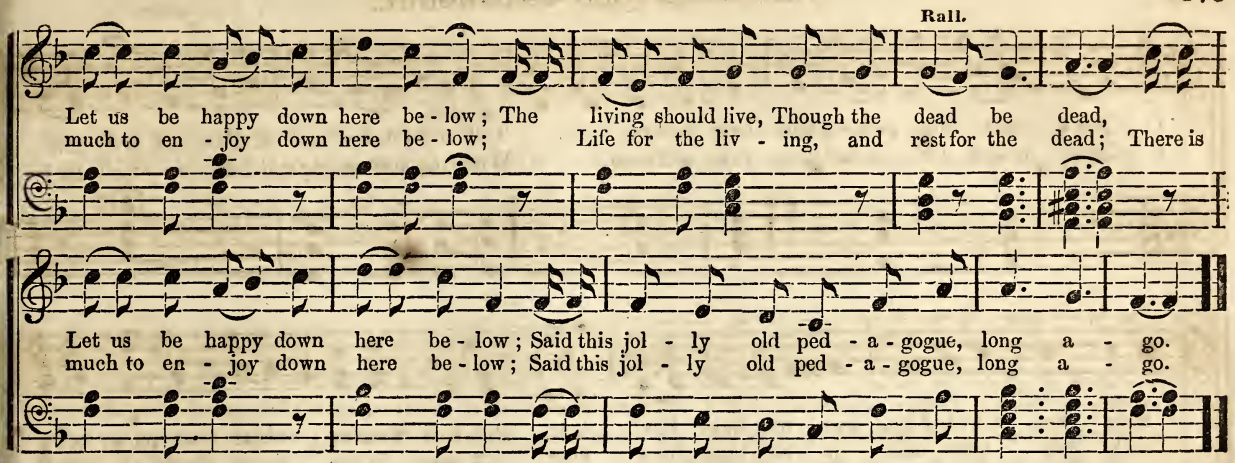
OVER THE RIVER.

A. WHITNEY.

1. Over the river they beck-on to me, Lov'd ones who've crossed to the further side, The gleam of the
2. Over the river the boat - man pale, Car - ried an - oth - er, the household pet, Her brown curls
3. And I sit and think when the sun - set's gold, Is flush-ing riv - er and hill and shore, I shall one day
snow - y robes I see, But their voices are lost in the dashing tide, There's one with ringlets of sun-ny
wav'd in the gen - tle gale, Darling Min - nie, I see her yet. She crossed on her bosom her dimpled
stand by the wa - ter cold, And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ; I shall watch for gleam of the flashing
gold, And eyes the re-flection of Heaven's own blue, He cross'd in the twi - light grey and cold, And the pale mists
hands, And fear-lessly entered the phantom bark, We felt it glide from the sil - ver sands, And all our
sail, I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand, I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale, To the bet - ter

hid him from mor-tal view; We saw not the an - gel who met him there, The gates of the
sunshine grew strangely dark, We know she is safe on the fur - ther side, Where all the
shore of the spir - it land, I shall know the lov'd who have gone be - fore, And joy - fully
city we could not see, O - ver the riv - er
ran - somed an - gels be, O - ver the riv - er, The
Sweet will the meet - ing be, When O - ver the riv - er, The
Over the riv - er My broth - er stands wait - ing to wel - come me.
Mys - tic riv - er, My child - hood's i - dol is wait - ing for me.
peace - ful riv - er, The An - gel of Death shall car - ry me.


1. 'Twas a jolly old peda - gogue long a - go, Tall and slender, and shallow and dry, His
2. He taught his scholars the rule of Three, Writ - ing and reading and histo - ry too; He
form was bent and his gait was slow, His long, thin hair was as white as snow; But a
took the little ones on his knee, For a kind old heart in his breast had he, And the
wonder - ful twinkle shone in his eye; And he sang ev' - ry night as he went to bed;
wants of the little - est child he knew, Learn when you're young, he oft - en said, There is


Rall.
Let us be happy down here be - low; The living should live, Though the dead be dead,
much to en - joy down here be - low; Life for the liv - ing, and rest for the dead; There is
Let us be happy down here be - low; Said this jol - ly old ped - a - gogue, long a - go.
much to en - joy down here be - low; Said this jol - ly old ped - a - gogue, long a - go.

3 With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones,
The rod was hardly known in his school,
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones,
Beside, it was painful, he sometimes said,
We must make life pleasant—here below,
The living need charity more than the dead;
We must make life pleasant here below,
Said this jolly old pedagogue long ago.

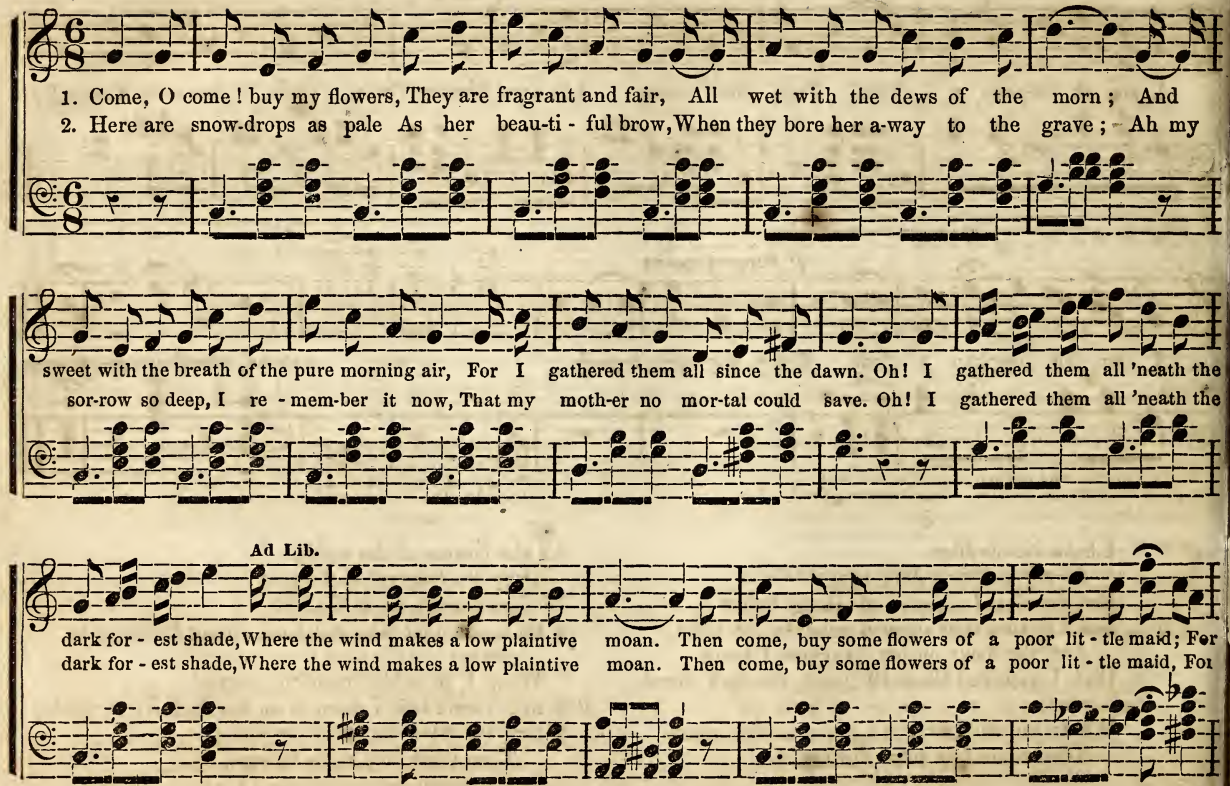
4 He lived in the house by the Hawthorn lane,
With the roses and woodbine over the door;
His room was quiet, and neat and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
I need so little, he often said,
And my friends and relatives here below,
Won't litigate over me when I am dead;
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,
Said this jolly old pedagogue long ago.

5 Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face,
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles,
He stirr'd his glass with an old school grace,
Chuckled and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles,
I'm a pretty old man, he gently said,
I have lingered a long time here below,
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is dead;
I have lingered a long time here below;
Said this jolly old pedagogue long ago.

6 He sat at his door one midsummer's night
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light,
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered, Rest;
Gently, gently, he bowed his head,
There were angels waiting for him, I know,
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,
There were angels waiting for him, I know,
This jolly old pedagogue long ago.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

L. O. EMERSON.


1. Come, O come! buy my flowers, They are fragrant and fair, All wet with the dews of the morn; And
2. Here are snow-drops as pale As her beau-ti-ful brow, When they bore her a-way to the grave; Ah my
sweet with the breath of the pure morning air, For I gathered them all since the dawn. Oh! I gathered them all 'neath the
sor-row so deep, I re-mem-ber it now, That my moth-er no mor-tal could save. Oh! I gathered them all 'neath the
Ad Lib.
dark for-est shade, Where the wind makes a low plaintive moan. Then come, buy some flowers of a poor lit-tle maid; For
dark for-est shade, Where the wind makes a low plaintive moan. Then come, buy some flowers of a poor lit-tle maid, For

I am an or-phan a - lone! Then come, come, buy some flowers, Come, come, buy some flowers, For
p Sung or spoken.
I am an or-phan a - lone. Come, buy some flowers, Come, come, buy some flowers.

3

I have violets blue
As my mother's dear eyes,
Ere she closed them on all things below:
But I'm sure they opened again in the skies,
And she looks on her daughter I know.
Oh! I gathered them all 'neath the dark forest shade,
Where the wind makes a low plaintive moan.
Then come buy some flowers, &c.

4

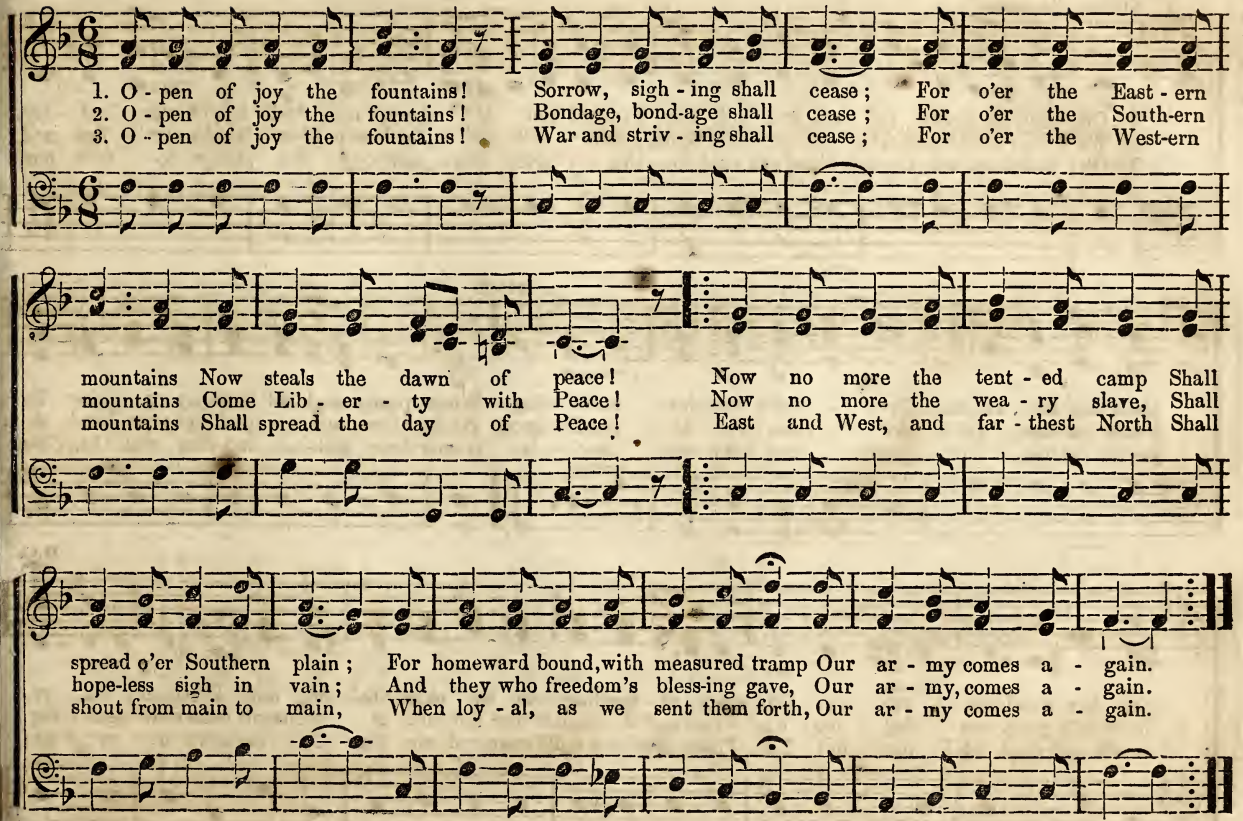
All the flowers of the earth,
They are fragrant and sweet;
But sweeter by far is the love
Of my mother who waits my young footsteps to greet,
When I go to the mansions above!
Buy my flowers that I bring from the dark forest shade,
Where the wind makes a low plaintive moan.
Then come buy some flowers, &c.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Words by M. B. C. S

Allegro maestoso.

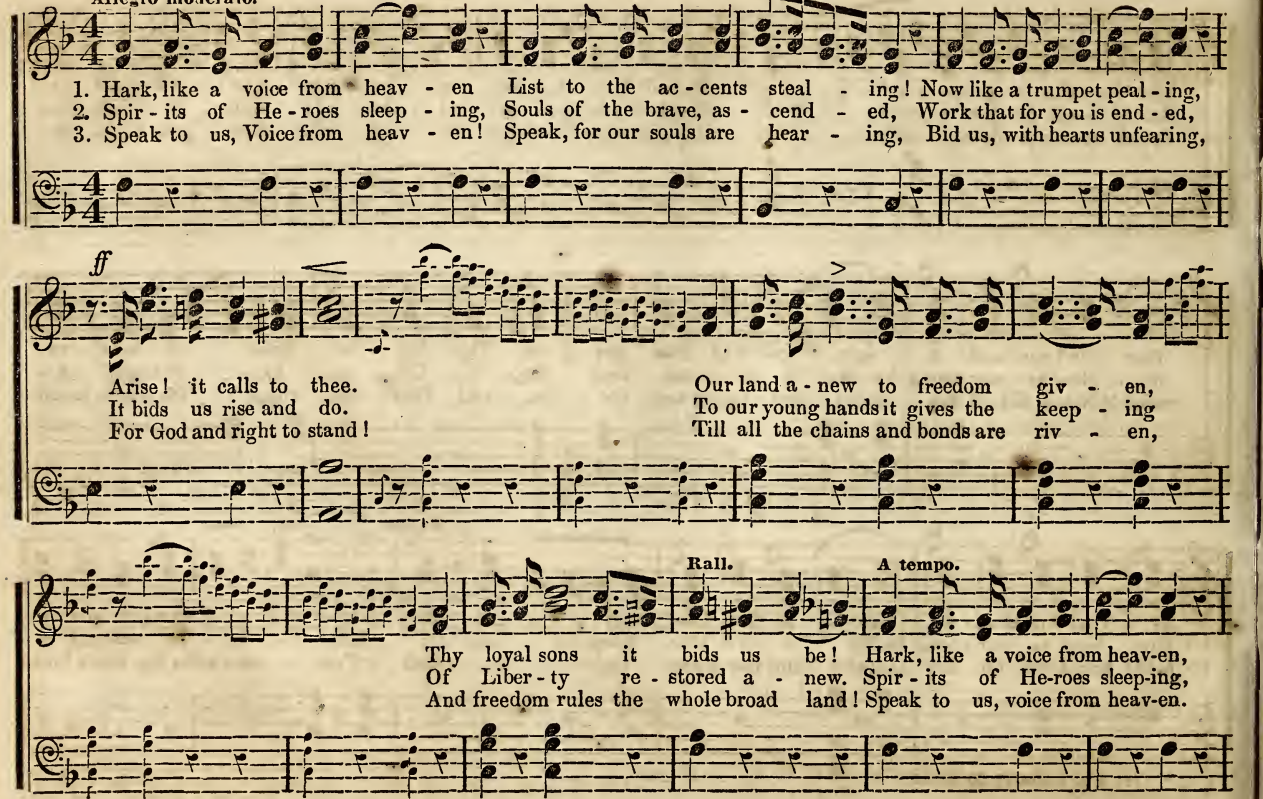
1. Oh, gay on stream, and sea and rill, The summer sun is dawn - ing; And bright o'er val - ley,
2. We'll turn our thoughts to oth - er days, When Lib-er - ty's de - fend - ants First taught our lips and
3. Oh! Freedom, won through blood and strife, On this thy birth - day, new - ly We pledge to thee our
FINE.
plain and hill Breaks Free - dom's birthday morn - ing. While young and old with joy a - rise To
hearts the lays Of glo - rious In - de - pend - ence. When "free and e - qual" eve-ry hand A
youth - ful life, To guard and keep thee tru - ly. 'Gaints foes with-out and foes with - in, Cease
D.C.
tell her wondrous sto - ry, Our songs, as - cending to the skies, Shall sing fair Freedom's glo - ry.
broth-er's grasp was feel - ing; And, "free and e - qual!" o'er the land A thousand bells were peal - ing.
watch and ward, Oh! nev - er! Till Freedom's brow shall wear and win The Ol - ive crown for - ev - er!


1. O - pen of joy the fountains! Sorrow, sigh - ing shall cease; For o'er the East - ern
2. O - pen of joy the fountains! Bondage, bond-age shall cease; For o'er the South-ern
3. O - pen of joy the fountains! War and striv - ing shall cease; For o'er the West-ern
mountains Now steals the dawn of peace! Now no more the tent - ed camp Shall
mountains Come Lib - er - ty with Peace! Now no more the wea - ry slave, Shall
mountains Shall spread the day of Peace! East and West, and far - thest North Shall
spread o'er Southern plain; For homeward bound, with measured tramp Our ar - my comes a - gain.
hope-less sigh in vain; And they who freedom's bless-ing gave, Our ar - my, comes a - gain.
shout from main to main, When loy - al, as we sent them forth, Our ar - my comes a - gain.

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.

HARK! LIKE A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Allegro moderato.


1. Hark, like a voice from heav - en List to the ac - cents steal - ing! Now like a trumpet peal - ing,
2. Spir - its of He - roes sleep - ing, Souls of the brave, as - cend - ed, Work that for you is end - ed,
3. Speak to us, Voice from heav - en! Speak, for our souls are hear - ing, Bid us, with hearts unfearing,
ff
Arise! it calls to thee.
It bids us rise and do.
For God and right to stand!
Our land a - new to freedom giv - en,
To our young hands it gives the keep - ing
Till all the chains and bonds are riv - en,
Rall.
A tempo.
Thy loyal sons it bids us be! Hark, like a voice from heav-en,
Of Liber - ty re - stored a - new. Spir - its of He-roes sleep-ing,
And freedom rules the whole broad land! Speak to us, voice from heav-en.

List to the ac-cents steal - ing! Now like a trumpet peal - ing, A - rise! it calls to
Souls of the brave as - cend - ed, Work that for you is end - ed, It bids us rise and
Speak, for our souls are hear - ing, Bid us with hearts un - fear - ing, For God and Right to
thee. Oh! our land! a - new to free - dom giv - en, Thy loy - al sons it bids us
do. Now to our young hands it gives the keep - ing, Of Lib - er - ty re-stored a -
stand!* Stand, till all the chains and bonds are riv - en, And Free - dom rules the whole broad
Ritard.
be! Oh! our land a - new to Freedom giv - en, Thy loy - al sons it bids us
new. Now to our young hands it gives the keep - ing, Of Lib - er - ty restored a -
land! Stand, till all the chains and bonds are riv - en, And Free - dom rules the whole broad

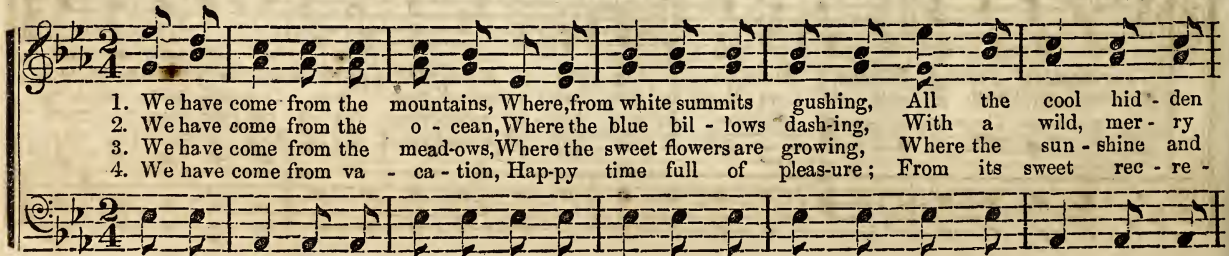
* Or, For Liberty to stand.

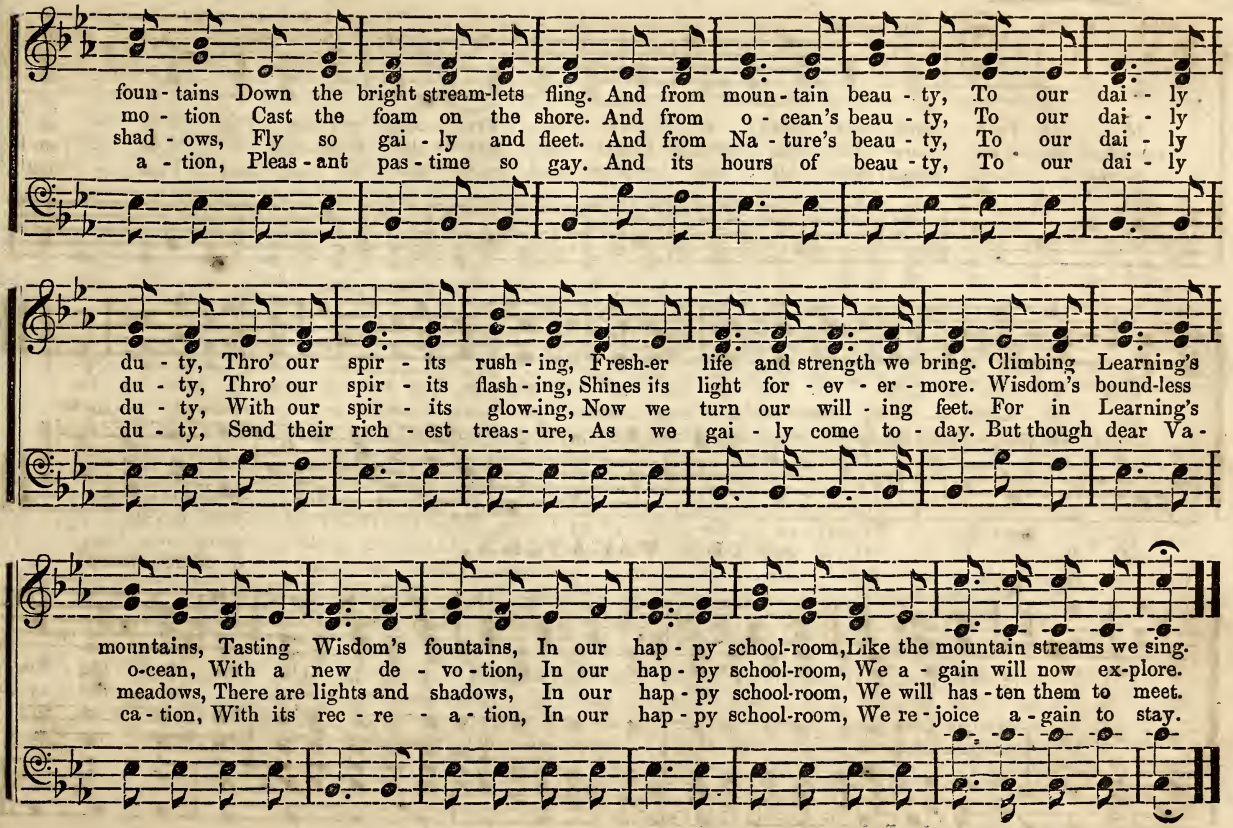
HARK! LIKE A VOICE FROM HEAVEN. Concluded.

Piu mosso.
be! Fair land! our land a - new to Free - dom giv - en, Thy loy - al
new, Yes! now to our young hands it - gives the keep - ing Of Lib - er -
land! We'll stand! till all the chains and bonds are riv - en, And Free - dom
Accelerando.
sons it bids us be, it bids us be, it bids us be, Thy loy - al sons it bids us be.
ty, re - stored a - new, restored a - new, restored a - new, Of Lib - er - ty restored a - new.
rules the whole broad land, the whole broad land, the whole broad land, And Freedom rules the whole broad land!

AFTER VACATION.

HUTCHINSONS.

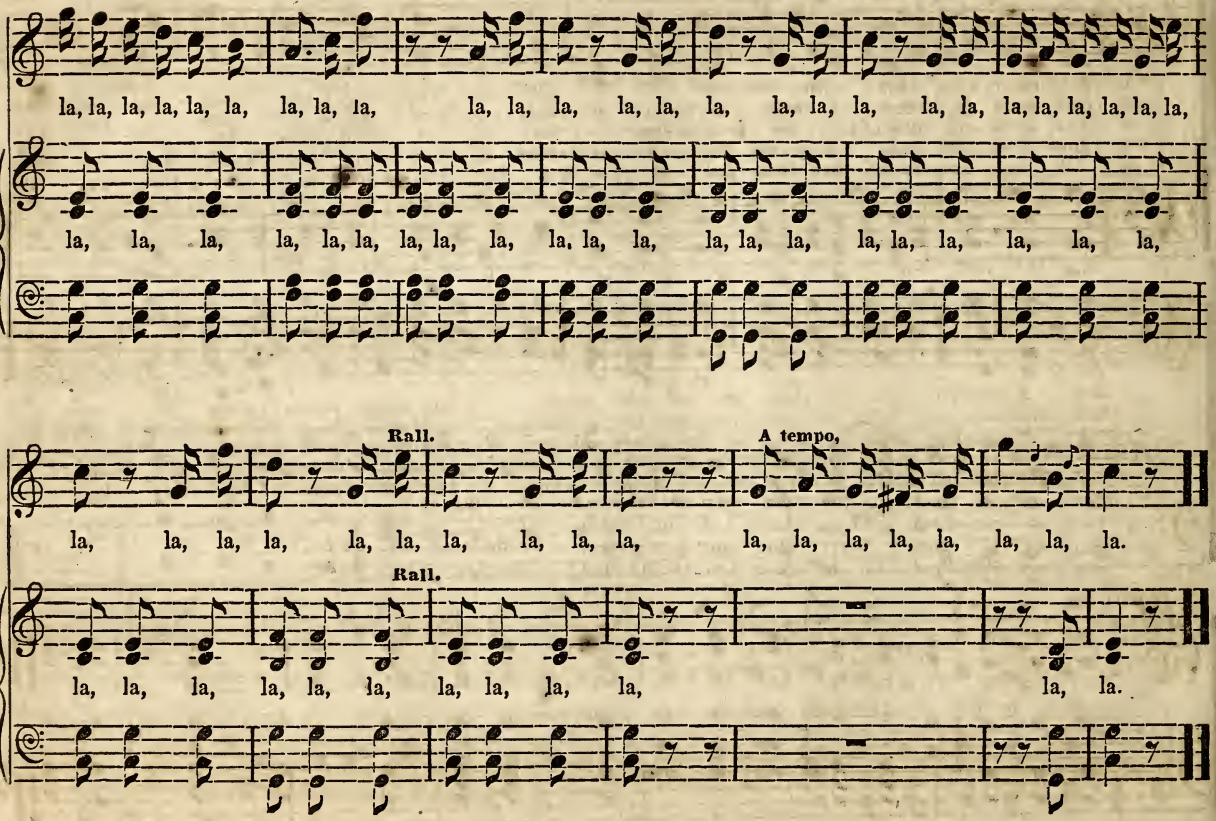

1. We have come from the mountains, Where, from white summits gushing, All the cool hid - den
2. We have come from the o - cean, Where the blue bil - lows dash-ing, With a wild, mer - ry
3. We have come from the mead-ows, Where the sweet flowers are growing, Where the sun - shine and
4. We have come from va - ca - tion, Hap-py time full of pleas-ure; From its sweet rec - re -

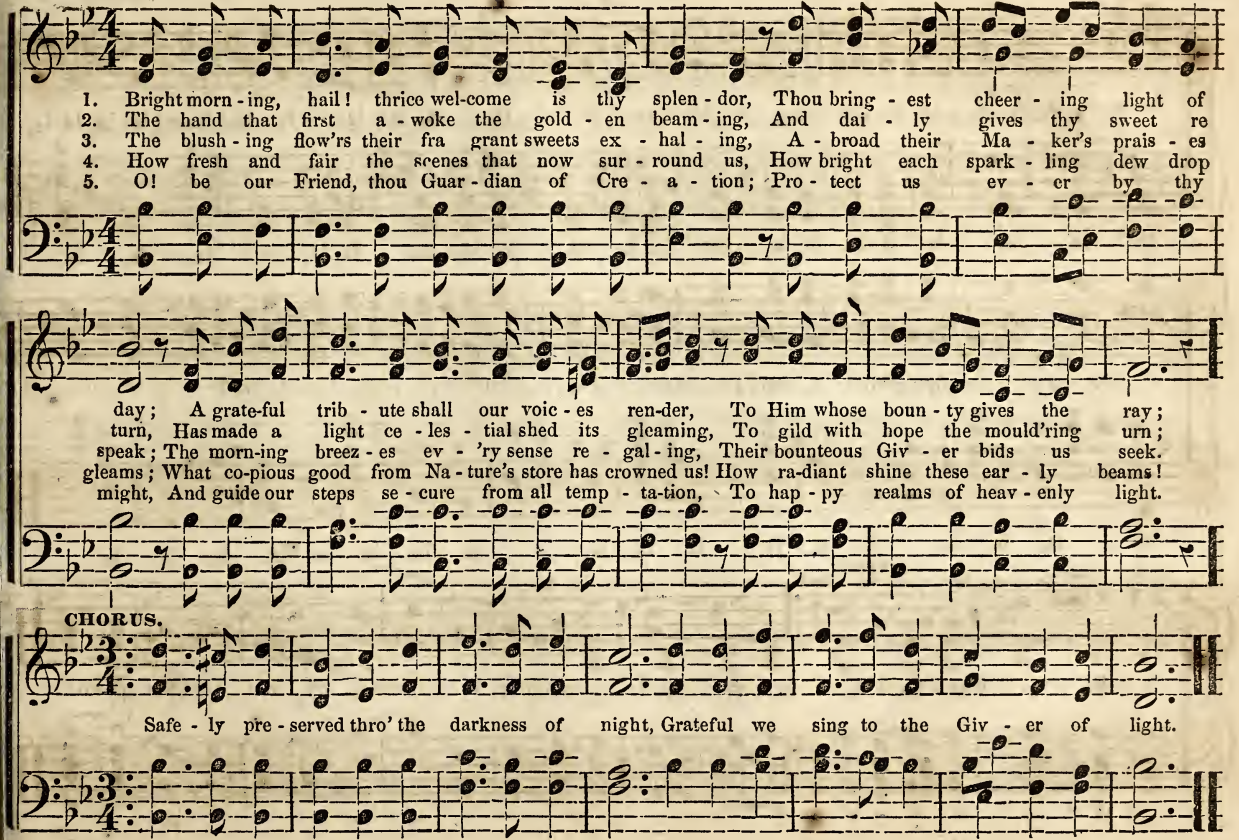

foun - tains Down the bright stream-lets fling. And from moun - tain beau - ty, To our dai - ly
mo - tion Cast the foam on the shore. And from o - cean's beau - ty, To our dai - ly
shad - ows, Fly so gai - ly and fleet. And from Na - ture's beau - ty, To our dai - ly
a - tion, Pleas - ant pas - time so gay. And its hours of beau - ty, To our dai - ly
du - ty, Thro' our spir - its rush - ing, Fresh-er life and strength we bring. Climbing Learning's
du - ty, Thro' our spir - its flash - ing, Shines its light for - ev - er - more. Wisdom's bound-less
du - ty, With our spir - its glow-ing, Now we turn our will - ing feet. For in Learning's
du - ty, Send their rich - est treas - ure, As we gai - ly come to - day. But though dear Va -
mountains, Tasting Wisdom's fountains, In our hap - py school-room,Like the mountain streams we sing.
o-cean, With a new de - vo - tion, In our hap - py school-room, We a - gain will now ex-plore.
meadows, There are lights and shadows, In our hap - py school-room, We will has - ten them to meet.
ca - tion, With its rec - re - a - tion, In our hap - py school-room, We re - joice a - gain to stay.

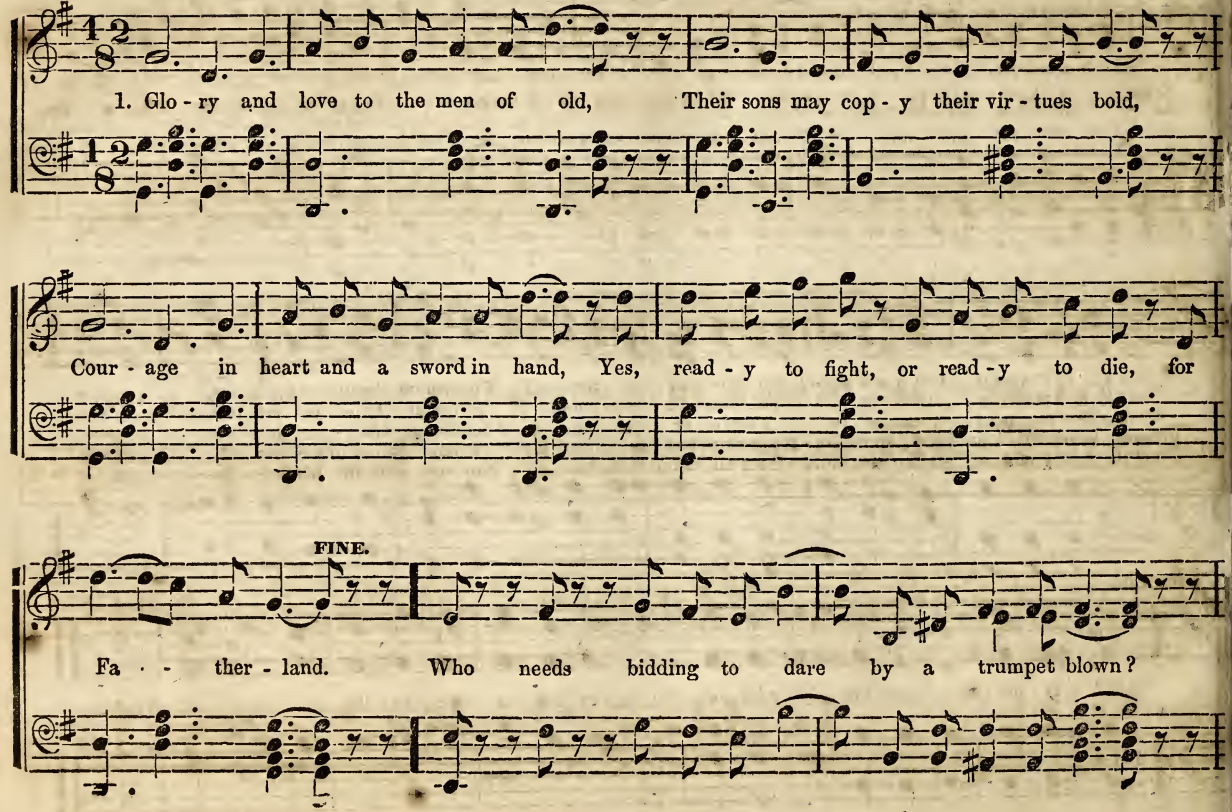
SOLO. Soprano.
1, Bird of the wil - der - ness, Blithe-some and cum - ber - less, Sweet be thy mat - in o'er
2. Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the down - y cloud, Love gives it en - er - gy,
3. O'er fell and moun-tain sheen, O'er moor and moun - tain green, On the red stream - ers that
4. Then when the gloam-ing comes, Low in the heath - er blooms, Sweet will thy wel - come and
pp
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
moorland and lea! Em - blem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy dwell-ing - place—
love gives it birth! Where on the drea - ry wing, Where art thou jour - ney-ing? Thy
her - ald the day! O - ver the cloud - lit dim, O - ver the rain-bow's rim,
bed of love be! Em - blem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy dwell-ing - place—
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. la, la, la,

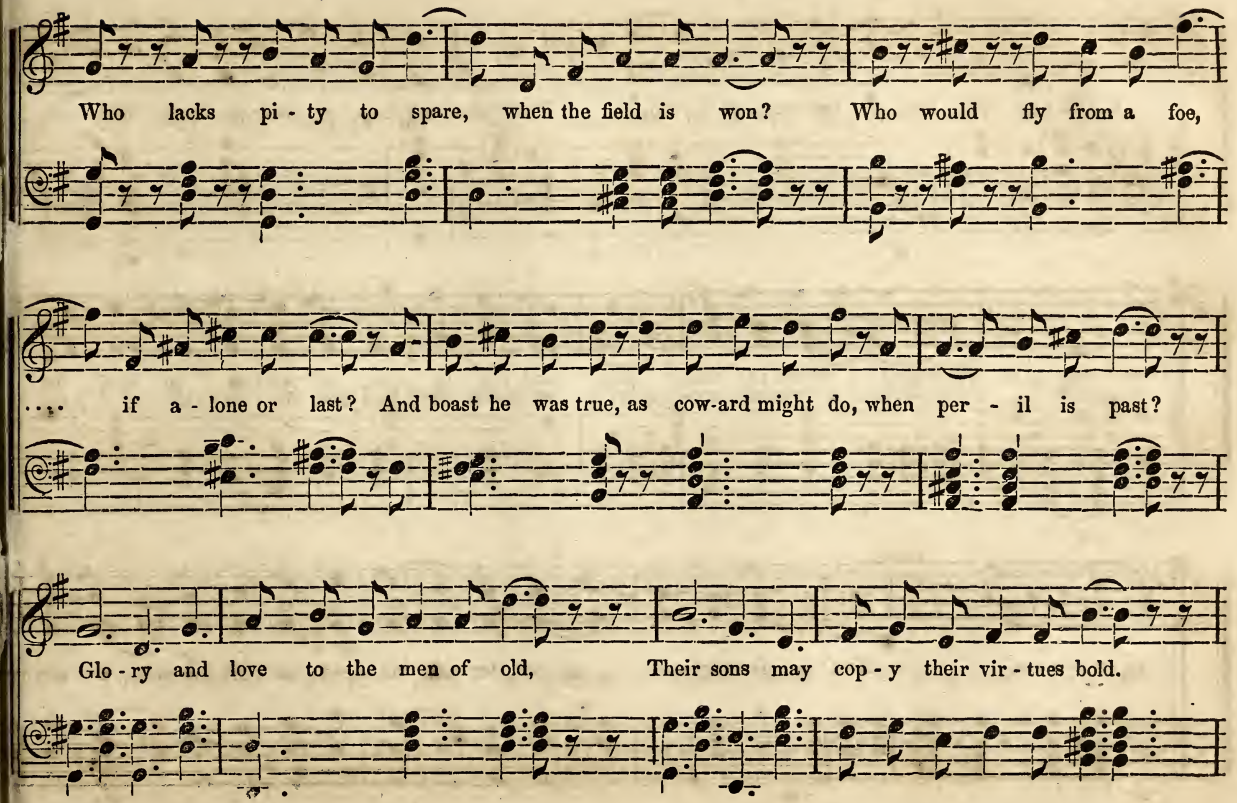
* Let the Accompaniment be very subdued.

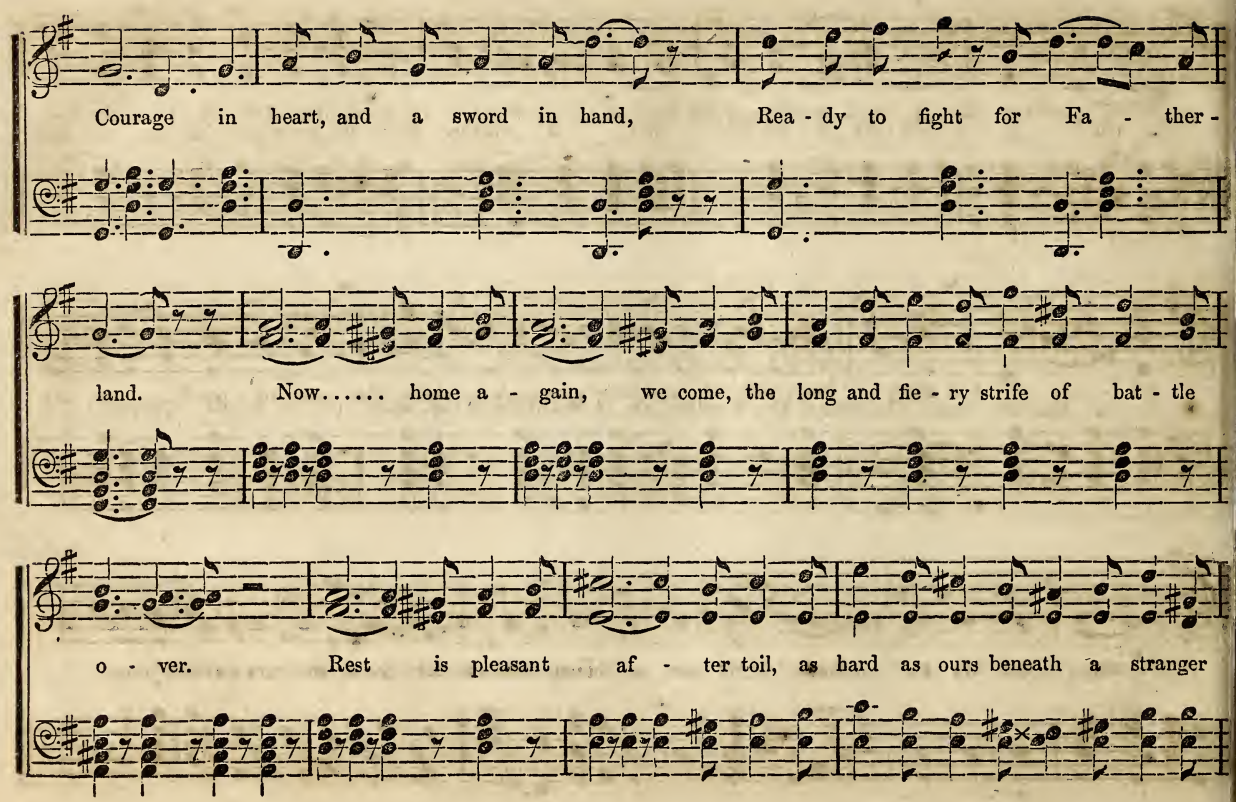
Oh! to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!
lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth;
Mu - si - cal cher-ub, soar sing - ing a - way;
Oh! to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!
Oh! to a - bide in the
Thy lay is in heaven, thy
Mu - si - cal cher-ub, soar
Oh! to a - bide in the
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
des - ert with thee! In the des - ert with thee!
love is on earth, Thy love is on earth.
sing - ing a - way, Soar, sing - ing a - way.
des - ert with thee! In the des - ert with thee!
Sing-ing, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Sing-ing, la, la, &c.
Sing-ing, la, la, &c.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

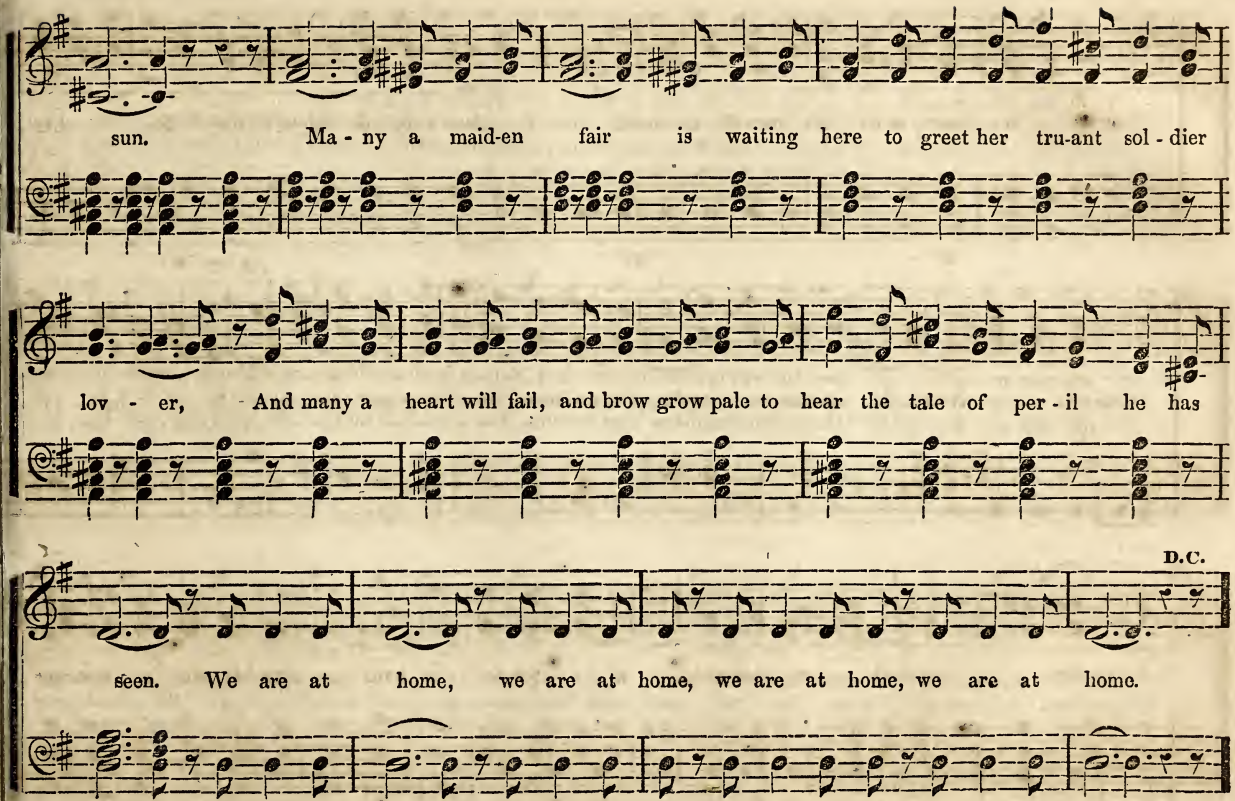

la, la, la,


1. Bright morn - ing, hail! thrice wel-come is thy splen - dor, Thou bring - est cheer - ing light of day; A grate-ful trib - ute shall our voic - es ren-der, To Him whose boun - ty gives the ray;
2. The hand that first a - woke the gold - en beam - ing, And dai - ly gives thy sweet re turn, Has made a light ce - les - tial shed its gleaming, To gild with hope the mould'ring urn;
3. The blush - ing flow'rs their fra grant sweets ex - hal - ing, A - broad their Ma - ker's prais - es speak; The morn-ing breez - es ev - 'ry sense re - gal - ing, Their bounteous Giv - er bids us seek.
4. How fresh and fair the scenes that now sur - round us, How bright each spark - ling dew drop gleams; What co-pious good from Na - ture's store has crowned us! How ra-diant shine these ear - ly beams!
5. O! be our Friend, thou Guar - dian of Cre - a - tion; Pro - tect us ev - er by thy might, And guide our steps se - cure from all temp - ta-tion, To hap - py realms of heav - enly light.
CHORUS.
Safe - ly pre - served thro' the darkness of night, Grateful we sing to the Giv - er of light.


1. Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold,
Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Yes, read - y to fight, or read - y to die, for
FINE.
Fa - - ther - land. Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blown?


Who lacks pi - ty to spare, when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe,
if a - lone or last? And boast he was true, as cow-ard might do, when per - il is past?
Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold.

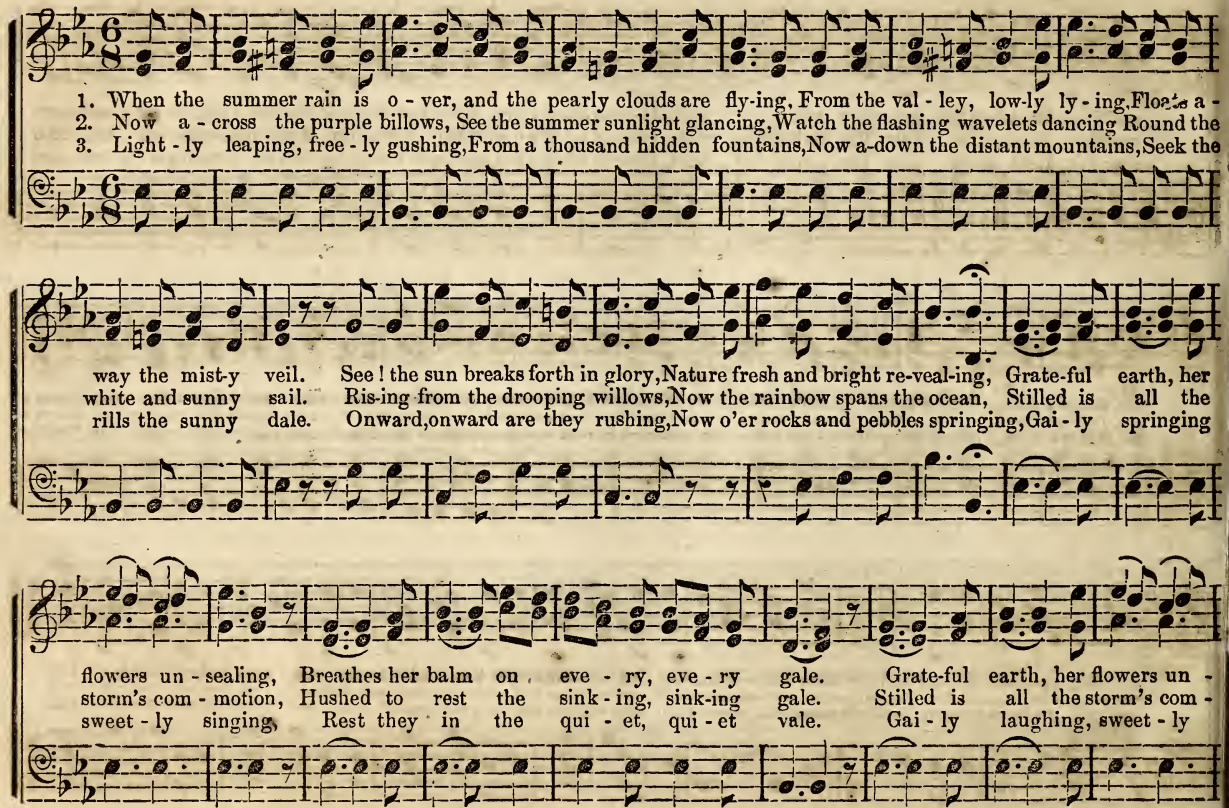

Courage in heart, and a sword in hand, Rea - dy to fight for Fa - ther -
land. Now..... home a - gain, we come, the long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle
o - ver. Rest is pleasant af - ter toil, as hard as ours beneath a stranger

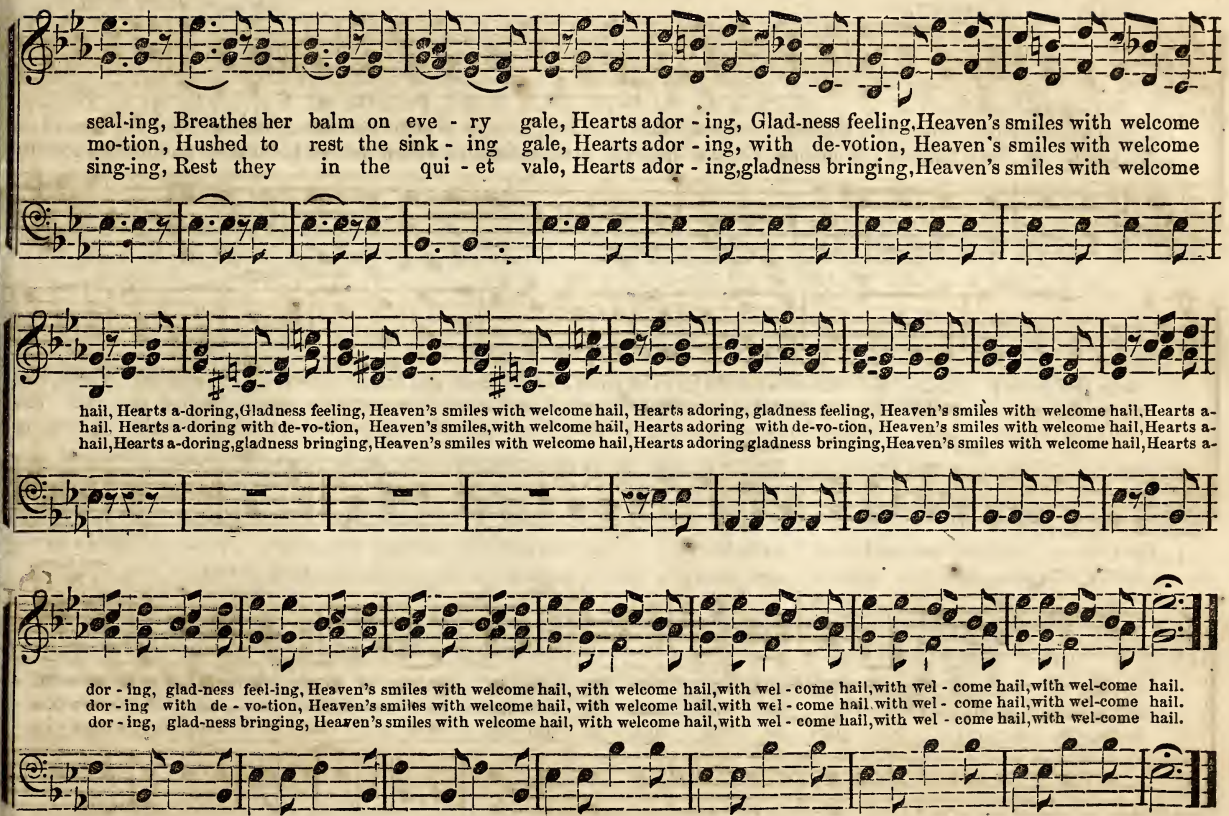

sun. Ma - ny a maid-en fair is waiting here to greet her tru-ant sol - dier
lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has
D.C.
seen. We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

The 2nd & 3rd verses, by M. B. C. S.

WHEN THE SUMMER RAIN IS OVER.

Arranged from L' ELISIRE D' AMORE.

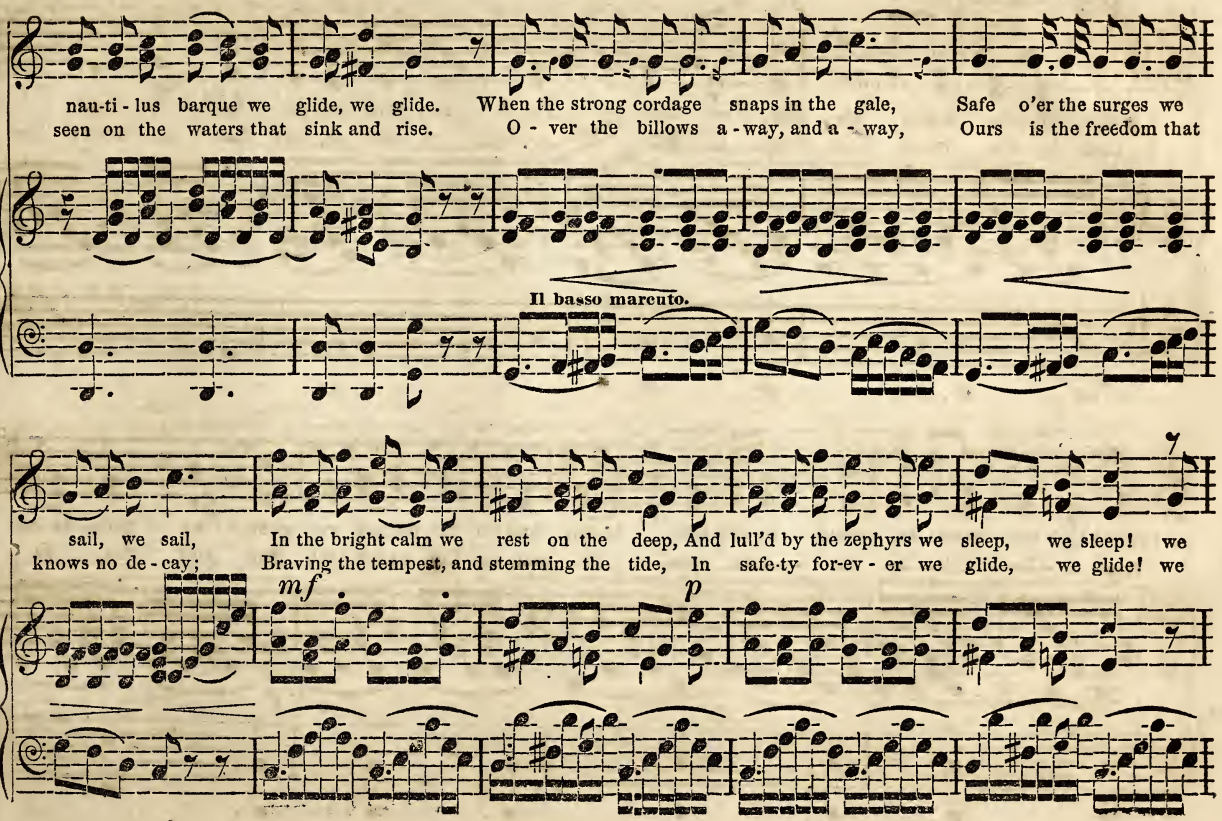

1. When the summer rain is o - ver, and the pearly clouds are fly-ing, From the val - ley, low-ly ly - ing, Floats a -
2. Now a - cross the purple billows, See the summer sunlight glancing, Watch the flashing wavelets dancing Round the
3. Light - ly leaping, free - ly gushing, From a thousand hidden fountains, Now a-down the distant mountains, Seek the
way the mist-y veil. See ! the sun breaks forth in glory, Nature fresh and bright re-veal-ing, Grate-ful earth, her
white and sunny sail. Ris-ing from the drooping willows, Now the rainbow spans the ocean, Stilled is all the
rills the sunny dale. Onward, onward are they rushing, Now o'er rocks and pebbles springing, Gai - ly springing
flowers un - sealing, Breathes her balm on eve - ry, eve - ry gale. Grate-ful earth, her flowers un -
storm's com - motion, Hushed to rest the sink - ing, sink-ing gale. Stilled is all the storm's com -
sweet - ly singing, Rest they in the qui - et, qui - et vale. Gai - ly laughing, sweet - ly


seal-ing, Breathes her balm on eve - ry gale, Hearts ador - ing, Glad-ness feeling, Heaven's smiles with welcome
mo-tion, Hushed to rest the sink - ing gale, Hearts ador - ing, with de-votion, Heaven's smiles with welcome
sing-ing, Rest they in the qui - et vale, Hearts ador - ing, gladness bringing, Heaven's smiles with welcome
hail, Hearts a-doring, Gladness feeling, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, Hearts adoring, gladness feeling, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, Hearts a-
hail. Hearts a-doring with de-vo-tion, Heaven's smiles, with welcome hail, Hearts adoring with de-vo-tion, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, Hearts a-
hail, Hearts a-doring, gladness bringing, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, Hearts adoring gladness bringing, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, Hearts a-
dor - ing, glad-ness feel-ing, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with wel - come hail, with wel - come hail, with wel-come hail.
dor - ing with de - vo-tion, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with wel - come hail, with wel - come hail, with wel-come hail.
dor - ing, glad-ness bringing, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with wel - come hail, with wel - come hail, with wel-come hail.

OVER THE WAVES WE FLOAT.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. O - ver the waves we float, we float, Fai - - ries two in our fai - ry boat;
2. Cast by the winds from shore to shore, A mo-ment ye view us, and then no more; The
Fanned by the breez - es, rock'd by the tide, In our nau - ti - lus barque we glide, we glide. In our
nau - ti - lus shell by hu - man eyes, Is seen on the waters that sink and rise, Is


nau-ti-lus barque we glide, we glide. When the strong cordage snaps in the gale, Safe o'er the surges we
seen on the waters that sink and rise. O-ver the billows a-way, and a-way, Ours is the freedom that
Il basso marcato.
sail, we sail, In the bright calm we rest on the deep, And lull'd by the zephyrs we sleep, we sleep! we
knows no de-cay; Braving the tempest, and stemming the tide, In safe-ty for-ev-er we glide, we glide! we
mf
p

p
sleep! We sleep! we sleep!..... Lull'd by the zephyrs we sleep!..... We
glide! We glide! we glide!..... In safe-ty for-ev-er we glide!..... We
Cres.
p
Cres.
Decres.
p Dim. pp Ritard.
sleep! We sleep! we sleep!..... Yes, lull'd by the zephyrs we sleep! we sleep! we sleep!
glide! We glide! we glide!..... In safe-ty for-ev-er we glide! we glide! we glide!
f
p
Cres.
Decres.
pp

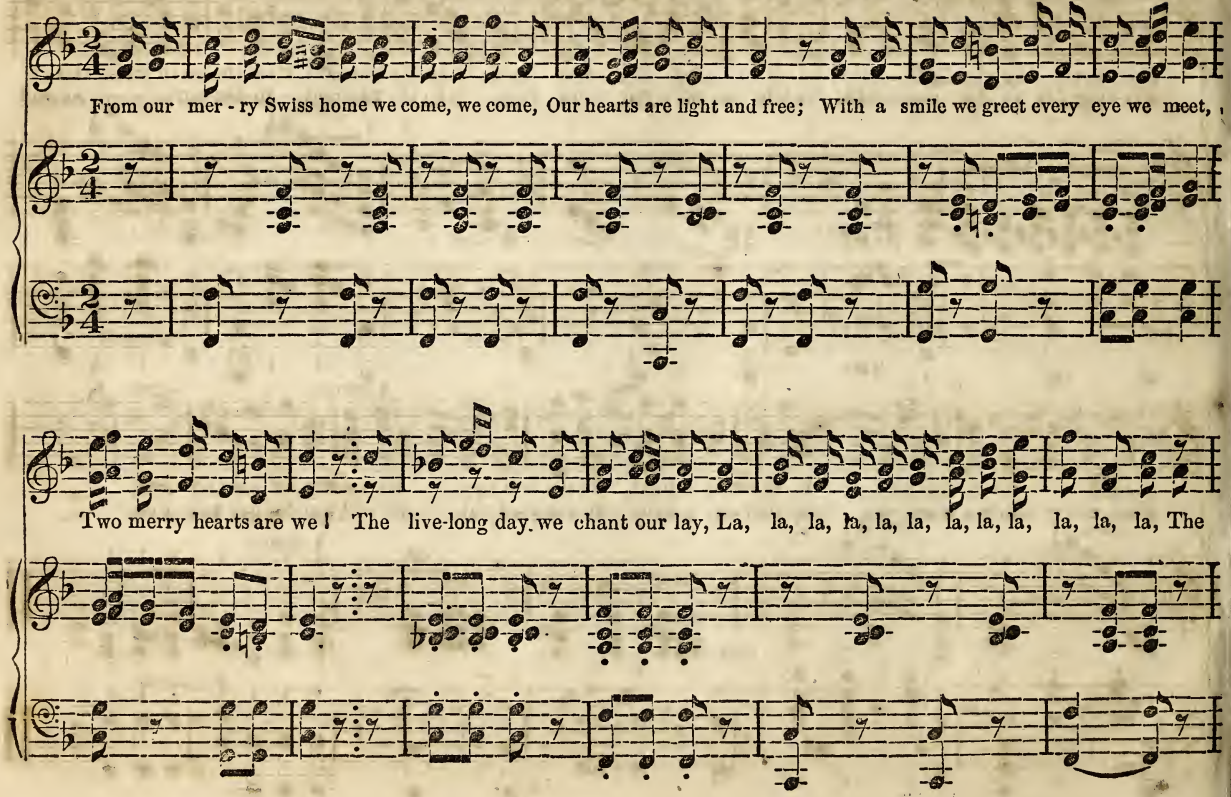
1. In the starlight, in the starlight, Let us wan - der, gay and free, For there's nothing in the
2. In the starlight, in the starlight, At the day-light's dew - y close, When the nightin - gale is
p
Decres.
day - light half so dear to you and me; Like the fai - ries, in the shad - ow of the
sing - ing his last love song to the rose, In the calm clear night of sum - mer, when the
p

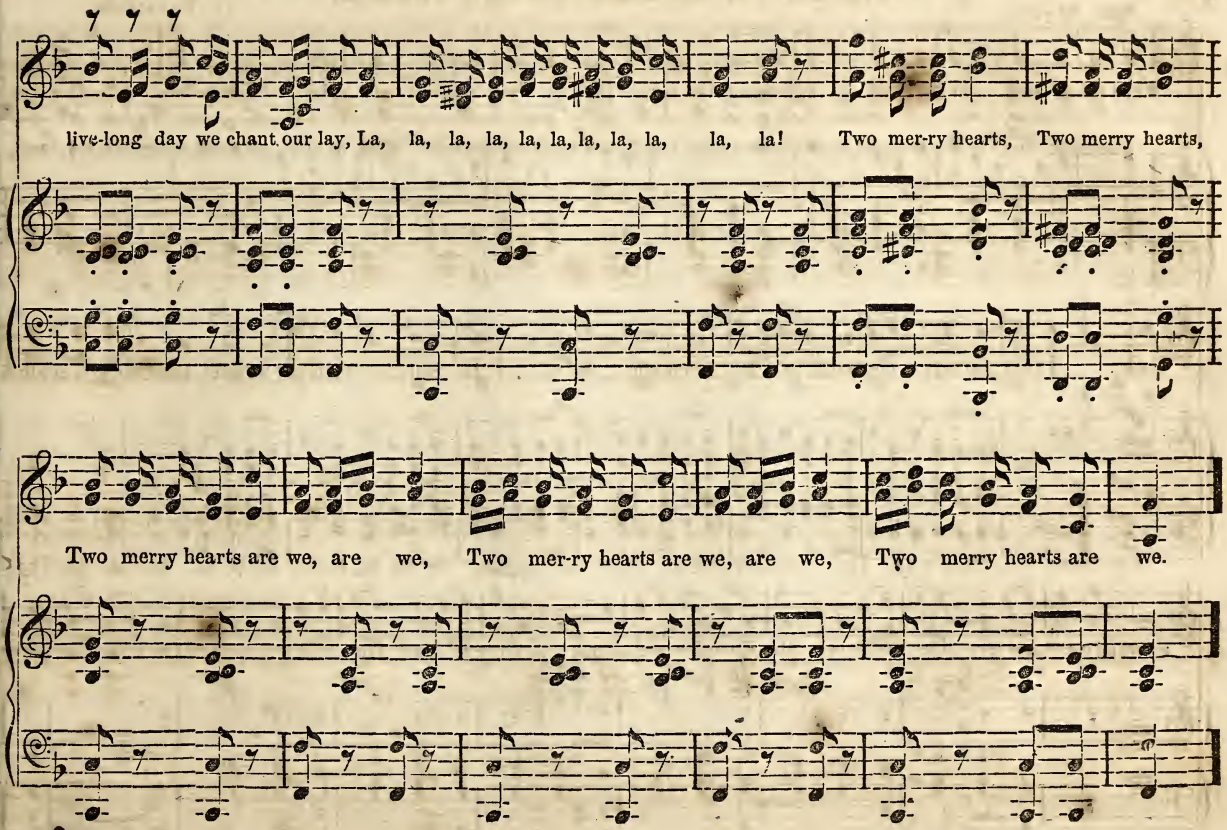
woods we'll steal a - long, And our sweetest lays we'll war-ble, for the night was made for
breez - es soft - ly play, From the glit - ter of our dwelling, we will gen - tly steal a -
Dim.
Cres.
song;.....When none are by to list - en, or to chide us in our glee. In the
way; Where the silv'-ry wa - ters mur-mur, by the mar - gin of the sea. In the
A tempo.
rit.

Decres.
star - light, in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free, In the starlight, In the starlight— let us
star - light, in the star - light, we will wan-der gay and free. In the starlight, In the starlight— we will
Cres.
sf
A tempo.
wander, let us wander— In the star - light, In the starlight, let us wander gay and free.
wander, in the starlight, In the star - light, In the starlight, we will wander gay and free.
A tempo.
Cres.

FROM OUR MERRY SWISS HOME.

C. W. GLOVER.


From our mer - ry Swiss home we come, we come, Our hearts are light and free; With a smile we greet every eye we meet,
Two merry hearts are we! The live-long day we chant our lay, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, The


live-long day we chant our lay, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Two mer-ry hearts, Two merry hearts,
Two merry hearts are we, are we, Two mer-ry hearts are we, are we, Two merry hearts are we.

Solo. 1st voice.
When the ad-vent of morning ap-pears in the sky, We rise, We rise from our peace-ful re-
tr
tr
pose; To the val-ley, the mead, or the moun-tain we hie, To cull.... each fair flow'ret, each fair flow'ret that
D.C.
grows; To the val-ley, the mead, or the mountain we hie, To cull each fair flow'ret, each fair flow'ret that grows.
tr

MORNING HYMN.

1. Our Fa - ther, we thank thee for sleep, For qui - et and peace - a - ble rest. We
2. Our voi - ces would ut - ter thy praise, Our hearts would o'er - flow with thy love; O
3. So long as thou deem - est it right, That here on the earth we should stay, We
thank thee for stoop-ing to keep Thy child - ren from be - ing dis - tressed. O how in their
teach us to walk in thy ways, And fit us to meet thee a - bove; The heart's pure af -
pray thee to guard us by night, And help us to serve thee by day; And when all the
weak-ness can crea - tures re - pay, Thy Fa - ther - ly kind-ness by night and by day.
fec - tion is all we can give; In love's pure de - vo - tion, O help us to live.
days of our earth life are past, Re - ceive us in heav - en to praise thee at last.

1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it
2. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re -
3. E - ter - nal are thy mer-cies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall
be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there o - beyed.
deem-er's name be sung, Through eve-ry land, by eve - ry tongue.
sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Dedication Hymn.

M. B. C. S.

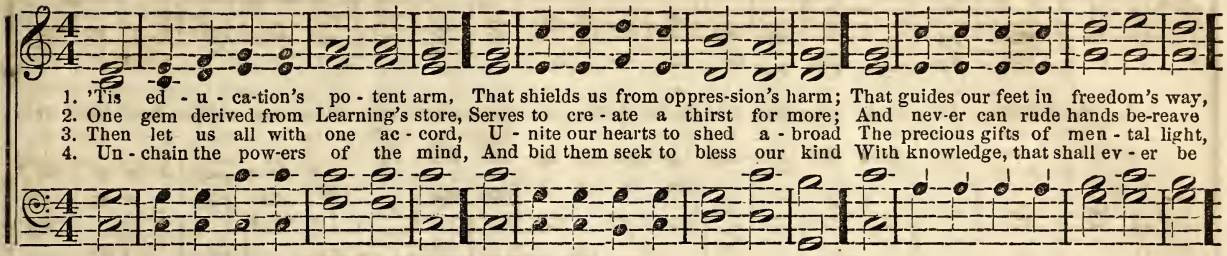
1 As when a finished temple stands,
  And opens wide its polished gates,
And for the consecrating hands,
  And dedicating blessing waits.

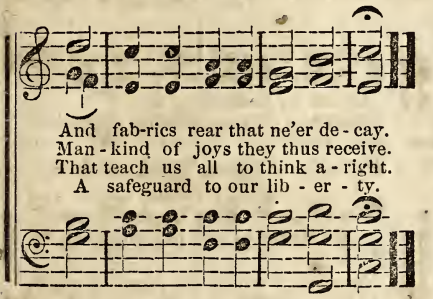
2 So, now this structure, new and strong,
  In fine proportions, fit and fair,
Awaits its dedicating song;
  Awaits its consecrating prayer.

3 Spirits of Wisdom, Truth and love,
  Our house we give, this day to ye!
Come from serenest heights above,
  Its guardians and our guides to be.

4 Speak now within its pleasant walls,
  Voices of Wisdom, Love and Truth!
And let your clear and perfect calls
  Resound within the hearts of youth.

5 Shew us the paths that lead above,
  And let your influence keep us well;
Until we go where perfect love,
  Wisdom and truth forever dwell.


1. 'Tis ed - u - ca-tion's po - tent arm, That shields us from oppres-sion's harm; That guides our feet in freedom's way,
2. One gem derived from Learning's store, Serves to cre - ate a thirst for more; And nev-er can rude hands be-reave
3. Then let us all with one ac - cord, U - nite our hearts to shed a - broad The precious gifts of men - tal light,
4. Un - chain the pow-ers of the mind, And bid them seek to bless our kind With knowledge, that shall ev - er be


And fab-rics rear that ne'er de - cay.
Man - kind of joys they thus receive.
That teach us all to think a - right.
A safeguard to our lib - er - ty.

Praise and Holiness.

1 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express?
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

God of the Seasons.

Great God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing the mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours;
The hand from which our being came.

2

Seasons and moons, revolving round,
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3

Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

4

Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

Parting.

Father, once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend;
Thou Guide and Guardian of my ways,
Our first, and last, and only Friend.

2

Since every day and hour that's gone,
Has been with mercy richly crowned;
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
Forever sure, as time rolls round.

3

Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour,
And bind our hearts in love alone;
Though we may meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.

Guide of our youth, to thee we pray:
Help us to tread thy holy way;
And O, may all our life be passed
As we shall wish it had, at last.

2

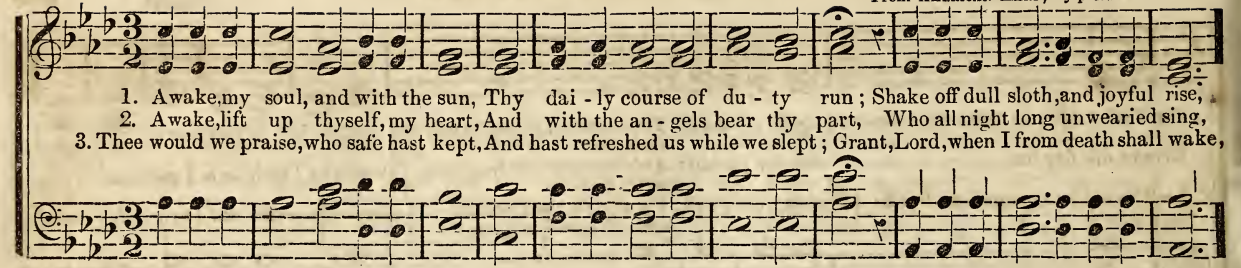
Smile, Lord, on those whose toil and care
Are spent for our instruction here;
And let our conduct ever prove
Our gratitude for all their love.

3

Through life may we perform thy will,
Our various duties all fulfil,
Then join the friends we here have known,
In nobler songs around thy throne.

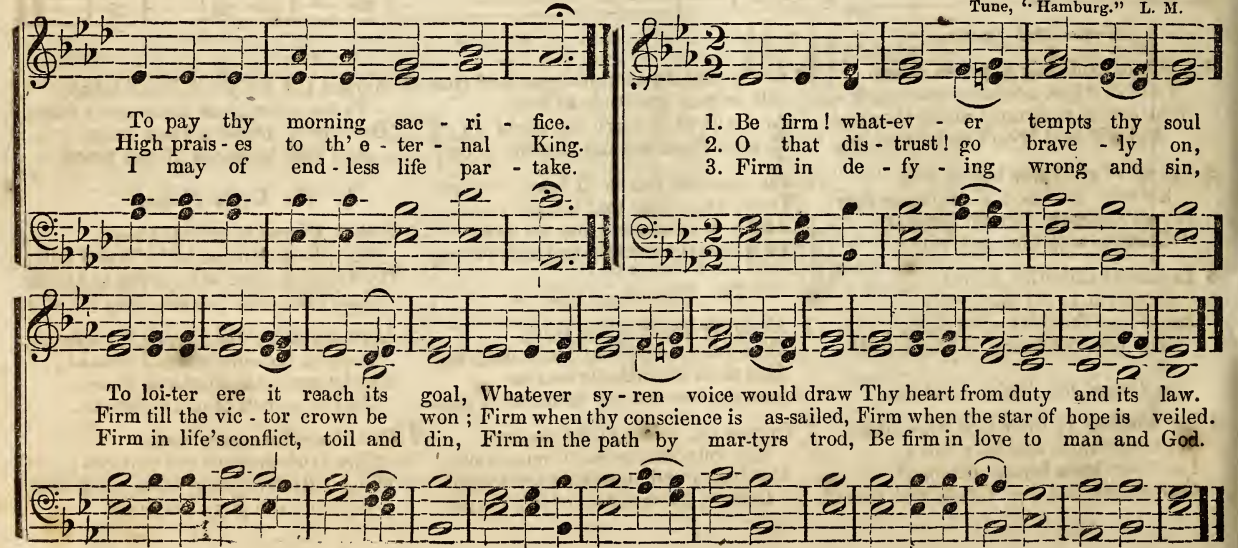
AWAKE, MY SOUL.

Tune, "Missionary Chant,"
From AMERICAN HARP, by permission.


1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run ; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
2. Awake, lift up thyself, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part, Who all night long unwearied sing,
3. Thee would we praise, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed us while we slept ; Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,

BE FIRM! WHATEVER TEMPTS THY SOUL.

Tune, "Hamburg." L. M.


To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.
High prais - es to th' e - ter - nal King.
I may of end - less life par - take.
1. Be firm! what-ev - er tempts thy soul
2. O that dis - trust! go brave - ly on,
3. Firm in de - fy - ing wrong and sin,
To loi-ter ere it reach its goal, Whatever sy - ren voice would draw Thy heart from duty and its law.
Firm till the vic - tor crown be won ; Firm when thy conscience is as-sailed, Firm when the star of hope is veiled.
Firm in life's conflict, toil and din, Firm in the path by mar-tyrs trod, Be firm in love to man and God.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name : Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on } earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our . . . dai - ly | bread ; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive } those who | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. Lead us not into temptation, But de- | liver us from | evil ; For thine is the kingdom, And the power, and the } glory..for-|ever..and | ever. A - men.

Praise and Obedience.

1 Let one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due ;
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.

3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combined,
Thy just commands, O God ! fulfil.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

1 Let children to their God draw near
With rev'rence, and holy fear ;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Maker, Saviour, Guide and Friend.

2 Lord, may thy mercies great and free
Fill us with gratitude to thee ;
And still, as through the world we go,
More of these mercies may we know.

3 Far from our hearts, O Lord, remove
The evil thoughts that sinners love ;
And give us wisdom, day by day,
To choose the straight and narrow way.

The Hosanna of Children.

1 Almighty Ruler of the skies,
Thro' all the earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
The sounding notes of honor raise ;
And babes with uninstructed tongue
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face ;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

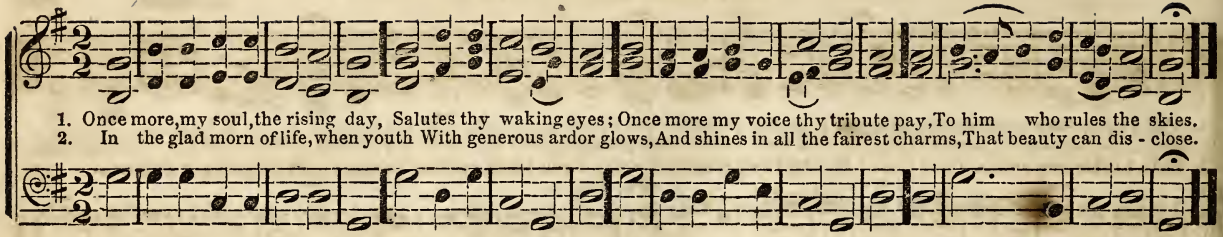
The Lord's Prayer.

1 Father, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord, make my daily wants thy care ;
Forgive the sins which I forsake ;
And let me in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of mine partake.

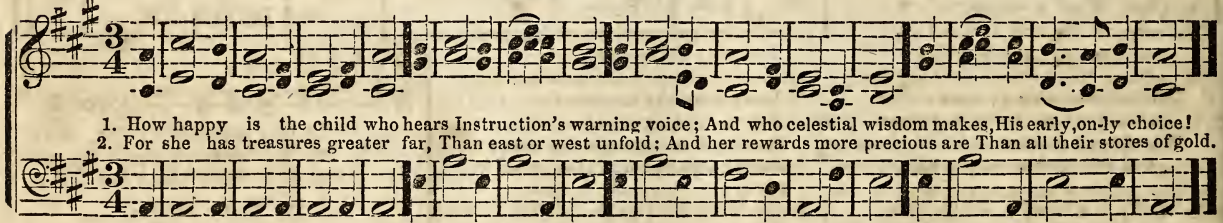
3 Evils beset me every hour,
Thy kind protection I implore ;
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
Be thine the glory evermore.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.


1. Once more, my soul, the rising day, Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more my voice thy tribute pay, To him who rules the skies.
2. In the glad morn of life, when youth With generous ardor glows, And shines in all the fairest charms, That beauty can dis - close.

BALERMA. C. M.

SCOTCH MELODY.


1. How happy is the child who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes, His early, on-ly choice!
2. For she has treasures greater far, Than east or west unfold; And her rewards more precious are Than all their stores of gold.

The Tribute and Prayer of Children.

1 Almighty Father, heavenly King!
Who rul'st the world above;
Accept the tribute children bring,
Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we pay;
And ere the night hath closed our eyes,
We thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his Word hath given;
That children, such as we, may find
The path that leads to heaven.

Now to our Homes in Peace we go.

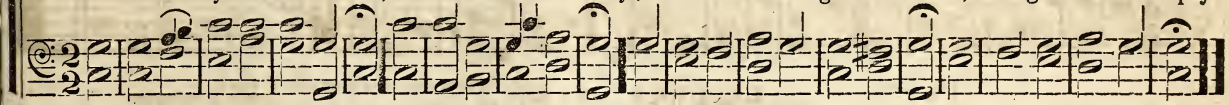
Words by M. B. C. S.

1 Now to our homes in peace we go,
As ends this happy day,
May every hour we older grow,
Thus sweetly pass away.

2 We will not dread the coming night,
For God is ever near;
And in the darkness or the light
We have no cause for fear.

3 Our Father, keep each little one:
Thy loving angels send
To guard us, till the rising sun
His cheering beams shall lend.

1. Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voices raise ; Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise.
2. God's tender mercy knows no bound, His truth shall ne'er decay ; Then let the willing nations round, Their grateful tribute pay.



God's Word a Guide. C. M.

The morn of life, how fair and gay!
How cheering, and how new!
What hope illumes each opening day,
And brightens every view!

2 Youth's ardent mind with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspects no ills that may await,
Nor yields a thought to fear.

3 In God's own word a way is sure,
And clear to every eye;
It leads us in a path secure,
To brighter worlds on high.

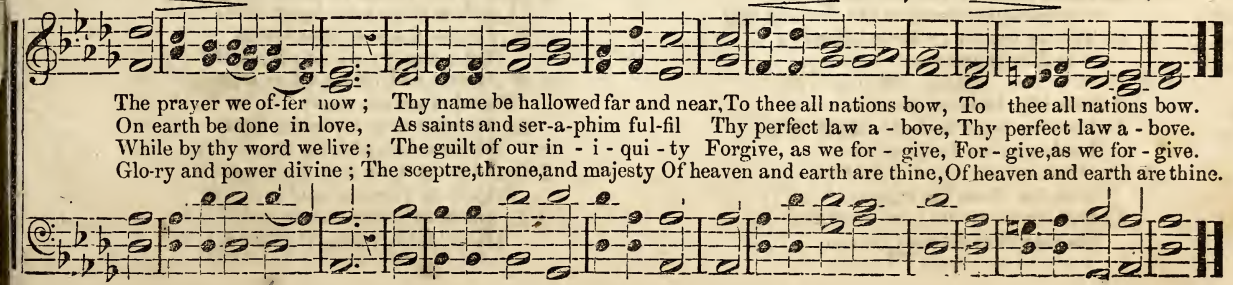
A Song of Praise. C. M.

1 Join every heart and every tongue,
And sing Jehovah's praise;
Come, shout the wonders of his love,
The vict'ries of his grace!

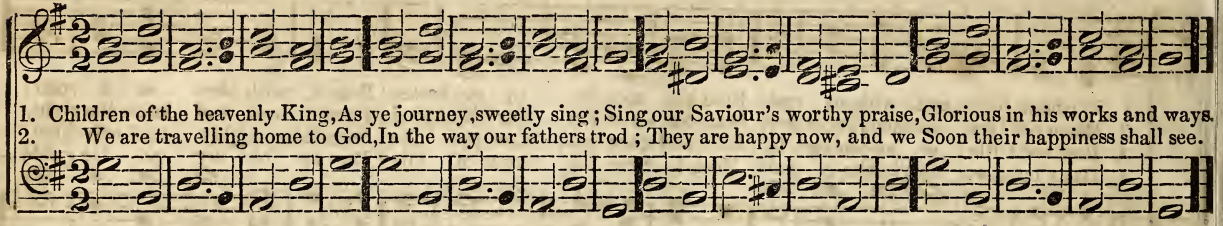
2 Far as the circuit of the sun
He makes his mercies known;
To every soul through every land
He sends his blessings down.

3 So let his highest praise be sung,
By all through every clime,
While moon and stars reflect their light,
Or suns propitious shine.

ADDISON. *


The prayer we of-fer now ; Thy name be hallowed far and near, To thee all nations bow, To thee all nations bow.
On earth be done in love, As saints and ser-a-phim ful-fil Thy perfect law a - bove, Thy perfect law a - bove.
While by thy word we live ; The guilt of our in - i - qui - ty Forgive, as we for - give, For - give, as we for - give.
Glo-ry and power divine ; The sceptre, throne, and majesty Of heaven and earth are thine, Of heaven and earth are thine.

PLEYEL.


1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
2. We are travelling home to God, In the way our fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

The Bible.

Words by M. B. C. S.

1 Father, hear us as we sing,
All our youthful hearts are stirred
While our grateful thanks we bring,
For the blessings of Thy Word.
2 Dearer than all earthly good
That thy loving hand doth give,
Better, far, this heavenly food;
Food by which our spirits live.
3 Weak are we, until its might
Makes us strong and sets us free,
Lost are we, until its light
Shines to show the way to Thee!
4 Word of God! Oh, be our guide,
Through life's dark and devious way
Till we reach our Saviour's side;
Safe in Heaven's eternal day.

Morning Hymn.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light comes on;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of night away.
2 Keep our haughty passions bound:
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Praise the Name Divine.

1 Praise, O praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise the name divine.

Praise to God.

1 Let us sing, with one accord,
Praise to the eternal Lord;
He is worthy whom we praise,
Hearts and voices let us raise.
2 He hath made us by his power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He redeems us from the grave,
Lives to bless who died to save.
3 Dear to him is youthful prayer:
Humble hearts to him are dear;
Heart and voice, let all be given,
All will find its way to heaven.

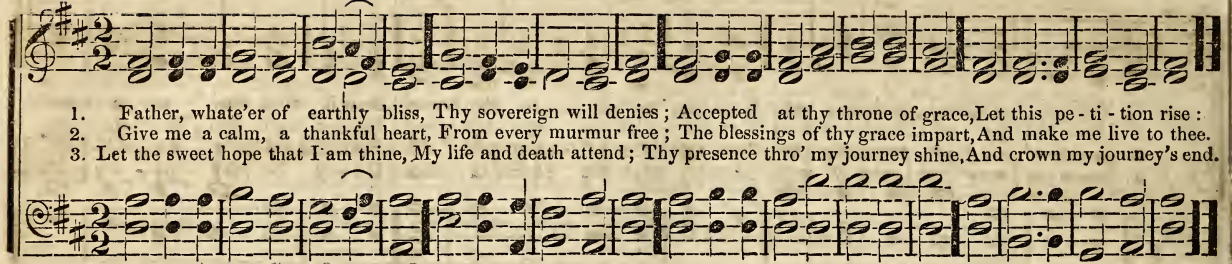
1. Without haste, and, without rest; Bind the mot-to to thy breast! Bear it with thee as a spell;
2. Haste not! let no thoughtless deed Mar for - e'er the spir - it's speed; Ponder well, and know the right,
3. Rest not! life is sweeping by; Do and dare be - fore you die: Something mighty and sub - lime
4. Haste not! rest not! calm-ly wait, Meek-ly bear the storm of fate; Du - ty be thy po - lar guide—
Storm or sunshine, guard it well! Heed not flowers that round thee bloom, Bear it on - ward to the tomb!
On-ward then with all thy might; Haste not, years can ne'er a - tone For one reck - less ac - tion done!
Leave be - hind to con - quer time; Glorious 'tis to live for aye, When these forms have passed a - way.
Love shall lin - ger at thy side. Haste not! rest not! conflicts past, God shall crown thy work at last.

GOD IS LOVE.

1 Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance;
All around, and all above,
Hath this record,—God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stir'd:
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden,—God is love.

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering,—God is love.


1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss, Thy sovereign will denies; Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that I am thine, My life and death attend; Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

1

Father of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2

Here my Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3

Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

1

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
There all my hope is laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
From him will come my aid.

2

Thy foot unmoved he ever keeps,
And all thy ways will guard;
He slumbers not, and never sleeps,—
Thy keeper is the Lord.

3

The Lord, thy keeper, shades the way,
Preserves thee in his sight;
Nor shall the sun smite thee by day,
Nor shall the moon by night.

4

The Lord preserves thy soul from sin,
From evils great and sore;
Thy going out and coming in,
Now and forevermore.

1

Father of light, conduct my feet,
Thro' life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

2

Teach me in every various scene,
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

3

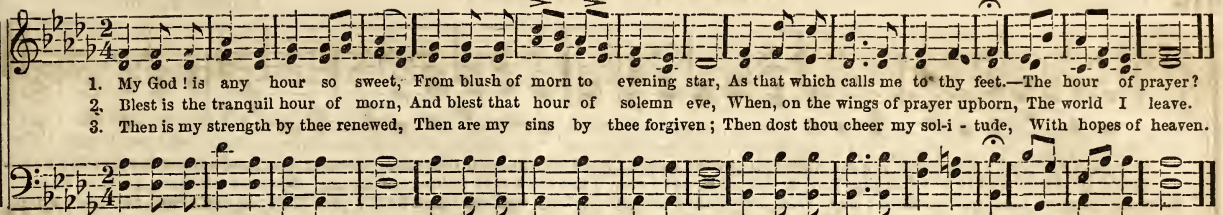
Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed,
In endless light above.

1

Great God, with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

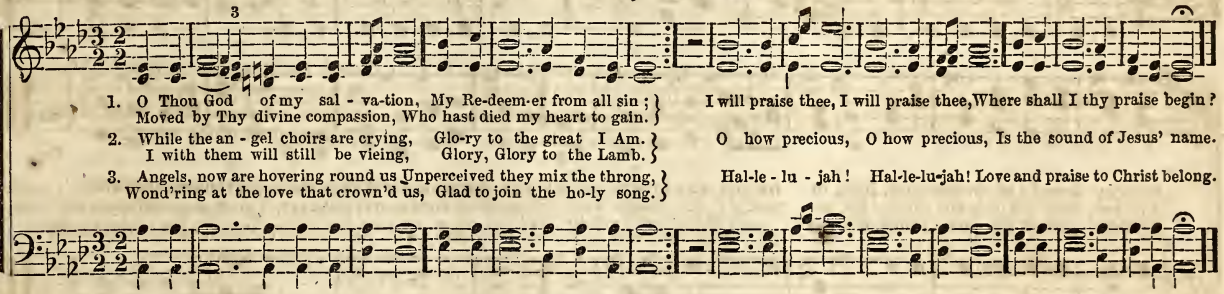
2

Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.


1. My God! is any hour so sweet, From blush of morn to evening star, As that which calls me to thy feet.—The hour of prayer?
2. Blest is the tranquil hour of morn, And blest that hour of solemn eve, When, on the wings of prayer upborn, The world I leave.
3. Then is my strength by thee renewed, Then are my sins by thee forgiven; Then dost thou cheer my sol-i - tude, With hopes of heaven.

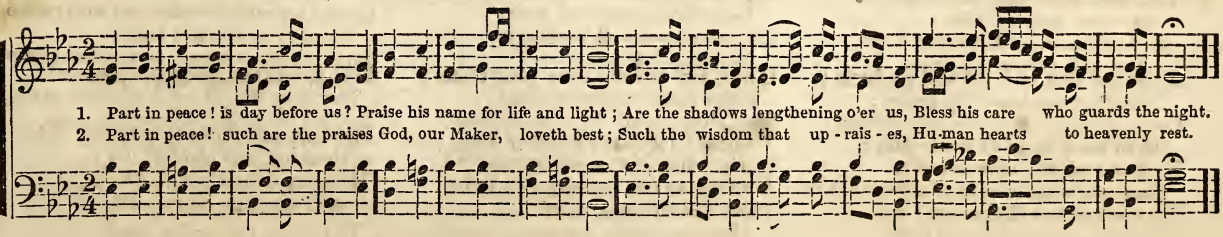
SALVATION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

T. M. TOWNE.


1. O Thou God of my sal - va-tion, My Re-deem-er from all sin; Moved by Thy divine compassion, Who hast died my heart to gain.
I will praise thee, I will praise thee, Where shall I thy praise begin?
2. While the an - gel choirs are crying, Glo-ry to the great I Am. I with them will still be vieing, Glory, Glory to the Lamb.
O how precious, O how precious, Is the sound of Jesus' name.
3. Angels, now are hovering round us Unperceived they mix the throng, Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us, Glad to join the ho-ly song.
Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Love and praise to Christ belong.

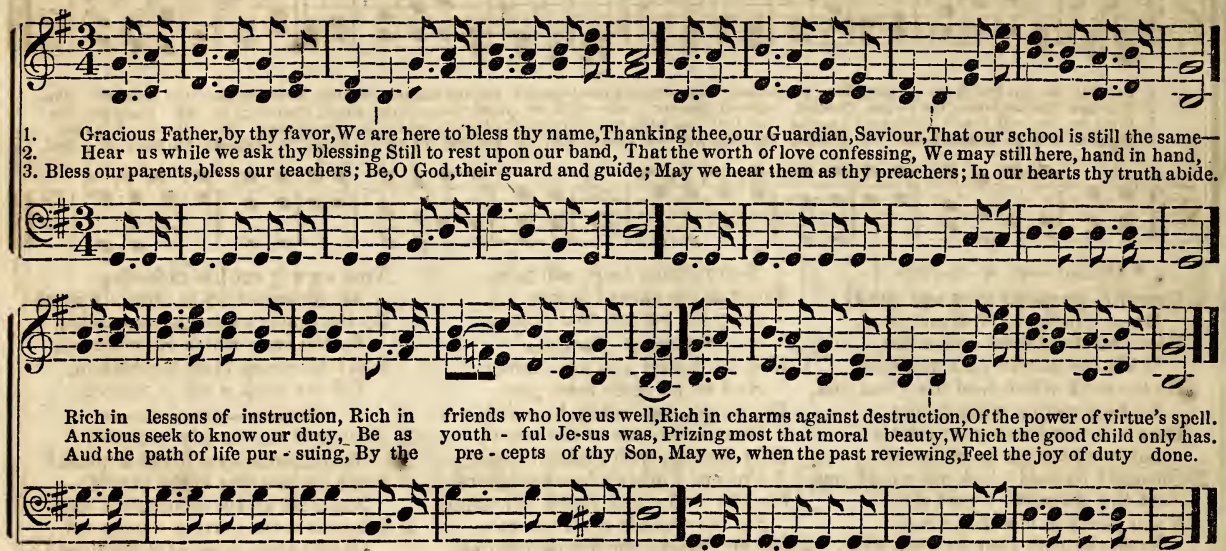
VON WEBER. 8s & 7s.

WEBER.


1. Part in peace! is day before us? Praise his name for life and light; Are the shadows lengthening o'er us, Bless his care who guards the night.
2. Part in peace! such are the praises God, our Maker, loveth best; Such the wisdom that up - rais - es, Hu-man hearts to heavenly rest.

GRACIOUS FATHER!

SCOTCH MELODY.


1. Gracious Father, by thy favor, We are here to bless thy name, Thanking thee, our Guardian, Saviour, That our school is still the same—
2. Hear us while we ask thy blessing Still to rest upon our band, That the worth of love confessing, We may still here, hand in hand,
3. Bless our parents, bless our teachers; Be, O God, their guard and guide; May we hear them as thy preachers; In our hearts thy truth abide.
Rich in lessons of instruction, Rich in friends who love us well, Rich in charms against destruction, Of the power of virtue's spell.
Anxious seek to know our duty, Be as youth - ful Je-sus was, Prizing most that moral beauty, Which the good child only has.
And the path of life pur - suing, By the pre - cepts of thy Son, May we, when the past reviewing, Feel the joy of duty done.

1

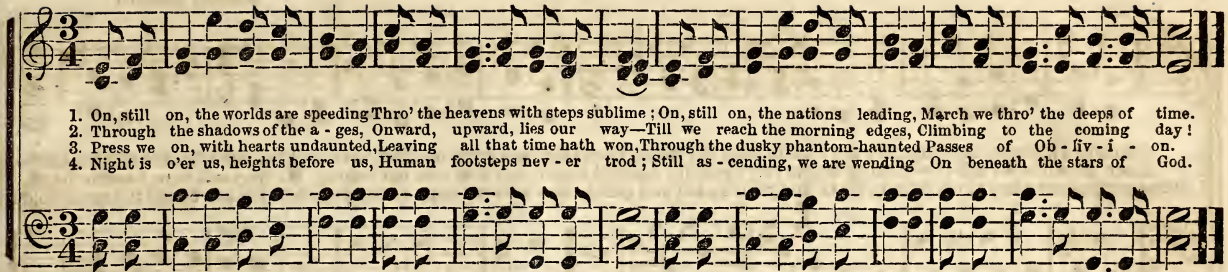
Come and sing with joy and gladness;
Elevate your hearts in praise;
Come, dismiss all gloom and sadness;
High your songs exulting raise;
With the angel choirs uniting,
Sing of Jesus' wondrous love;
'Tis a subject so delighting,
Thriiiing all the harps above.

2

Come, and sweetly tune your voices;
Raise them to a lofty strain;
Sing aloud, while heaven rejoices;
Shout! for Jesus comes to reign:
Glory! hear the angels crying,
Glory to the Saviour's name;
Shall not children, with them vieing,
Here, on earth, his praise proclaim?

3

Yes! it was the Saviour's pleasure
That they should not hold their peace;
And his blessings, without measure,
He bestowed on such as these:
Then to heaven high ascending,
Shall our anthems quickly rise;
With angelic voices blending
Far above yon azure skies.


1. On, still on, the worlds are speeding Thro' the heavens with steps sublime ; On, still on, the nations leading, March we thro' the deeps of time.
2. Through the shadows of the a - ges, Onward, upward, lies our way—Till we reach the morning edges, Climbing to the coming day!
3. Press we on, with hearts undaunted, Leaving all that time hath won, Through the dusky phantom-haunted Passes of Ob - liv - i - on.
4. Night is o'er us, heights before us, Human footsteps nev - er trod ; Still as - cending, we are wending On beneath the stars of God.

* *Onward!*—H. W. PAYSON.

1 Onward—onward! slow and steady ;
Be each footprint firm and deep,
Bear your form erect and noble,
While the narrow path you keep.
Do the work which God has given you,
Be your calling what it may ;
Bury not, nor hoard your talents :
Labor with them on your way.

2 Onward! onward! look not round you,
At the laborers by your side ;
If you pause in idle dreamings,
From the path your foot will slide.
Yet help on your feeble brother,
If he faint in doubt or fear,
Let your love his spirit strengthen,
Let your faith his spirit cheer.

3 Onward! onward! look beyond you,
Keep the beacon-light in view ;
Let no idle words entice you,
Lure you from the safe and true.
Onward, with your heart ennobling,
Soul refining more and more,
Till it at the gate of heaven
Drop the burden that it bore.

* *Close of Festivities.*

1 Now our festive joys are ending,
And we all again must part ;
Ere we go, our voices blending,
Give the tribute of the heart ;
Offer thanks, with grateful feeling,
For our Father's love and grace,
For the truths, like plants of healing,
For the wounds of all our race.

2 Let our hearts, the lessons heeding
Of this joyful festal time,
Strive by study, prayer and reading,
To possess the truths sublime ;
Truths that kindle like the shining
Of the stars when eve sets in ;
Truths far better for divining
Than the charts and rods of men.

3 Now farewell! but ere retreating,
Let us here, in earnest truth,
Vow we will not live defeating
All that prompts to virtuous youth ;
By the desert's strange temptation,
By the cross which He endured,
Soul! be strong to fill thy station,
Till thy bark is safely moored.

Progress.—ALICE CAREY.

1 Toiling in the earthly vineyard
Many bands have found a place!
Some are nearing to the summit—
Some are at the mountain's base.

2 Progress is the stirring watchword,
Cheers them upward to the height ;
Canst thou stop and play the laggard,
With its glories full in sight?

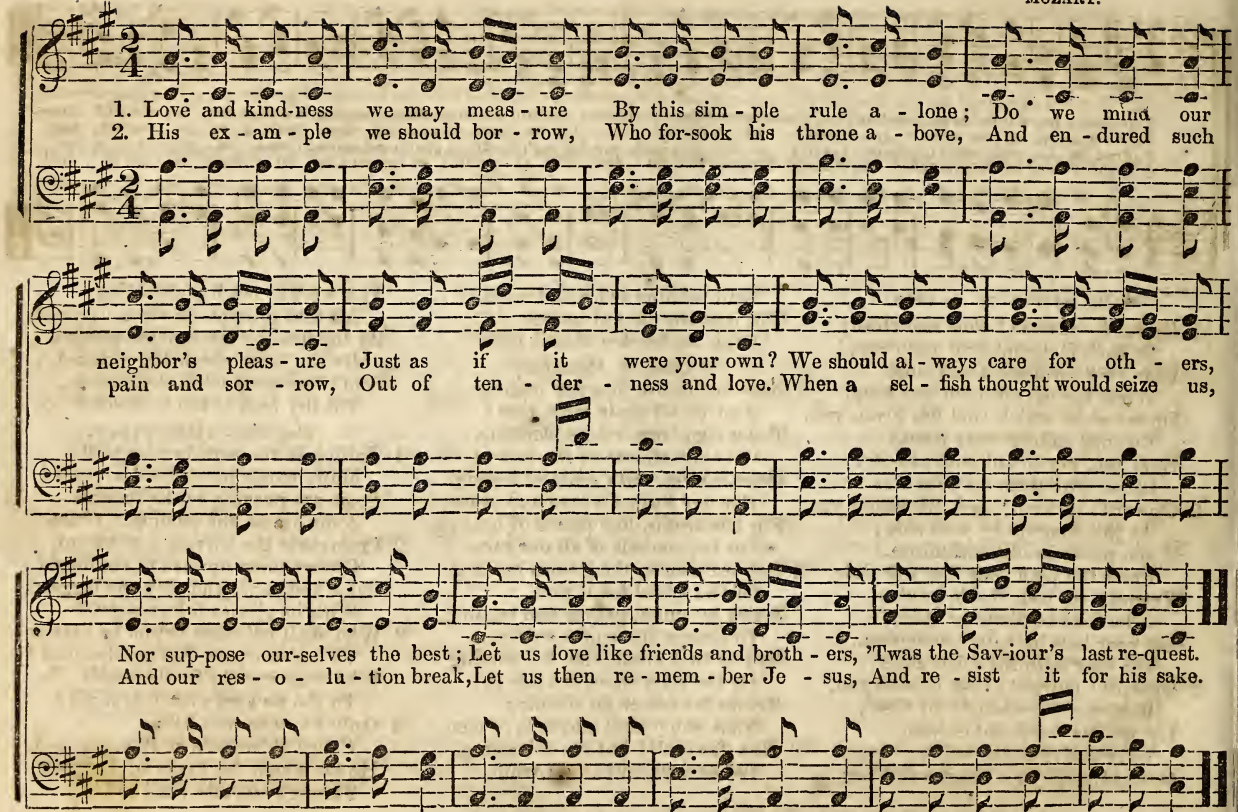
3 Who shall tell what bound or barrier
To improvement heaven designed?
Who shall dare to fix the limits
To the onward march of mind?

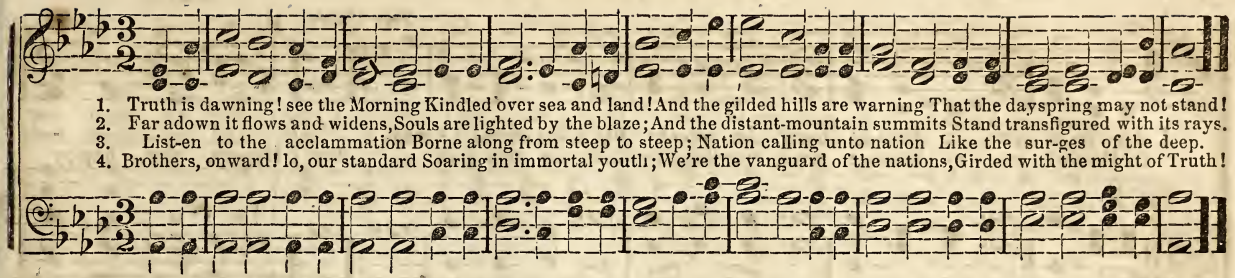
4 Only he, who into being
Called th' unfathom'd human soul,
He for whom the hymn of Progress
Through eternity shall roll!

* To be sung to the tune on the 212th page, or to the tune above by repeating it.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

MOZART.


1. Love and kind-ness we may meas - ure By this sim - ple rule a - lone; Do we mind our
2. His ex - am - ple we should bor - row, Who for-sook his throne a - bove, And en - dured such
neighbor's pleas - ure Just as if it were your own? We should al - ways care for oth - ers,
pain and sor - row, Out of ten - der - ness and love. When a sel - fish thought would seize us,
Nor sup-pose our-selves the best; Let us love like friends and broth - ers, 'Twas the Sav-iour's last re-quest.
And our res - o - lu - tion break, Let us then re - mem - ber Je - sus, And re - sist it for his sake.


1. Truth is dawning! see the Morning Kindled over sea and land! And the gilded hills are warning That the dayspring may not stand!
2. Far adown it flows and widens, Souls are lighted by the blaze; And the distant-mountain summits Stand transfigured with its rays.
3. List-en to the acclammation Borne along from steep to steep; Nation calling unto nation Like the sur-ges of the deep.
4. Brothers, onward! lo, our standard Soaring in immortal youth; We're the vanguard of the nations, Girded with the might of Truth!

* *Speak not harshly.*—F. J. CROSBY.

1 Speak not harshly, when reproving
Those from duty's path who stray:
If we would reclaim the erring,
Kindness must each action sway.
Speak not harshly to the wayward;—
Win their confidence—their love;
They will feel how pure the motive
That hath led us to reprove.

2 Speak not harshly to the stranger,
Though he come in humble guise;
Think how slight a thing would kindle
Gladness in a stranger's eyes.
Speak not harshly to the felon,
Though like adamant his heart,
Touch one chord of fond affection,
And the scalding tear may start.

3 Speak not harshly to the orphan,
He hath borne of grief his share.
Add not to his heavy burden,
Add not to corroding care.
Speak not harshly, was the precept
Which to man the Saviour taught;
May that precept ever guide us—
Gentle words will cost us-nought,

*Have Faith in One Another.**

1 Cherish faith in one another,
When you meet in friendship's name;
In the true friend is a brother,
And his heart should throb the same.
Though your path in life may differ,
Since the hour when first ye met.
Still have faith in one another—
You may need that friendship yet.

2 O have faith in one another,
When ye speak a brother's vow;
It may not be always summer,
Not be always bright as now;
And when wintry clouds hang o'er ye,
If some kindred heart ye share,
And have faith in one another,
O, ye never shall despair!

3 Then have faith in one another,
And let honor be your guide;
Let the truth alone be spoken,
Whatsoever may betide.
The false may reign a little season,
Doubt ye not, it sometimes will;
Yet have faith in one another,
And the Truth shall triumph still.

Closing Hymn.

1 Father! grant us now thy blessing,
Smile upon us from above;
Let us all, pure hearts possessing,
Fill our lives with deeds of love.

2 Make us gentle, kind and lowly;
Teach us, Father, by thy word,
How we may be good and holy,
Like to Jesus Christ, our Lord.

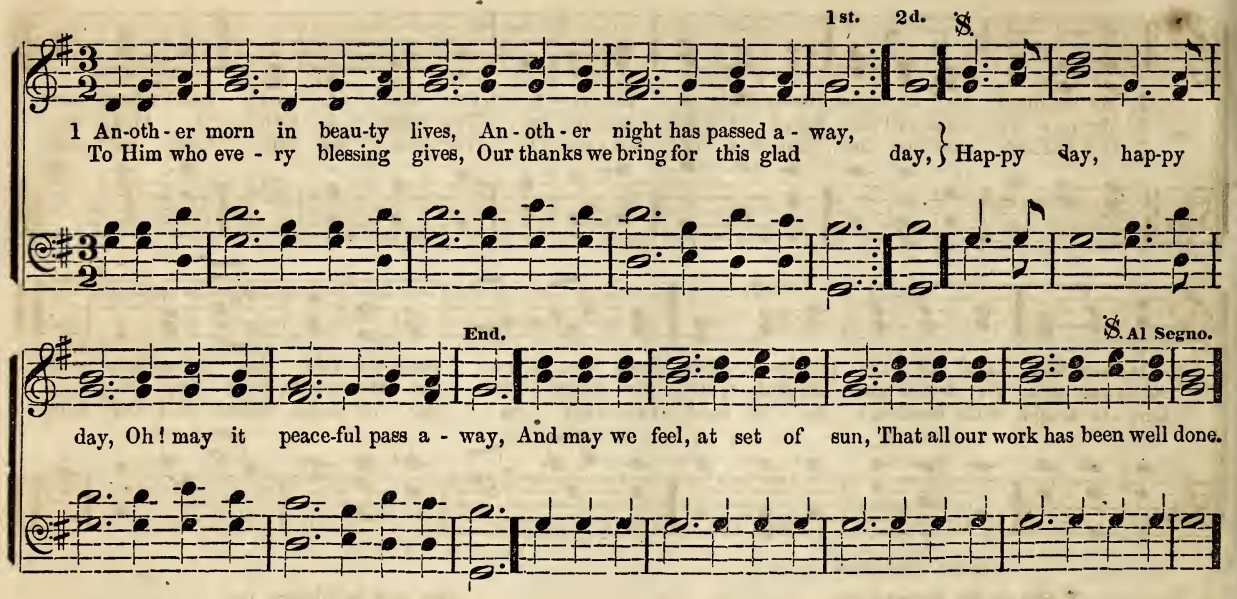
3 God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.

4 As our steps are drawing nearer,
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come.

* To be sung to the tune on the 14th page.

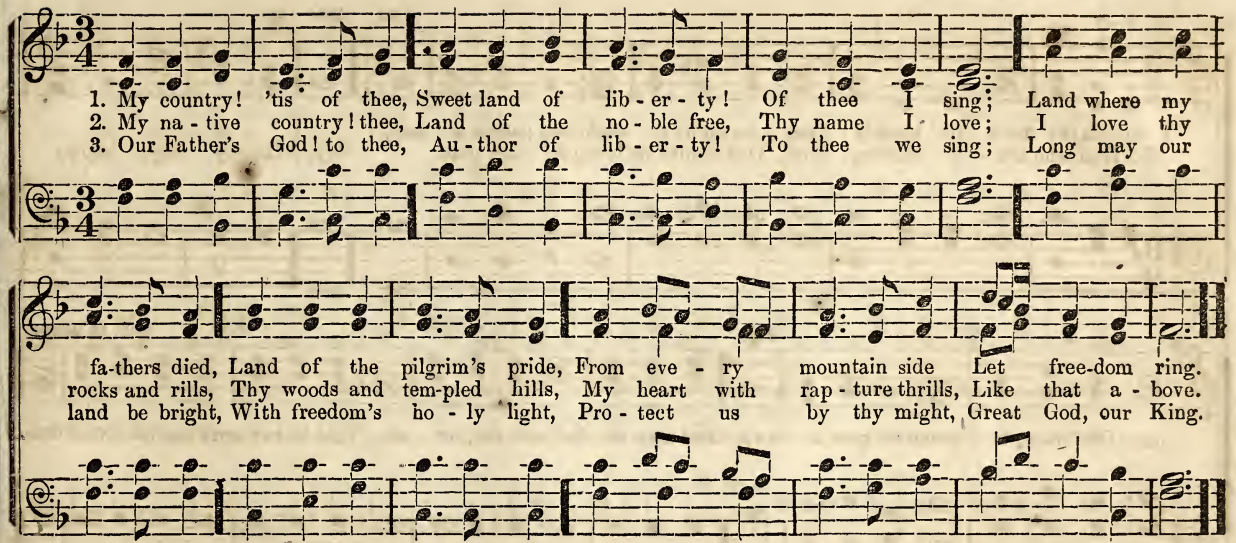
Words by M. B. C. S.

ANOTHER MORN.


1st.
2d.
1 An-oth-er morn in beau-ty lives, An-oth-er night has passed a-way,
To Him who eve-ry blessing gives, Our thanks we bring for this glad day,
Hap-py day, hap-py
End.
Al Segno.
day, Oh! may it peace-ful pass a-way, And may we feel, at set of sun, That all our work has been well done.

2 In works of duty, deeds of love,
Its pleasant hours we'll try to spend;
That He who sees us from above
Still other days to us may lend.
Happy day, happy day;
Oh! may it peaceful pass away,
And, as the swift-winged moments go,
We'll think to whom each day we owe.

3 Our life is in its morning, now;
But how its hours and minutes go!
Our Father, teach thy children how,
In all life's hours thy will to do.
Happy day, happy day;
Oh! may it peaceful pass away.
When sweetly sinks life's setting sun,
Oh! may we hear, Well done, well done!

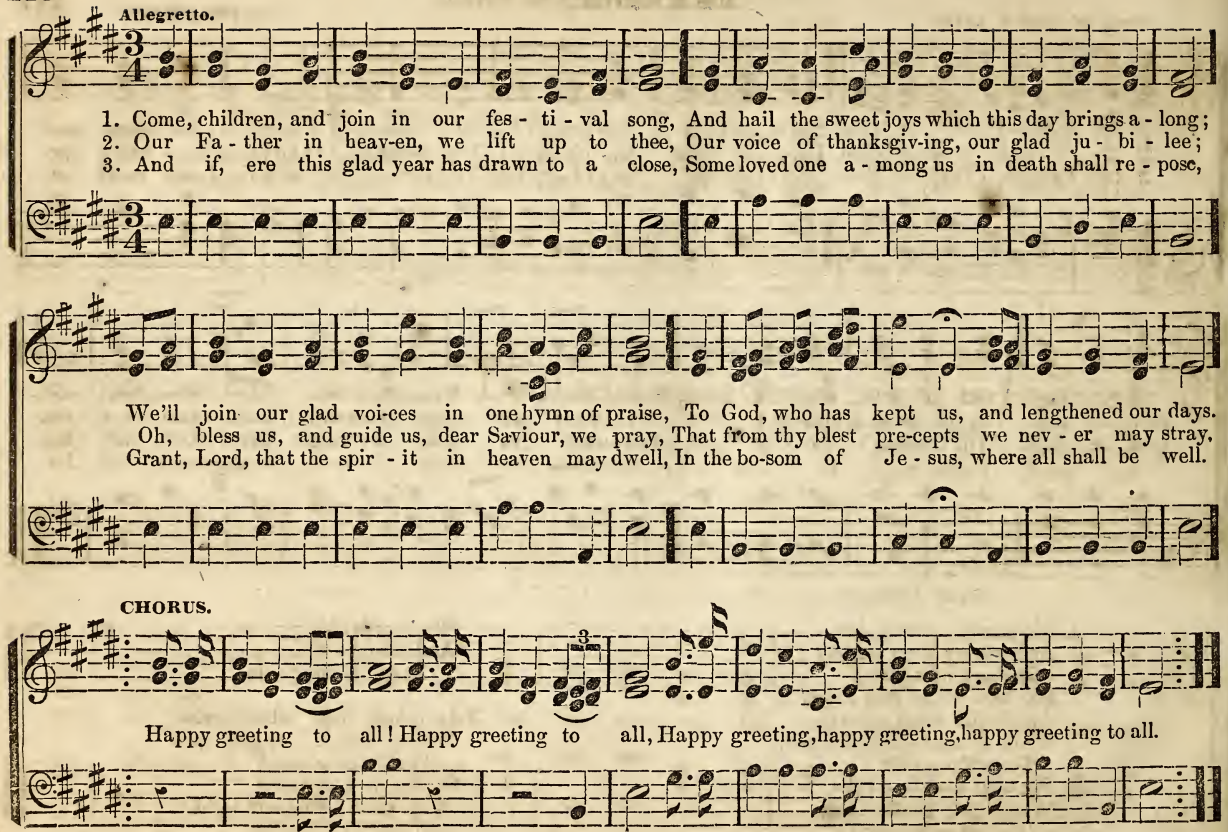

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty! Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Our Father's God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty! To thee we sing; Long may our
fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From eve - ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

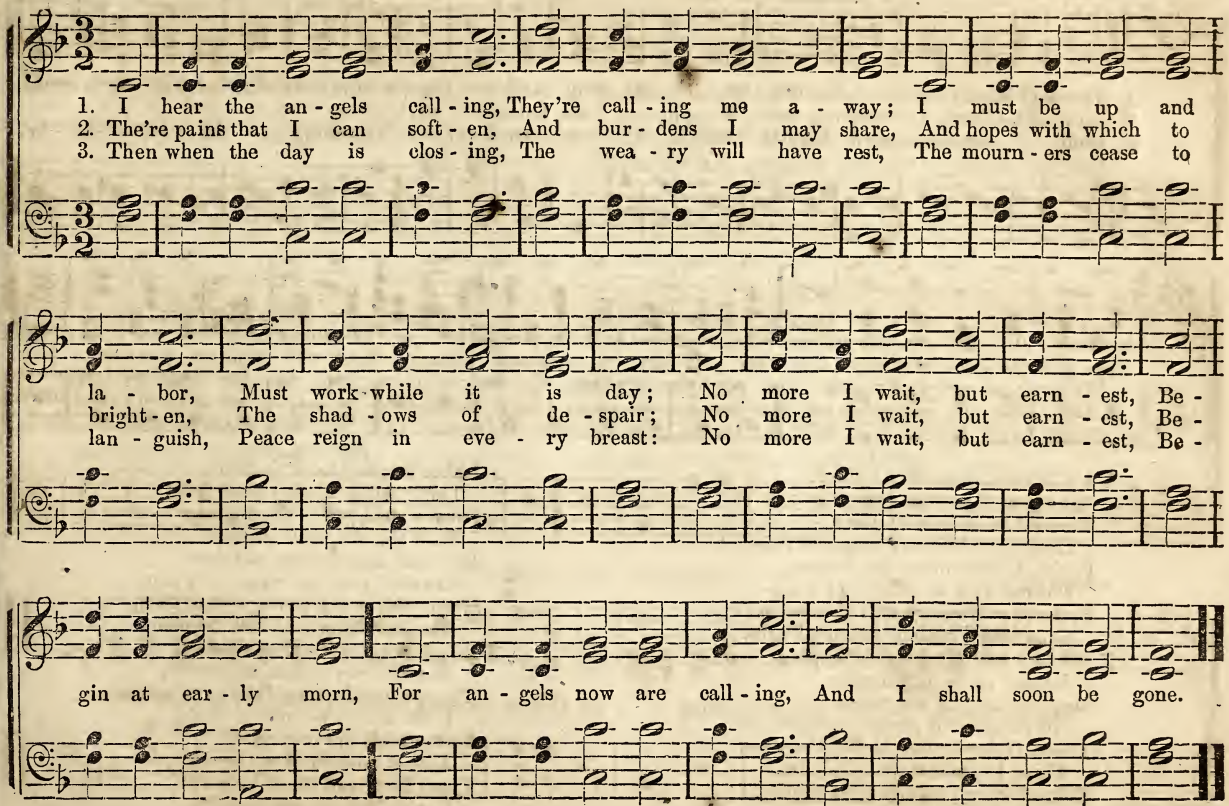
School Dedication.

1 We gladly come to-day,
And willing vows we pay
In learning's fane;
For here we all may meet,
And joyful songs repeat,
While accents soft and sweet,
Unite the strain.

2 We dedicate these halls,
Where duty gently calls,
To love and truth;
The hours shall joyful flee,
We here will happy be,
And happy teachers see,
To guide our youth.

3 Long may these halls remain,
That thousands here may gain
The radiant boon;
So science shall unite
With truth's effulgent light,
And every soul invite
To endless noon.


Allegretto.
1. Come, children, and join in our fes - ti - val song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings a - long;
2. Our Fa - ther in heav-en, we lift up to thee, Our voice of thanksgiv-ing, our glad ju - bi - lee;
3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close, Some loved one a - mong us in death shall re - pose,
We'll join our glad voi-ces in one hymn of praise, To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days.
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray, That from thy blest pre-cepts we nev - er may stray.
Grant, Lord, that the spir - it in heaven may dwell, In the bo-som of Je - sus, where all shall be well.
CHORUS.
3
Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all, Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all.


1. I hear the an - gels call - ing, They're call - ing me a - way; I must be up and
2. The're pains that I can soft - en, And bur - dens I may share, And hopes with which to
3. Then when the day is clos - ing, The wea - ry will have rest, The mourn - ers cease to
la - bor, Must work while it is day; No more I wait, but earn - est, Be -
bright - en, The shad - ows of de - spair; No more I wait, but earn - est, Be -
lan - guish, Peace reign in eve - ry breast: No more I wait, but earn - est, Be -
gin at ear - ly morn, For an - gels now are call - ing, And I shall soon be gone.

FINE.
1. Here we meet with joy to - geth-er, 'Neath the shade of leaf - y trees, While the branches make sweet music,
While young children's sweet-toned voices, Float up - on the balm-y air.
2. Hour of gladness, scene of beau - ty! Ra-diant all around, a - bove; Speaking to the soul of du - ty,
But 'mid memory's choicest treasure, We will guard and cher-ish thee.
D.C.
Rustling in the summer breeze. Filled with love each heart re - joic - es, Breathing forth the sa - cred prayer;
Hope and faith and heavenly love. Day of hap - pi - ness and pleasure, Ne'er wilt thou for - got - ten be!

National Praise.

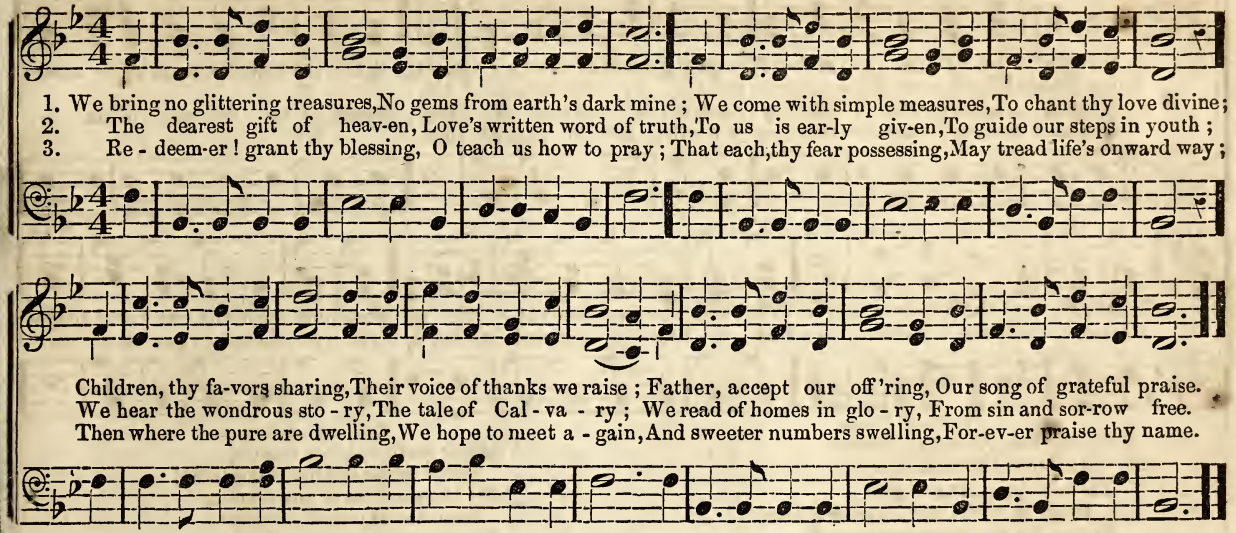
1 Up to thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us, while our songs we raise.
Praise, for the unceasing bounty,
Poured with an indulgent hand—
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning Freedom's favored land.

2 While a nation's heart is leaping,
Mighty in its gushing joy,
May the song of adoration
All its grateful powers employ.
Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom.
Thine the power and glory be,
Thine through endless ages rolling,
Thine throughout eternity.

Life and Labor.

1 Labor fearless, labor faithful,
Labor while the day shall last;
For the shadows of the evening
Soon the sky shall overcast;
Ere shall end thy day of labor,
Ere shall rest thy manhood's sun,
Strive with every power within thee,
That the appointed task be done.

2 Life is not the traceless shadow,
Nor the wave upon the beach,
Though our days are brief, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each;
Life is real, life is earnest,
Full of labor, full of thought;
Every hour and every moment,
Is with living vigor frought.

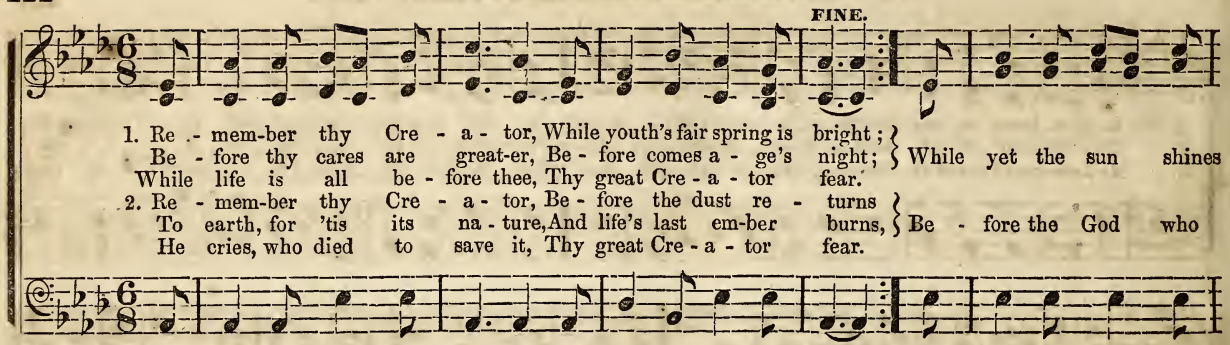

1. We bring no glittering treasures, No gems from earth's dark mine ; We come with simple measures, To chant thy love divine;
2. The dearest gift of heav-en, Love's written word of truth, To us is ear-ly giv-en, To guide our steps in youth ;
3. Re - deem-er ! grant thy blessing, O teach us how to pray ; That each, thy fear possessing, May tread life's onward way ;
Children, thy fa-vors sharing, Their voice of thanks we raise ; Father, accept our off'ring, Our song of grateful praise.
We hear the wondrous sto - ry, The tale of Cal - va - ry ; We read of homes in glo - ry, From sin and sor-row free.
Then where the pure are dwelling, We hope to meet a - gain, And sweeter numbers swelling, For-ev-er praise thy name.

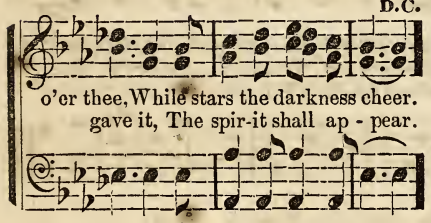
HYMN OF THANKS.

1 We come, O God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring ;
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing.
Along our path are glowing
The tokens of thy love ;
Like streams of bounty flowing,
Thy mercies from above.

2 Here, then, in childhood's morning
Our hymns to thee we raise ;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth for ever,
Shall be our only guide ;
From duty's path we'll never,
O, never ! turn aside.

3 To Thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings,
Thy wond'rous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings ;
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.


FINE.
1. Re - mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor, While youth's fair spring is bright;
Be - fore thy cares are great-er, Be - fore comes a - ge's night;
While life is all be - fore thee, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.
While yet the sun shines
2. Re - mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor, Be - fore the dust re - turns
To earth, for 'tis its na - ture, And life's last em-ber burns,
He cries, who died to save it, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.
Be - fore the God who



Come ere it be too late.

O come in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope are wither'd,
And sorrow end thy day.
Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow,
Come ere thy bouyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

3

"Remember thy Creator"
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
"Remember thy Creator,"
He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlds above.

Buy the Truth, and sell it not.

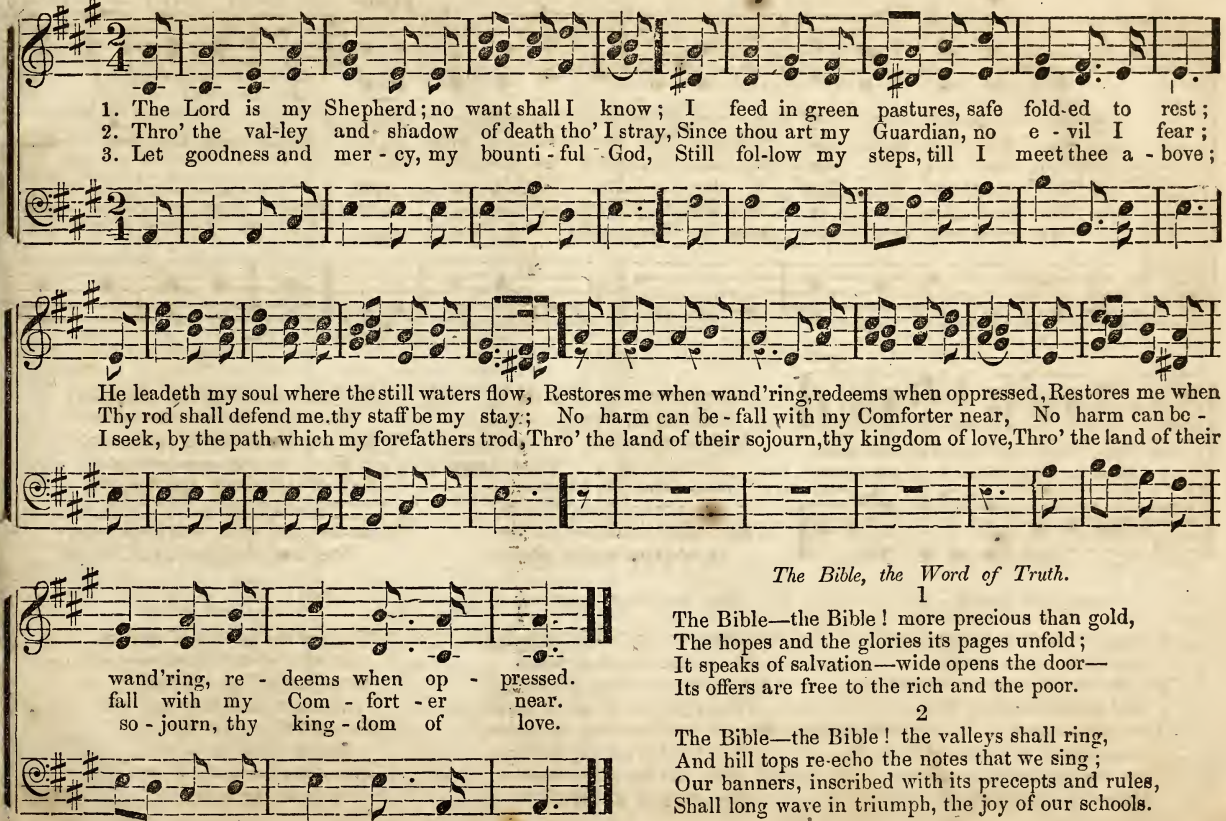
Go thou, in life's fair morning—
Go in the bloom of youth—
And buy, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth:
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let not worldly pleasure
Ere cause it to depart.

2

Go, while the day-star shineth;
Go, while thy heart is light;
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright;
Sell all thou hast, and buy it:
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

3

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice!


1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed to rest;
2. Thro' the val-ley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear;
3. Let goodness and mer - cy, my bounti - ful God, Still fol-low my steps, till I meet thee a - bove;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed, Restores me when
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Comforter near, No harm can be -
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their
wand'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
fall with my Com - fort - er near.
so - journ, thy king - dom of love.

The Bible, the Word of Truth.

1

The Bible—the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of salvation—wide opens the door—
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.

2

The Bible—the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

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